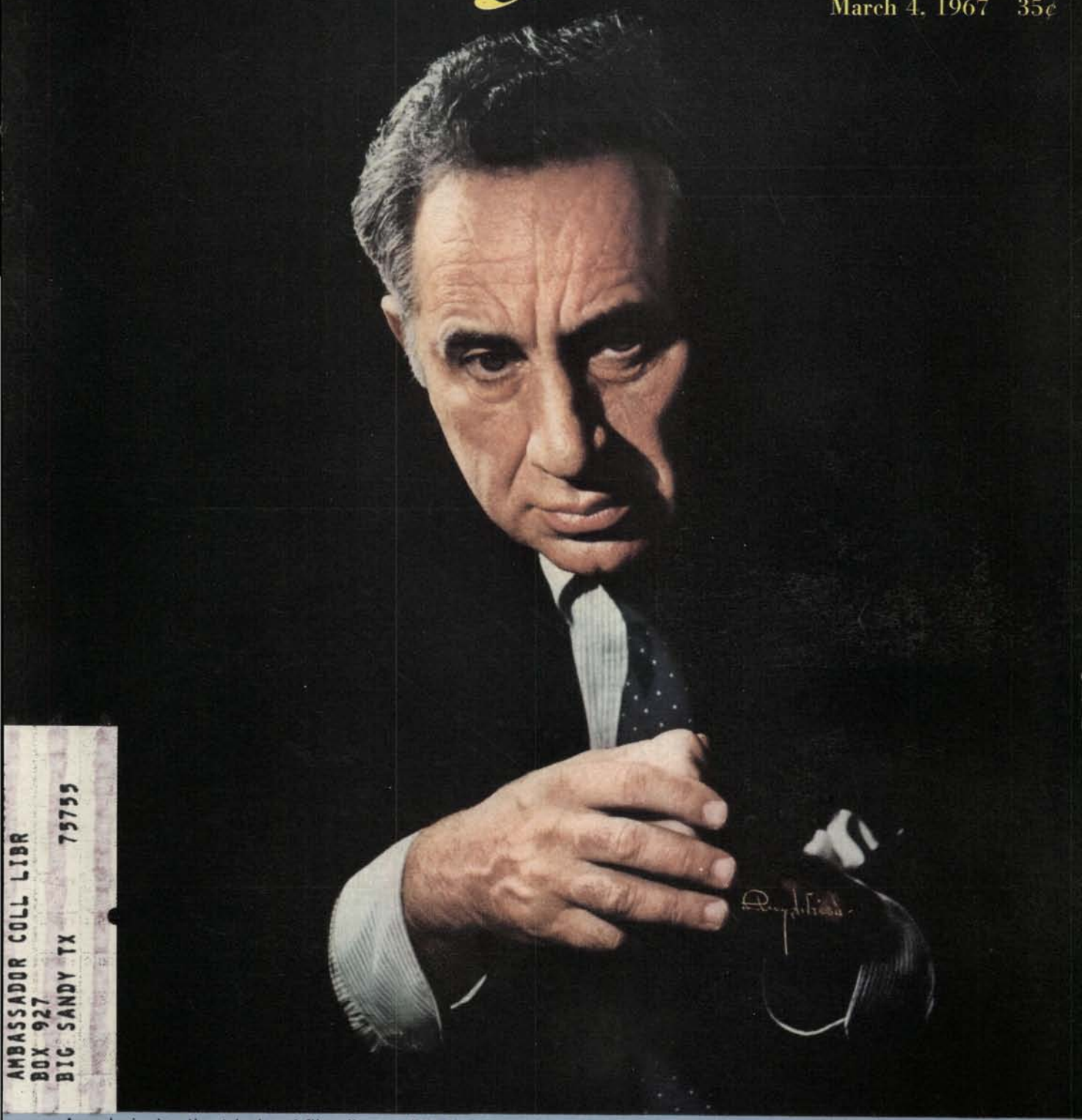
Saturday Review

March 4, 1967 35¢



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By John Lear

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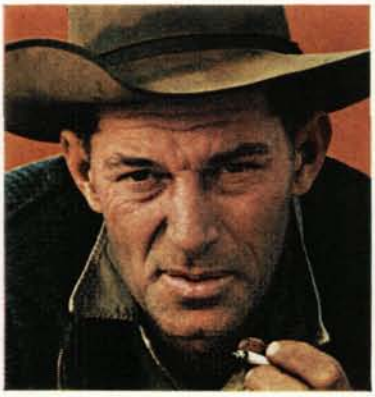

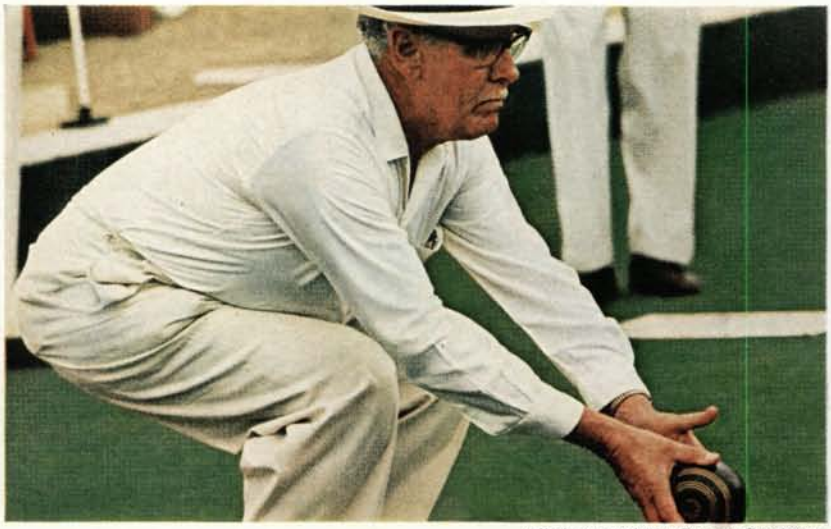

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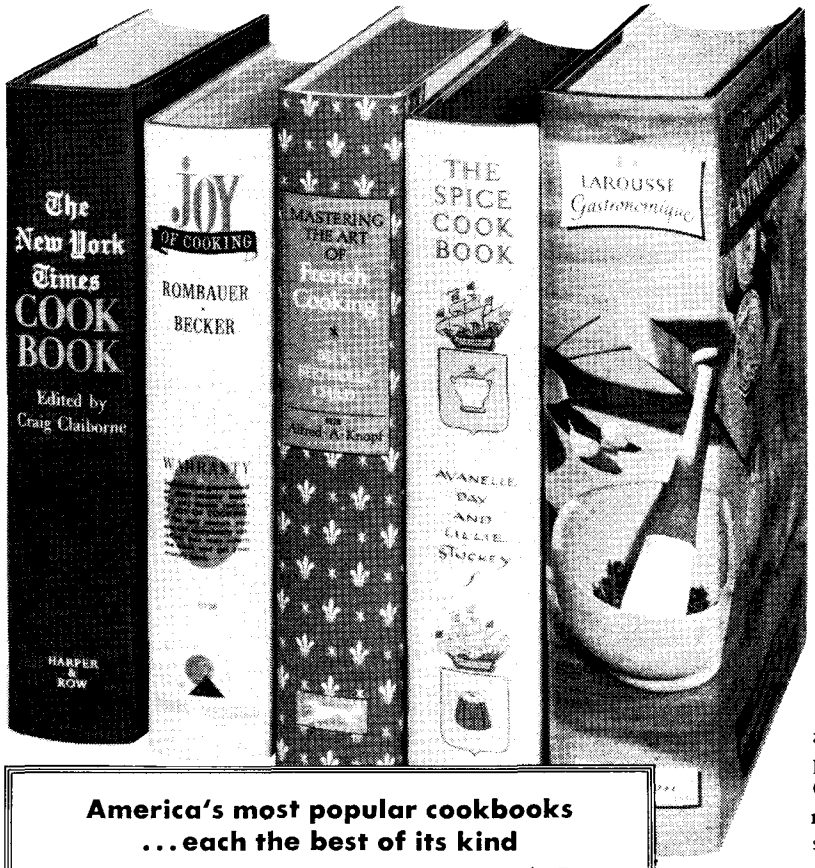

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Saturday Review

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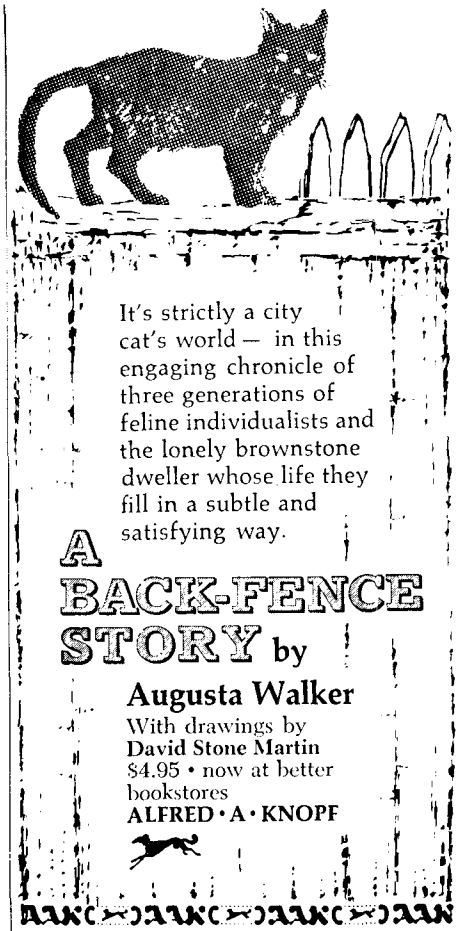
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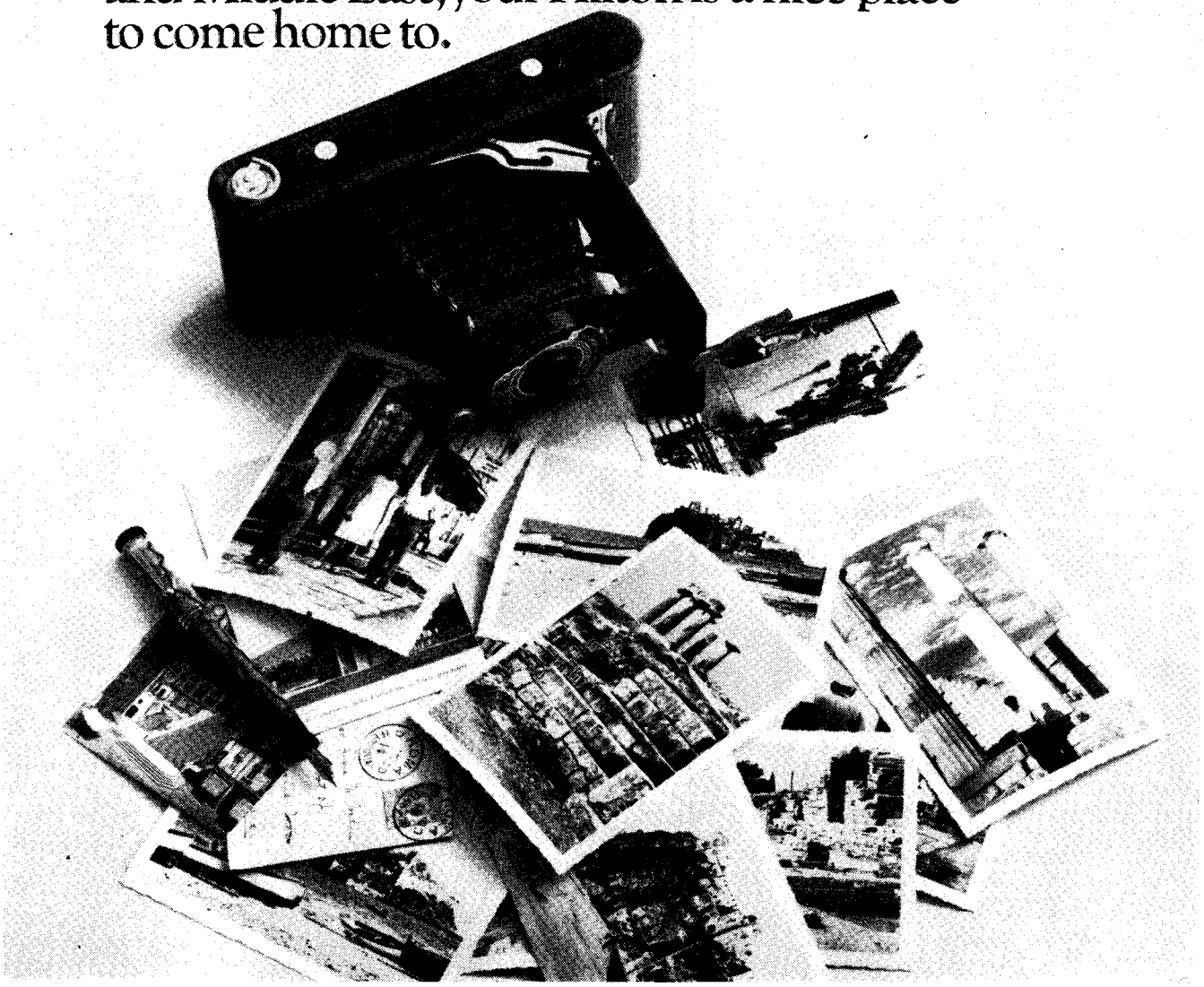

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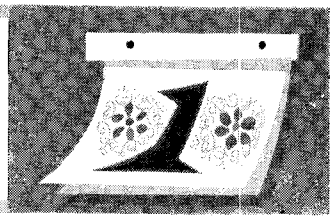

FEBRUARY was the month when all over the country, the Republicans came forward, front and very center, at Lincoln Day Dinners. And the one we attended, in New York, at least came up with some suggestions. Indeed, in a smoke-filled room with a quorum consisting of, among others, Victor Riesel, Jackie Robinson, and Mike Wallace, an actual ticket came forward—front and both left and right of center. It was a ticket composed of Rockefeller for President and Reagan for Vice President. Everybody who doesn't like Rockefeller, it was reasoned, likes Reagan, and, conversely, everybody who doesn't like Reagan likes Rocky.

• • •

The hardest thing to avoid during the month was anything more about the Manchester book. There was first, of course, the story; then the stories about the story; then the stories about the stories about the story. There were even, in the newspapers, magazine-length stories discussing the magazine stories as reported in the newspapers. Finally, there was a full-hour session with Mr. Manchester on *Meet the Press*—which, on this particular subject, was our candidate for the most soporific program ever put on the air at 12:30 in the afternoon.

Obviously the time has come, not just for the book itself—but, far more important, for a book about the book. We suggest that Manchester choose one author—it would, after all, be unfair to subject Manchester, in such a difficult time, to all the writers who would want to see him. This author should not only have sole access to Manchester but should, we believe, have total access to all participants in the controversy, and he would then—subject to Manchester's approval, of course—write the full story. We do not, however, feel that such a book should appear before any future election—in fact, we feel it would be far better for it not to appear at all, but, at a certain agreed time, all outsiders would, on a free and democratic basis, be permitted to write about it.

• • •

There were several remarkable speeches during the month. One was by Dr. Margaret Mead—at the opening of a three-day symposium on "The Pill and the Puritan Ethic" sponsored by the San Francisco State College Faculty Program Center. In this she suggested that, in the future, American society might require two forms of marriage. Dr. Mead, who has been married twice herself, said one form of marriage would be "parental," would permit sexual relationships outside of marriage, and would, she claimed, be "safer for children." The other—well, the other apparently would be *for* children.

• • •

The second speech of the month was by none other than Mr. Vince Lombardi, coach of the Green Bay Packers, to 1,000 business executives at the American Management Association. "Authority," said Mr. Lombardi, "is being ridiculed. Freedom has brought us close to chaos.

"What separates leaders," Mr. Lombardi continued, "isn't knowledge or strength, but will. Will gives a team or company its strength.

"People will accept direction willingly," Mr. Lombardi concluded, "if they're given a leader with the right blend of courage, spartanism, love, and humility."

Convincing as Vince was, our feeling was that, with as tricky a thing as humility, you've got to do it step by step. Nobody, after all, starts out all humble. You don't, for example, just humble into a top job. You have to work up to it, and then someday you can stand up there and proudly tell people the score. That what made you great wasn't just your drive or your know-how or your get-up-and-go or your sticktoitiveness or your will or your courage or your spartanism or your love—it was your humility.

• • •

Our own humility was enhanced during the month by a short letter we received from Steven T. Swarts, president of the West Hi School Lit Club of Bakersfield, California. We quote the letter in entirety—or at least as far as we read:

> Dear Mr. Amory,
>
> Would you please send me (I mean us) an object. I sincerely mean this in the broadest sense of the term. If you do send us an object, we would be most glad to sell it to the highest bidder, although this reflects no lack of affection for you on our part. It's just that objects from well-known people, such as yourself, have a ludicrous monetary value. . . .

• • •

The month's strongest statement on the war in Vietnam came from I. F. Stone. "It is the Machine," Mr. Stone wrote, "that is at stake in Vietnam. It

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20,000 years ago, the Basques arrived in the Pyrénées with 2 prized possessions: the béret and the pelota ball.

Some people claim that there are cave paintings in the Pays Basque recording this prehistoric event.

At any rate, today, no self-respecting Basque would be seen dead without his béret. (This isn't just a handy little figure of speech. It's the simple truth.)

The other local obsession, the game of pelota, is a jet-powered cross between handball and jai alai.

Children start playing pelota when they start walking. Priests pass you wearing *chisteras* (the wicker scoops used for throwing the ball) strapped to their arms.

To play pelota demands the endurance of a giant and the cunning of a dwarf. To watch it often requires a courage of its own. In some Basque towns the pelota court is laid out around the outdoor café tables. We suggest you keep a hand on the drink and an eye on the ball.

For the less intrepid, there's always the universal sport of people-watching. (A very inexpensive sport – especially in the Pays Basque, where prices are a happy surprise.)

This game, in all its variations, can be played at the season's height, in September, along the beaches of svelte, swinging Biarritz. Or any month, along lonely shepherd trails up in the misty hills above Sauveterre.

It should be played with color film. Particularly during the August Festivals, when the gaudy outfits of the bike racers and musical comedy costumes of the folk dancers are in bloom.

Is it true what they say about the language? Yes. Basques speak a thing called Eskuara, bearing no resemblance to anything beyond the sound of stones being shaken in a tin container.

Now it may be this language oddity that gives the Basque his reputation for long, dour silences. But believe us, you meet a Basque halfway—and he'll go far beyond that distance in making you feel at home.

If he's a farmer, you're in luck. For his home, stubbornly clinging to its steep hillside, is an immaculate, whitewashed, timbered fairy tale.

When you leave he'll tell you, "Zoaz eskual herrira."

See, he *was* being friendly. He said, "Come back to the land of the Basques."

(For more on the land of the Basque and the home of pelota, write French Government Tourist Office, Department R2,610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. Also Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)

FRANCE

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is Boeing and General Electric and Goodyear and General Dynamics. It is the electronic range-finder and the amphibious truck and the night-piercing radar. It is the defoliant, and the herbicide and the deodorant and the depilatory.

"This is," he went on, "more than a drive for money. It is the veneration of efficiency. It is faith in technology, in mechanical solutions for every problem, in the Gadget as God. This is the faith those uncouth guerrillas in Vietnam have placed in jeopardy.

"Down there," Mr. Stone concluded, "in the jungles, unregenerate, ingenious, tricky, as tiny as a louse or a termite, and as hard to get at, emerged a strange creature whose potency we had almost forgotten—Man. To sit down now and deal with him is to admit that the Machine has lost to Man, that our beautifully computerized war, with the most complicated devices for killing ever assembled and the most overwhelming firepower ever mastered, has failed."

• • •

Finally, our favorite suggestion of the month came from a man who proposed that, instead of backing our currency with gold, we back it with fissionable materials. The proposal pointed out that not only did the total expenditure for nuclear energy since 1941—including, it stated, both research and the production of fissionable materials—exceed the value of our present gold reserve, but it also stressed the artificiality of gold as backing for currency since gold has few practical uses. Fissionable materials, on the other hand, the proposal pointed out, are directly convertible into power.

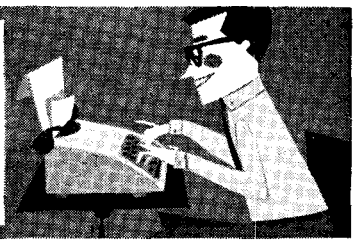
Unsurprisingly enough, the proposal came from a Mr. Norman Anderson, in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. In any case, when we got to thinking about it, we, too, came up with some suggestions as to what to use to back our currency—and, equally unsurprisingly, they were neither gold nor fissionable materials.

Our first suggestion is talk—words. All of us, after all, know the old expression, "Put your money where your mouth is." Well, our suggestion is to put our mouth where our money is. Certainly our total expenditure for talk, including both the research and the production of talk, exceeds the value, in time alone, of our gold.

And, speaking of time, our second suggestion is just that. Again, all of us have heard the expression, "Time is money." Well, if time is money, certainly money is time. We suggest backing our currency with time. Think of what we could do in borrowing alone. You borrow your time, on time, in time, and, of course, anytime.

—Cleveland Amory.

Top of My Head



Dinner for Four

THE COUPLE knew when they accepted the dinner invitation that their host had a reputation for being strange. But it was not till after dinner that they realized he was some kind of a nut. There we sat, the four of us, in the living room, the focal point of which was a huge, mute, color TV set, staring darkly at us while we talked and talked and talked.

Alternately, we escalated, we pulled out, we negotiated a peace in Vietnam; we recognized China, we ignored her; we decided it was comforting that China for a change called Russia imperialistic; we found a job for Sukarno as doorman at Radio City Music Hall so he could wear that hat; we decided that in '68 Reagan should run for President; of UCLA; we decided that birth cannot be controlled; any more than can Bobby Kennedy.

Our foursome went through the whole gallimaufry of what passes these days for Socratic debate. Throughout, the guests glanced furtively from their watches to the blacked-out TV set. At a quarter to Dean Martin the couple communicated telepathically with each other that if they left now they could get home in time for good old Deano. Their host, who had majored in telepathy, decoded the message and fiendishly suggested another cup of coffee for the road.

As he brewed it he concluded the evening with this brief message:

"I suppose you're wondering why I didn't turn on that big color TV set. I have watched television for twelve years—through black and white and red and green. Now I turn it on only spasmodically. Last night I turned it on spasmodically. Unfortunately, I saw a lady with a pane of glass in her hand. As she looked through the glass she said: 'Klear is the wax that polishes clear as glass.' Then she looked through the other half of the pane, which was lightly tinted, and said: 'But never yellow like this.' And she turned completely scarlet. I turned off the set.

"As you know, television now has three seasons. The first in September is the Premiere Season, when they show the creative products of their gestation period. In January they take full-page ads advertising the Second Season; or as it is more popularly known, The Oops, Sorry Season. This lingers till the month of May when the Third Season arrives; or The Re-Run Season. Or as it is popularly known—The Baseball Season.

"I'll admit those full-page ads got me for a spell. Then I read a speech delivered by Mr. Rosel Hyde, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. He said, and I memorized it: 'I am certainly not about to get into the business of regulating taste and choice in TV programing [which surprised me, because that's the business I had surmised he had gotten into].' Mr. Hyde went on to say: 'I've heard all the criticisms, but there's something for everyone on TV.'

"And there is. There is apathy, there is nausea, and there are bad breath commercials. One has to be hopelessly autistic to believe that under this sort of guidance TV will get any better.

"Unless you're lucky enough to be living in a town which has a Channel 13 or its numerical equivalent. This is known as the NET network—National Educational Television. And it could help educate the big commercial network program planners if they tuned in on such rare and delightful Channel 13 entertainment as *The Days and the Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker* with Rose Gregoria, and *Save Me a Place At Forest Lawn* with Eileen Heckart and Maureen Stapleton. Both produced by Glenn Jordan. Here really is something for everyone, every night on TV—something excellent.

"Old television viewers never die. They just fade away to Channel 13. Especially when the second season brings us two shows known as *Mr. Terrific*, which turned out to be *Mr. Mediocre*, and *Captain Nice*, who after two or three helpings was demoted to Corporal Nice. A viewer is incredulous at the paucity of excitement in these second-thought programs. And from season to season the incredulity gap grows wider.

"Except for an occasional glimmer now and then, imagination and creativity seem to be desiccated. And so this beautiful bit of Italian Provincial furniture remains for the most part just what it is—décor. Thanks for being such an attentive, albeit captive, audience. Sorry about Dean Martin. But keep those letters coming. Goodnight."

We haven't heard from that couple for a long time now. —Goodman Ace.

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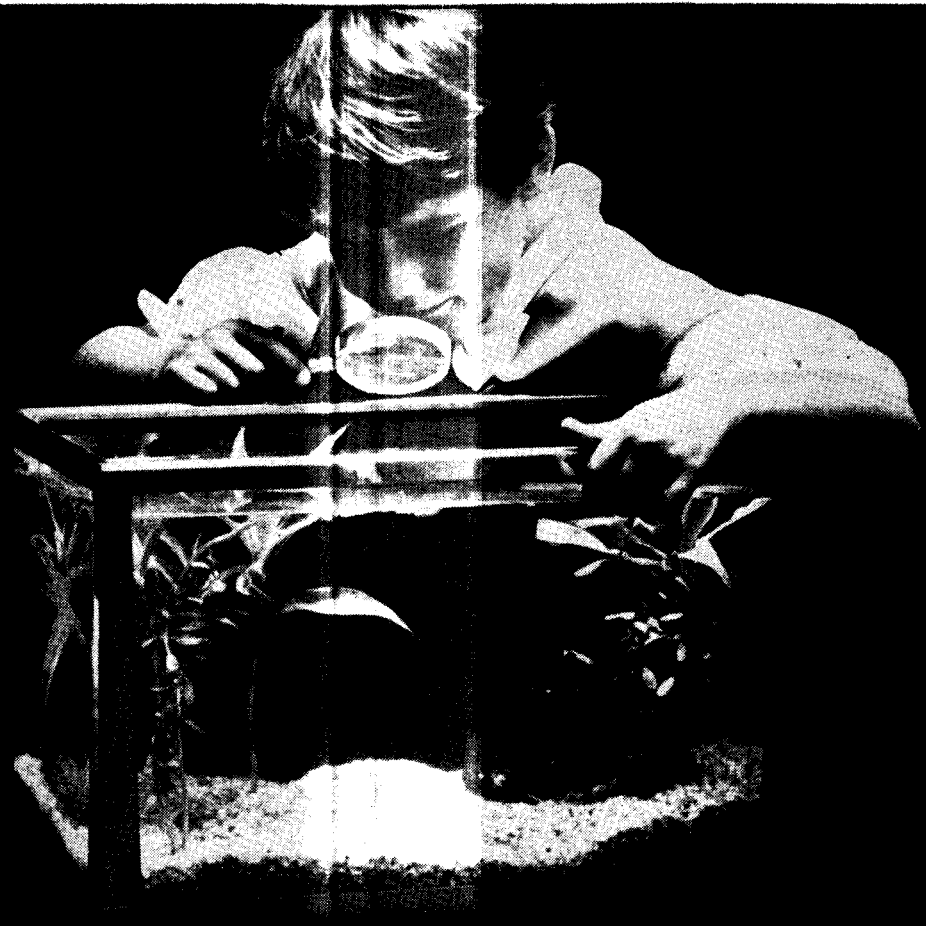

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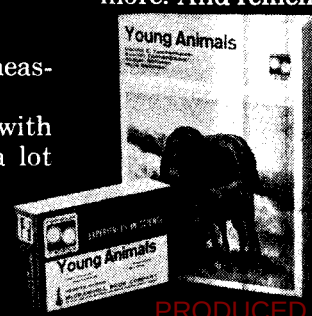

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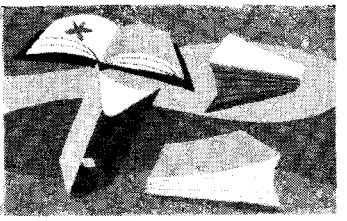
Trade Winds



I was pleased to read Irving Kolodin's article, "Something to Remember Them By" [*SR*, Feb. 11], concerning Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, in part because it reminded me to take from my file a letter from Arthur that I received several years ago. It was in response to my suggestion that he indicate, at least for me, the ten best popular songs written this century. I had asked for the list at the end of one of those happy evenings during which this old friend sat at the piano for hours, playing piece on piece on piece, and singing away, usually on key, as though he enjoyed the music as much as did his listeners.

This is the list as Arthur sent it:

▶ "'All the Things You Are,' by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, is the noblest melody I know, simple in spite of its many changes of key, and the words a poem of great beauty.

▶ "'Alexander's Ragtime Band,' by Irving Berlin. Here is the first ragtime hit—the ancestor of a whole school of music unknown before. Its brash exuberance is delightful.

▶ "'Tea for Two,' by Vincent Youmans and Irving Caesar, is one of very few songs using the same rhythmic pattern from beginning to end without seeming monotonous. It's as contagious as the flu, and harder to forget.

▶ "'Blues in the Night,' by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. To me this is the greatest blues of our time. Its three-part construction is unique, and the emotional impact it makes is deep.

▶ "'If I Loved You,' by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. In beauty of melody and words, I believe this one is the greatest of their many outstanding collaborations.

▶ "'Just One of Those Things,' by Cole Porter. The rueful words and the fresh rhythmic insistence of the tune make this one my favorite Porter.

▶ "'White Christmas,' by Irving Berlin, is what songwriters call a 'natural,' which simply means that it seems to have written itself. Berlin might have taken a long time to write it, but we feel it was always there.

▶ "'Fascinating Rhythm,' by George and Ira Gershwin. Here is the Great George at his most original, and the ingenious Ira at his most facile in making singable words fit an exasperatingly complicated tune.

▶ "'My Funny Valentine,' by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Of all their wonderful songs, this not only has the most original melody, it defies the rules of lyric writing for love songs by making the object of affection less than beautiful. Who but the audacious Hart would have written 'Your looks are laughable, unphotographable'?

▶ "'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,' by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. This was so popular that it was responsible for turning a failing show, *Roberta*, into a success. The lyrical concept is strikingly fresh, and the melody weaves a spell every time it is heard.

▶ "'They Didn't Believe Me,' by Jerome Kern and Herbert Reynolds. No greater tribute to a loved one has ever been written than 'and when I told them how wonderful you are, they didn't believe me.' The melody enhances the words with ineffable loveliness.

"Well, that's it, and I may lose a lot of friends among my song-writing colleagues if you ever use it, though I'll leave it up to you. I can hear them asking: What about 'Oh! What a Beautiful Morning,' 'Over the Rainbow,' 'You'll Never Walk Alone,' 'The Man I Love,' 'Old Man River,' 'Night and Day,' among so many others?

"Choose ten? I've just counted, and notice I've put down eleven!"

Anybody else preparing a list would have included several of Arthur Schwartz's own songs, beginning with those Irving Kolodin mentioned: "Dancing in the Dark," "Alone Together," "You and the Night and the Music," "If There Is Someone Lovelier than You," "The Moment I Saw You," and "When You Love Only Once."

Along with a quiet night spent alone with a few favorite books, nothing ever has given me so much pleasure as nights at home, it doesn't matter whose, with music. Among the especially happy ones was one spent with the Rodgerses, when Dick played and Dorothy in her little voice sang the music from *South Pacific*. There was no one present who would not have bet his last dollar on the success of that not-yet-produced show. Then there was the evening with Anna and Russel Crouse, a talk evening until

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midnight, when Rodgers played and Mary Martin sang every number she'd ever learned. And the night with the Cerfs, when Alan Lerner and Fritz Loewe introduced us to *Gigi*. And another night, at the Cecil Browns, when Abe Burrows, before he was so well known, sang "The Girl with the Three Blue Eyes," and Frank Loesser gave us "Baby, It's Cold Outside," before it had been published. And some nights at my place, with Arthur Schwartz playing and Ethel Merman singing everything from "I Got Rhythm" onward and upward; and Harold Rome playing everything from his own first *Pins and Needles* melodies to his tunes for *Fanny* and *The Zulu and the Zayda*.

Funny thing, when I moved about a year ago I gave away my piano in order to make room for more books. My own dear Grace said I'd regret it, and I think I do. After all, I spent last week in the San Francisco Public Library, with books without end, and since then a week at home, with books almost without end, and I miss that piano, even if it was always a little out of tune.

Isaac Goldberg's *Tin Pan Alley* must have been published at least twenty-five years ago, but some of the anecdotes in it I remember still. And though I can't locate it at the moment, I had another favorite book of the kind—I think the name Tony Pastor was in the title and that it was written by Edward Marks. If any reader is aware of a more up-to-date book dealing with popular music, I'd be grateful for word of it.

Two books on other than popular music that I wouldn't be without are *Music Lover's Anthology* (Winchester Publications Limited, London), compiled by Arthur Jacobs, and *The World Treasury of Grand Opera* (Harper), edited by my constant card-table companion, George Marek. When I heard *The Queen of Spades* at the Met a couple of weeks ago—a performance that had critical acclaim—I would have wished, had it not been for my most delightful hosts, that I had been at home with those two books.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

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BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE ARROGANCE OF POWER, Senator J. William Fulbright. Random House. Hardbound, $4.95; paperback, $1.95 (*SR,* Feb. 11)—The chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee deplores America's error in equating power with virtue, and proposes an eight-point program for the restoration of peace in Vietnam.

FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE: AN ANALYSIS OF WHITTAKER CHAMBERS AND ALGER HISS, Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D. Viking, $8.95 (*SR,* Feb. 11)—This psychobiographical investigation of the protagonists in the famous trials maintains that an innocent man was victimized by a psychopath with a need to destroy.

THE KREMLIN'S HUMAN DILEMMA: RUSSIA AFTER HALF A CENTURY OF REVOLUTION, Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 18)—In a study based upon three journeys to the Soviet Union, a specialist on Slavic countries attests to a growing individualization of the Russian citizen in his longing for more personal freedom.

THE LAST MANCHU: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HENRY PU YI, LAST EMPEROR OF CHINA, edited by Paul Kramer. Translated by Kuo Ying Paul Tsai. Putnam, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 25)—The former occupant of the Dragon Throne, now Comrade Pu, recreates his early years in the Forbidden City, and candidly describes the protracted brainwashing he suffered as a prisoner of the Soviets and the Red Chinese.

THE BITTER HERITAGE: VIETNAM AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, 1941-1966, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $3.95 (*SR,* Feb. 4)—The distinguished historian provides a lucid background and appraisal of our present stalemate in Indochina, which, he holds, was caused by "a triumph of the politics of inadvertence."

IF STRANGERS MEET: A MEMORY, Gladys Brooks. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95 (*SR,* Feb. 25)—A loving tribute to Van Wyck Brooks by the woman who shared his autumn years evokes the richness of American literary life during the last two decades.

HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE: THE SIEGE OF DIEN BIEN PHU, Bernard Fall. Lippincott, $8.95 (*SR,* Feb. 18)—This authoritative inspection reveals the dual nature of the North Vietnamese victory: a triumph not only for Communists, but for all Asians.

THE OPEN HEART, Nikolai M. Amosoff. Simon & Schuster, $4.95 (*SR,* Feb. 25)—In a journal kept for two crucial days and nights in his life, a great Soviet surgeon emotionally reiterates the anguish in his struggle to outwit death.

THE BIG BLUE LINE: POLICE POWER VS. HUMAN RIGHTS, Ed Cray. Coward-McCann, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 4)—By documenting a double standard in law enforcement, the author indicates the necessity for the restraint of arrogant authoritarianism.

REVOLUTIONARY DOCTOR: BENJAMIN RUSH (1746-1813), Carl Binger. Norton, $7.95 (*SR,* Feb. 25)—An eminent doctor examines the many-faceted personality of a great American patriot and physician, who championed occupational therapy rather than brutality as treatment for the insane.

ORRIN PORTER ROCKWELL: MAN OF GOD, SON OF THUNDER, Harold Schindler. Univ. of Utah Press, $7.50 (*SR,* Feb. 11)—Portrays the violent life and times of Mormonism's "Avenging Angel," who, himself, died peacefully in bed with his boots on.

Fiction

IN ORBIT, Wright Morris. New American Library, $3.95 (*SR,* Feb. 18)—Suspended between past and future, a boy on a motorcycle moves in an unpredictable orbit; violence occurs, briefly affecting a unique cast of characters in an Indiana town.

FABLES OF A JEWISH AESOP, translated by Moses Hadas from the "Fox Fables of Berechiah ha-Nakdan." Columbia Univ. Press, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 11)—A gem of medieval Hebrew belles-lettres, these 119 fables present a Noah's Ark of creatures satirizing human failings.

THE INQUISITORY, Robert Pinget. Translated by Donald Watson. Grove, $6.50 (*SR,* Feb. 11)—Answering with spell-weaving compulsion a series of questions asked by an unnamed, omnipotent interrogator, the old servant at a French chateau confounds reality.

THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, Vance Bourjaily. Dial, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 4)—The assassination of JFK triggers a sequence of crises in the lives of a group of people of the President's own generation; emotional complications arise, culminating in another tragic death.

THE DISSENT OF DOMINICK SHAPIRO, Bernard Kops. Coward-McCann, $4.50 (*SR,* Feb. 18)—Mixed-up London youth rebels, travels briefly with an unwashed, equally confused band of Beats, then does sudden about-face; a sensitive examination of family in-fighting.

ART

Exhibitions

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN ITALY, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. The second in a series of exhibitions devoted to drawings from New York collections underlines the freedom, imagination, and dramatic pictorial effects characteristic of the Italian seventeenth century. Drawings by such major artists as Annibale Carracci, Guido Reni, Domenichino, Guercino, Pietro da Cortona, and Salvator Rosa are included.

PAUL KLEE, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. An extensive retrospective exhibition of the twentieth century's most subtle, philosophic painter, who died in 1940.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY AND HIS ERA, Gallery of Modern Art, New York. More than 200 works by the great English illustrator of the Victorian Age reveal this artist, who lived to be only twenty-six, as a highly inventive iconoclast.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

NEW DOCUMENTS, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Overlook the weighty title, and share an over-the-shoulder look at the passing scene sketched (and sometimes etched) by

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The Multiples	Total Accumulation
–	$ 1,000
1st	2,000
2nd	4,000
3rd	8,000
4th	16,000
5th	32,000
6th	64,000
7th	128,000
8th	256,000
9th	512,000
10th	1,024,000

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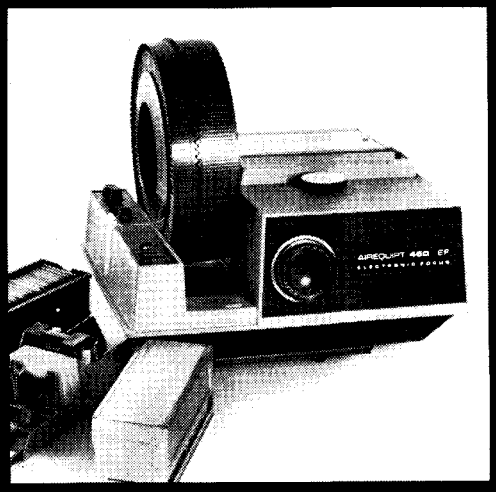

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TANAKA: PHOTOGRAPHS OF HERON HILL, Museum of History and Technology, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. The white herons of Japan are classics of Oriental beauty—and so are these sixty black-and-white prints captured by a discerning and appreciative lens. Through May 31.

Books

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ANDRE KERTESZ, edited by Anna Fárová. Grossman, $1.95. The second in a series of monographs on photography's significant contributors, this one is a modest tribute to the man whose photo-reportage from the earliest demonstrated that "the view of the camera equals the glance of the eye."

13/13 VIETNAM: SEARCH AND DESTROY, text and photographs by Gordon Baxter, with an introduction by Chet Huntley. World Publishing, $6.95. A single mission of one Marine company seen close-up and in painfully sharp focus by a reporter who uses his audio-visual training to good effect.

MOVIES

THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS (*SR,* Feb. 18)—Director Anatole Litvak has made a consistently absorbing film from Hans Hellmut Kirst's novel of the same name, dealing with the July 20, 1944, attempt on Hitler's life. He is aided monumentally by Peter O'Toole, Donald Pleasence, and Tom Courtenay.

Also THE SAND PEBBLES; A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS; EYEWITNESS . . . NORTH VIETNAM; GOAL; FAHRENHEIT 451; THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY.

THEATER

BLACK COMEDY (*SR,* Feb. 25)—Peter Shaffer as author and Michael Crawford, Lynn Redgrave, Geraldine Page, and Donald Madden, as actors, give us the most risible romp of the season.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT (*SR,* Jan. 14)—Michael Flanders and Donald Swann are back with a program of mostly new and characteristically funny material.

Also THE HOMECOMING, and THE WILD DUCK.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE COURTESY OF DEATH. By Geoffrey Household. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER. By Anthony Gilbert. Random House. $3.95.

THE MEDICAL MURDERER. By Rupert Furneaux. Abelard-Schuman. $4.50.

A MIND TO MURDER. By P. D. James. Scribners. $3.95.

ONE OF US WORKS FOR THEM. By Jack D. Hunter. Dutton. $4.95.

STRANGE CORNER. By Mildred Davis. Doubleday. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. By Ashley Montagu. Putnam. $5.95.

FARM LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited by C. E. Bishop. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

THE LABOR REVOLUTION: Trade Unions in a New America. By Gus Tyler. Viking. $6.50.

POWER IN AMERICA. By David Bazelon. New American Library. $6.95.

13/13 VIETNAM: Search and Destroy. By Gordon Baxter. World. $6.95.

Fiction

AMID A PLACE OF STONE. By Frank Butler. Crowell. $6.95.

BABI YAR: A Documentary Novel. By Anatoly Kuznetsov. Dial. $5.95.

BOY AND THE SQUARE UNCLE. By Nina Farewell. Crown. $4.50.

THE BREAKING STRAIN. By John Masters. Delacorte. $4.95.

CORRIDORS. By Edith Milton. Delacorte. $4.

DIALOGUES WITH THE DEVIL. By Taylor Caldwell. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE EXQUISITE CORPSE. By Alfred Chester. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

FORGET NOT ARIADNE. By Pamela Hill. Barnes. $4.95.

A GOOD DAY TO DIE. By Thomas Wakefield Blackburn. McKay. $5.50.

JONATHAN DEARBORN: A Novel of the War of 1812. By Willard M. Wallace. Little, Brown. $6.95.

KING WINDOM. By John Farris. Trident. $6.95.

A MAN COULD GET KILLED THAT WAY. By Weldon Hill. McKay. $5.50.

OUT OF HIDING. By William J. Weatherby. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF SOLOMON SORGE. By Judith Barnard Papier. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

PRIZE STORIES 1967: The O. Henry Awards. Edited by William Abrahams. Doubleday. $4.95.

RUBICON. By Agnar Mykle. Dutton. $4.95.

SEVENTH AVENUE. By Norman Bogner. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

A SPORT AND A PASTIME. By James Salter. Doubleday. $4.50.

A SPRING OF LOVE. By Celia Dale. Walker. $4.95.

SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME. By Henry Farrell. Delacorte. $4.95.

TAINT OF INNOCENCE. By Marquis Childs. Harper & Row. $4.95.

A TIME TO BE YOUNG. By Martin Yoseloff. Barnes. $4.50.

History

BIDDLE'S BANK: The Crucial Years. By Jean Alexander Wilburn. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE BIRTH OF EUROPE. By Robert S. Lopez. Evans/Lippincott. $15.

BYZANTIUM: The Imperial Centuries. By Romily Jenkins. Random House. $10.

CENTRAL ASIA: A Century of Russian Rule. Edited by Edward Allworth. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.95.

CHARLES II'S ESCAPE FROM WORCESTER: A Collection of Narratives Assembled by Samuel Pepys. Edited by William Matthews. Univ. of California Press. $4.50.

CIVIL WAR IN ENGLAND. By Jack Lindsay. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

DIARY OF THE "DISCOVERY" EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS 1901-1904. By Edward Wilson. Edited by Ann Savours. Humanities Press. $22.50.

EARLY SOUTHERN TOWNS. By Everett B. Wilson. Barnes. $8.50.

THE LAZY SOUTH. By David Bertelson. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.75.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS. By Ewen Montagu. Lippincott. $4.95. (New edition.)

THE PROGRESSIVES. Edited by Carl Resek. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

THE PROSPECT OF RICHMOND. By Janet Dunbar. Houghton Mifflin. $8.50.

RUSSELL'S DESPATCHES FROM THE CRIMEA 1854-56. Edited by Nicolas Bentley. Hill & Wang. $7.50.

RUSSIA 1917: The February Revolution. By George Katkov. Harper & Row. $8.50.

SIX SUMMERS IN PARIS 1789-1794. By John Fisher. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE SPIRIT OF 'SEVENTY-SIX: The Story of the American Revolution as Told by Participants. Edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris. Harper & Row. $15.

TIGERS OF TAMMANY: Nine Men Who Ran New York. By Alfred Connable and Edward Silberfarb. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

International Affairs

THE ANATOMY OF UHURU: Dynamics and Problems of African Independence in an Age of Conflict. By N. S. Carey Jones. Praeger. $6.50.

CHINA AFTER MAO: With Selected Documents. By A. Doak Barnett. Princeton Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95.

THE GHANA COUP, 24TH FEBRUARY 1966. By Colonel A. A. Afrifa. Humanities Press. $5.

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT AND LOCAL REFORM: Political Participation in Morocco, Tunisia, and Pakistan. By Douglas E. Ashford. Princeton Univ. Press. $10.

TRADE, AID AND DEVELOPMENT: The Rich and Poor Nations. By John Pincus. McGraw-Hill. $10.

Law

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THE SUPREME COURT: Law and Discretion. Edited by Wallace Mendelson. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

Literary History, Criticism

THE ART OF OSCAR WILDE. By Epifanio San Juan, Jr. Princeton Univ. Press. $6.50.

MIRROR OF THE CENTURY: The Strand Magazine 1891-1950. By Reginald Pound. Barnes. $5.95.

THE MUTINY WITHIN: The Heresies of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By James Rieger. Braziller. $6.50.

Miscellany

THE COMPLETE AFICIONADO. By John McCormick and Mario Sevilla Mascarenas. World. $7.50.

A COMPLETE GUIDE FOR THE WORKING MOTHER. By Margaret Albrecht. Doubleday. $4.95.

FACTS AND FICTIONS ABOUT COINS. By Leon Lindheim. World. $6.50.

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A SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH. By Ruth Montgomery. Morrow. $4.95.

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AN AFRICAN SEASON. By Leonard Levitt. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

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AN AMERICAN WOMAN AND ALCOHOL. By Patricia Kent. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

COLLEGE OF ONE. By Sheilah Graham. Viking. $5.95.

FOUR TOOK FREEDOM: The Lives of Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass, Robert Smalls, and Blanche K. Bruce. By Philip Sterling and Rayford Logan, Ph.D. Doubleday. $2.95.

JOHN F. KENNEDY . . . AS WE REMEMBER HIM. By Mrs. Rose Kennedy *et al.* Macmillan. $2.95.

KING COHN: The Life and Times of Harry Cohn. By Bob Thomas. Putnam. $6.95.

THE PURITAN EARL: The Life of Henry Hastings, Third Earl of Huntington 1536-1595. By Claire Cross. Macmillan. $12.50.

THE SANDINO AFFAIR. By Neill Macaulay. Quadrangle. $6.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE BAHA'I FAITH: Dawn of a New Day. By Jessyca Russell Gaver. Hawthorn. $5.95.

COMPREHENSIVE HANDBOOK OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By John Lawson. Prentice-Hall. $7.75.

THE SCIENTIFIC CONSCIENCE: Reflections on the Modern Biologist and Humanism. By Catherine Roberts. Braziller. $4.50.

SUFFERING. By Louis Evely. Herder & Herder. $3.95.

YOUR BIBLE. By Louis Cassels. Doubleday. $4.95.

Travel

THE COMPLETE TRAVEL BOOKS OF MARK TWAIN: The Later Works. Edited by Charles Neider. Doubleday. $6.95.

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—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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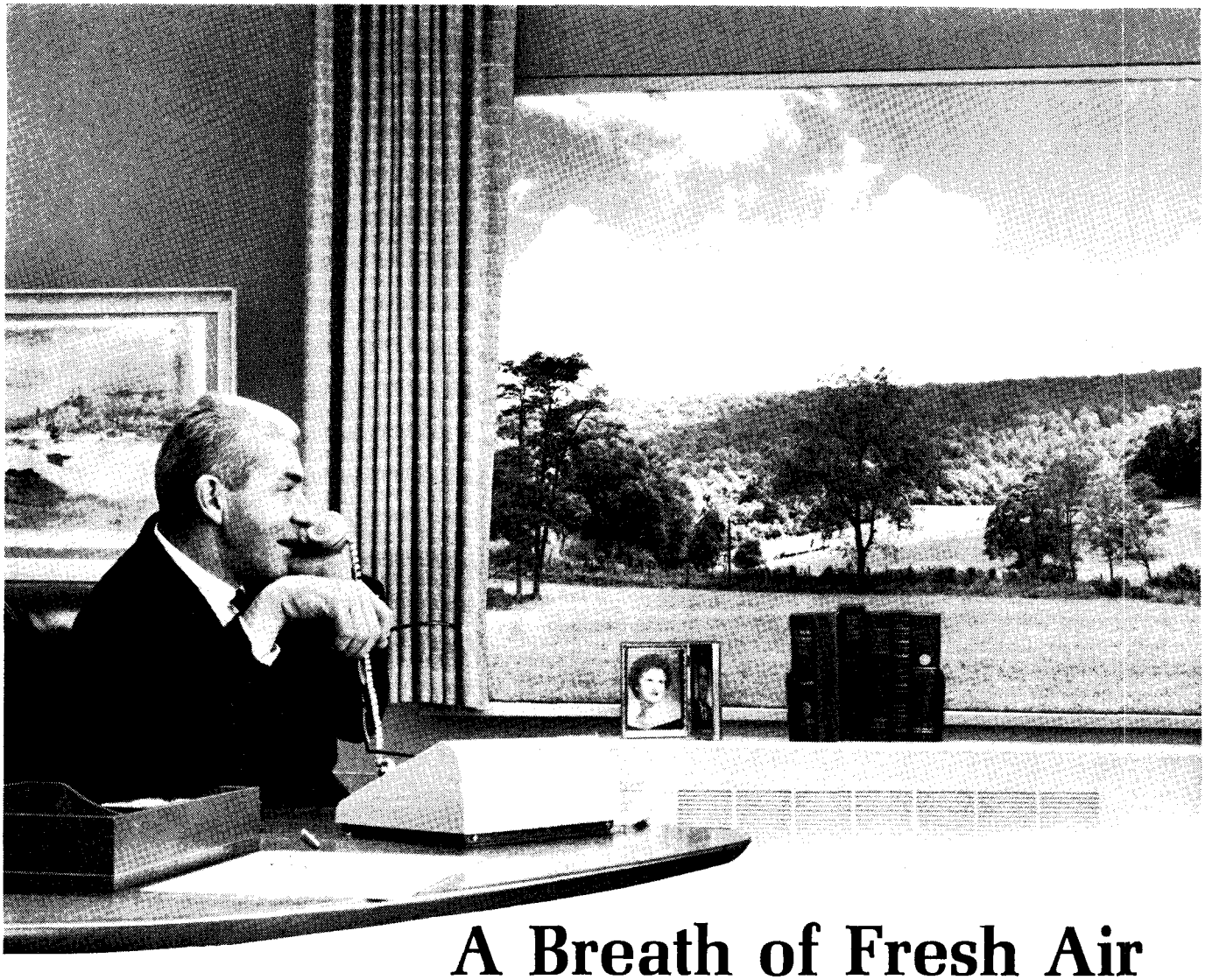

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Saturday Review
March 4, 1967

A Strategy for Arms Control

A science adviser to two Presidents reviews a White House Conference's proposals for international weapons limitation and suggests a program for bringing it about.

By JEROME B. WIESNER

IS IT POSSIBLE to be serious about disarmament in the reality of today's world? When I was asked to chair a White House Panel on Arms Control and Disarmament in the summer of 1965, my first inclination was to say no. In the midst of an undeclared but escalating war, with defense spending at an all-time, "peacetime" high, this hardly appeared to be a time when progress toward disarmament was possible. Two decades after Hiroshima, we have moved steadily away from the conviction that disarmament is the necessary rational solution to international security to the point where we now seem completely resigned to maintaining our national security on the brink of a precarious balance of terror.

Yet, although there is certainly good reason to question the effectiveness of those of us who have worked on disarmament endeavors in the past, I accepted the chairmanship of the panel, and I am extremely glad I did. Our efforts regenerated my earlier conviction that it is quite possible, even at this late date, to devise an arms control program that would in no way detract from our national security. In fact, it would almost certainly enhance it. The panel's recommendations for a series of simple, modest, straightforward, safe disarmament steps, coupled to modest international security arrangements, were contained in our report to the President and made public by him. A few of them are actually going forward in a halting way. This in spite of the fact that the reaction of government officials to those proposals was extremely negative.

Before discussing these recommendations, I would like to speculate, first, on why there is so little understanding and support for disarmament, and then to suggest that our knowledge of the ways in which societies develop can show us how to institute and manage a disarmament program.

The Panel on Arms Control and Disarmament for the White House Conference on the International Cooperation Year chose to recommend a series of individual steps, not because it rejected the goal of comprehensive world disarmament but, on the contrary, because it believed that this collection of limited measures, taken together, would constitute a major step toward that goal. Although the panel was criticized by some for not recommending immediate comprehensive disarmament, it is significant that there has been no stampede to negotiate even the limited steps we proposed—or any other arms control measures. While some people, including the Soviet delegate to the Geneva Disarmament Conference, blamed the lack of disarmament activity on the Vietnam war, I do not think the degree of genuine commitment to disarmament has changed very much, nor that it was ever adequate to the need.

The fact is that very few of the world's leaders or its ordinary citizens regard disarmament as a realizable goal and therefore worth the effort, the loss of national freedom and initiative, and the hazards of the unexplored route that must be followed to achieve it. Our panel believed that if we could show, through specific—even if modest—successes, that disarmament is a practical, attainable goal, we might reawaken an interest in it.

But demonstrating that the goal is practical is only half the problem. We must also understand that it is essential. Almost all statesmen would agree to the ultimate necessity of curbing arms escalation, but they also seem to hope that existing arrangements will suffice for now and, with a little luck, for as long as they have responsibility. In many sections of our own country, where it is a political liability to oppose maximum military force, whether it is needed or not, few politicians have been willing to champion arms control measures.

Why is there so little interest in disarmament? One reason, it seems to me, is a blind, misplaced faith that we can ensure our security indefinitely through unilateral technical developments and vast military forces—in other words, through a continued arms race.

EVEN on the infrequent occasion when we seriously do consider an arms control proposal, we scrutinize it from a peculiar point of view. The normal procedure is to evaluate any proposal in the light of the most dangerous possible eventuality, no matter how improbable that may be, and to give absolutely no weight to the consequences of failing to halt the arms race. I often had the desperate feeling, while listening to strategy discussions, that the obsession to deter a single, unlikely, mad adventurer, which seemed to dominate our defense planning, would eventually result in a world in which sane men are helpless to avoid the ultimate catastrophe.

Another reason why most people are not particularly interested in disarma-

Jerome B. Wiesner is provost of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has served Presidents Kennedy and Johnson as Special Assistant for Science and Technology, and was chairman of the Panel on Arms Control and Disarmament at the International Cooperation Year White House Conference on International Cooperation. This article discusses the Panel's report and some of its implications.

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ment is the result of an almost universal failure to appreciate how much worse the international situation can become, and within how short a time.

If we try to picture what the world will look like in ten or fifteen years, if we cannot arrest the arms race or halt the spread of nuclear weapons, these are some of the possibilities we must foresee:

In ten or fifteen years, China will have substantial numbers of advanced nuclear weapons, many intermediate-range ballistic missiles, a few submarine-borne missiles, and the beginning of an intercontinental missile force. China recently exploded nuclear device No. 5 to remind us of her determination to become a major nuclear power. Russia and China will probably have conventional and nuclear weapons and large numbers of soldiers stationed on their mutual borders. As a result of the Chinese developments, India and Japan will have begun to develop nuclear weapons and strategic delivery systems. Still reacting to China, India will have increased its conventional army, and Pakistan will have responded in kind. Pakistan will also try to obtain nuclear weapons, possibly from China.

In Europe, as German pressures for reunification and for nuclear weapons continue to grow, the United States will finally have been forced to share some control over its nuclear weapons stationed in Germany. Conceivably, the Germans will have grown so discontented that they will have begun developing their own nuclear weapons in the already established Carlsruhe Research Center.

The minimum Russian response to this would probably be to increase its own nuclear force and to increase its occupation forces in East Germany. Fear of a German nuclear force might cause Russia to take much more drastic action. The same fear might also have persuaded Sweden to begin developing a nuclear capability and France and England to increase their military establishments.

Russian-American enmity over European developments will have made their cooperation elsewhere impossible, and they will continue to feed the conventional arms race in the Middle and Far East. If the Israelis feel overly threatened by the growing Arab conventional arms stocks, they may begin to develop nuclear arms.

The mere number of possible interactions could make the world of 1976 exceedingly unstable. Even a small war in one of the critical areas will have the potential for rapid escalation. This, then, is the prospect we should keep in mind when we debate the desirability of collective disarmament measures.

THE question still remains, given the reality of our present international situation, whether it is possible to make concrete progress in disarmament. Here I think it would help us to try to understand the ways in which societies change and develop, particularly in our own time when man's technical ability to control his environment is proceeding at an almost unmanageable speed.

The biological evolution that produced modern man and the social evolution out of which modern civilization was developed are both basically the result of a trial-and-error process. The difference is that in the social evolution man himself is able to direct the evolutionary process toward his own goals. Although the scientific revolution has vastly increased our ability to affect the physical world, the fact remains that while man's intervention can increase the range of evolutionary possibilities, man cannot change the fundamental experimental nature of the evolutionary process. It still remains subject to all the hazards of evolution, including that of producing social dinosaurs unfit to survive, or, more likely, of producing an environment unfit for man.

Our studies of information and computer technology have taught us that trial and error are inherent in any learning effort. These studies have also taught us the properties that are essential to a good learning system. If we view society as a giant learning machine—every society is trying to learn to satisfy better the needs and aspirations of its members; some work better than others—and if we agree that trial and error are involved in all learning, we can specify the properties a social system must have to function effectively.

Bearing in mind our specific concern with the institution and management of a disarmament effort, let us examine the characteristics of a good learning system that apply here. The "machine" should be able to carry out experiments rapidly, which, in general, means that many experiments will take place simultaneously. Communication channels within the system should be capable of accurate and rapid transmission, so that information about difficulties can be transmitted quickly. Its error-detection system must be sensitive enough to detect malfunction early in order that quick adjustments can be made if things do not go as expected. Lastly, the individual experiments or steps that are selected should be such that each involves a small risk, in case it proves unworkable.

This model should help us to adopt a reasonable attitude toward the difficulties we are bound to encounter along the way. As long as we have a basically deterministic view of progress, wherein every individual action must prove to be either all right or all wrong—an attitude all too prevalent in both East and West—then it will be extremely hard for us to accept some partial successes, and some complete failures, and to make adjustments in partially completed plans on the basis of experience and new information.

In the world today, with so many great political differences and even greater levels of human and social development, any attempt to implement, in one step, a detailed, comprehensive world disarmament plan is hopeless. There are just

"Hey, did I ever introduce you to my fairy godmother?"

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too many uncertainties and too many choices.

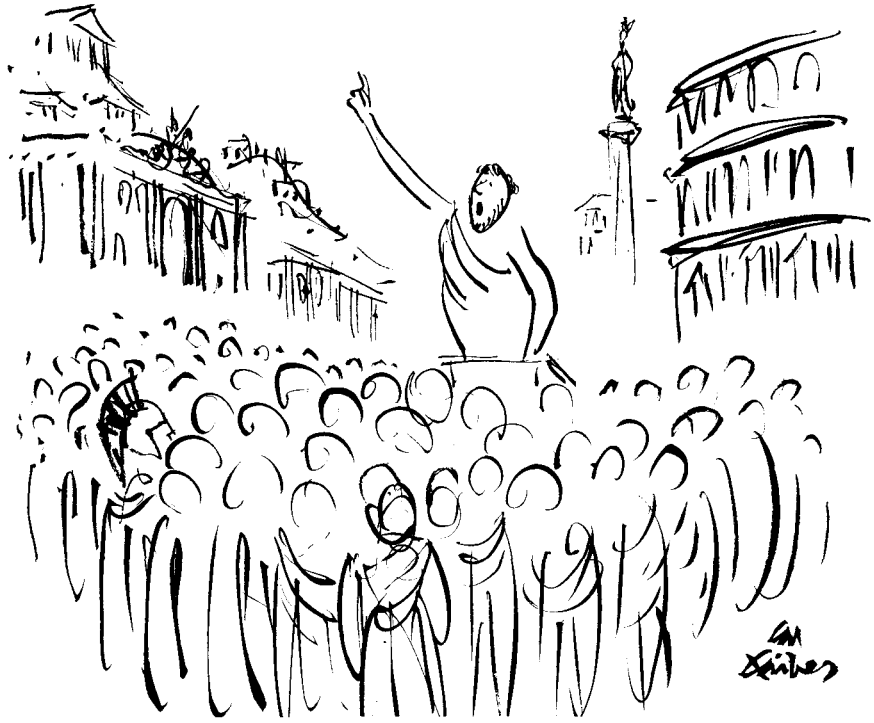
While it is not possible in one step to make the transition to the world organization that would be needed for total disarmament, it is perfectly feasible to begin a step-by-step program of arms limitation experiments to learn how to create the world we would like. We can agree on the *need* for a disarmed world functioning under international law; describe our objectives—that is, how this world would look in the end—and then agree to carry out experiments, a few steps at a time, to move toward our goal.

Because the Arms Control and Disarmament Panel believed that the best way to make progress was to start, we recommended a series of measures that we believed to be negotiable separately, that require no inspection and which, when taken together, would represent a major step toward a safer, more manageable world. Many of our recommendations are being considered seriously, and there is at least a glimmer of hope that some agreements will be forthcoming. Unfortunately, most of the arrangements require concessions by both sides in the arms race, and no group seems to be prepared today to accept some short-run inhibitions to achieve long-run objectives. The reason that the just concluded agreement to ban weapons from space was possible was that this very worthwhile step did not interfere with any current military project of the signatory powers. These were among our recommendations:

►*The United Nations.* Without confidence in the peacekeeping machinery, nations will continue to arm. The panel recommended the creation of a U.N. Peace Force composed of a standby force committed by member nations and a U.N. elite force of 2,000 men; a strengthened Peace Observation Corps available directly to the Secretary General; regional and worldwide nonaggression pacts, and the development of a legal foundation strong enough to support the peacekeeping activities.

To be effective, the United Nations must have adequate financial support, which member nations, including the United States, have not been willing to provide. As a temporary expedient, we suggested that the nuclear powers pledge an agreed fraction, such as one-half of 1 per cent, of their military expenditures to appropriate U.N. agencies for peacekeeping and economic assistance.

This issue was one of the most important to be considered during the recently ended session of the United Nations. Clearly some nations, including the Soviet Union and France, still believe that achieving an effective U.N. capability for peacekeeping with majority control and without a veto is not compatible with their national interests.



"There's only one answer to poverty in the slums: a guaranteed income and raises!"

►*Nuclear Weapons.* The panel's recommendations included a nonproliferation pact; pledges by the nuclear powers not to attack or threaten to attack a nonnuclear nation; defense guarantees for the nonnuclear nations; a U.S., British, Soviet treaty to cease production of nuclear materials; and the creation of nuclear-free zones in Latin America, Africa, and the Near East.

Of all the disarmament steps, the nonproliferation agreement is the single most important, and the one that cannot wait. Five nations already have their fingers on the nuclear trigger. Sixteen more countries are waiting to decide whether to join the nuclear club. Twelve of these countries are capable of producing weapons within three years. Three of them—Sweden, Israel, and India—could do so within months.

The principal stumbling block to a nonproliferation treaty is the question of whether the United States, through NATO, will share its ownership and control of nuclear weapons with West Germany. Under the terms of its admission to NATO, West Germany is enjoined from manufacturing nuclear weapons but not from acquiring them. Although a nonproliferation treaty is clearly in the interest of both Russia and the United States, the Soviet Union has made it clear that it will not sign such a treaty until the question of German participation in the control of nuclear weapons is settled. It was on this issue, primarily, that discussions at the Geneva Disarmament Conference this past year broke down.

Recent developments in Germany and within NATO itself have clarified somewhat the German nuclear weapons access problems, and the recent conversations between Soviet and American representatives have produced some hopeful pronouncements. Some observers believe that a nonproliferation agreement is in sight and will be signed this spring. I hope they are correct. Everyone realizes that time is running out on this possibility for arms limitations and so this is one of the few opportunities that the statesmen of the world have approached with a sense of urgency. I believe that some type of security guarantees for the nonnuclear nations will be required to make a nonproliferation treaty acceptable to the small group of nations that have a clear nuclear potential and security needs which might make nuclear weapons appear useful.

►*European Security.* The issue of nuclear sharing for Germany is obviously related to the larger question of European security, where the present fluid situation makes some real progress possible. To reduce the tensions in Europe and to move toward settlement of the outstanding East-West differences, the committee recommended:

1) That the United States and its allies seek a nonaggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw Pact Organization. Even though this would do no more than recognize explicitly what has

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already been recognized tacitly—that the situation in Central Europe can only be changed by mutual consent, not force—our proposal was initially greeted with a great deal of reserve. The new German leaders obviously understand this point even if our State Department policy makers do not.

2) That the United States seek to ensure that measures to improve Western security do not result in creation of new nuclear forces. Instead, there should be greater involvement of our Western European allies in the planning of U.S. strategic forces, as well as in other military planning and arms control problems.

3) That the United States explore, along with arms control and related security measures, steps which would help lead to German reunification. In this connection, the possibilities for balanced reductions in U.S. and Soviet troops in Central Europe should be examined.

The great common interest of the United States and the Soviet Union is in a settled political situation in Europe. Germany remains the great issue of the confrontation, and the one most likely to become the occasion of conflicts from which neither nation can retreat. Since any such conflict would probably begin with the devastation of Germany, it is as much in the German interest as in the Soviet and American to resolve the European political situation.

The key question, of course, is whether this common interest is strong enough to overcome the conflicts of interest on all sides. Given the German and American desire for reunification of Germany, it is inconsistent, in the light of Russia's concern over its security, for the United States to insist on close military integration of West Germany within NATO, including German control of a NATO multilateral nuclear force. On the other side, continued Soviet support of East German independence is in conflict with the Soviet desire to legitimize the postwar settlement of Germany, since it is now impossible for Russia to expect West Germany and her allies to accept the division of Germany as permanent.

The debate seems to have become polarized around the question of which comes first, European settlement or détente. Our recommendations proposed moving toward a détente in an evolutionary way. If we are not prepared to chance the consequences of a nonaggression agreement or any troop reductions, how can we reasonably expect the Soviet Union to agree to major changes in political alignment?

The new leadership in West Germany appears to be bent on a meaningful search for agreements leading to détente and, hopefully, reunification.

► *The total weapons race.* Another major problem in arms control involves the containment of the existing arms race. In the strategic nuclear weapons area, primarily between the United States and Russia, we proposed limiting the strategic delivery capabilities on both sides. This would be done through a freeze on the number of delivery vehicles, followed by a cut amounting, as a start, to one-third of each party's medium and long range vehicles, and a moratorium on the deployment of antiballistic missiles defense systems.

We gave high priority to containing the competition in weapons procurement between the United States and Russia. Unless checked, this competition will otherwise lead to the periodic expensive procurement, deployment, and redeployment of entirely new weapons systems. The fact is that for the past decade we have been involved in a continuously escalating arms race, the ironic consequence of which is to increase continually the potential for destruction, should a nuclear war occur.

We urged the Soviet Union and the United States to agree to a three-year moratorium on new deployment of antiballistic missile systems, since any new antimissile deployment by one would most certainly result in the other nation's augmenting its offensive capability. The final result would be to increase once again the potential for destruction.

Recently Secretary of State Dean Rusk spoke of initiating private talks with the Russians to see if an agreement to restrict antimissile systems could be arranged. In my view, this should be coupled with a limitation on strategic delivery systems in order to really arrest the arms race.

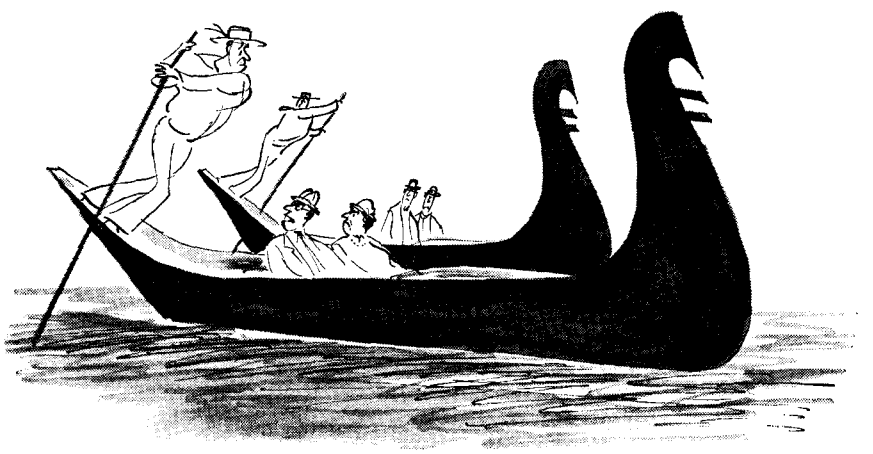
► *The arms race among underdeveloped nations.* To curb the conventional arms race among these nations, we recommended:

1) That the United States seek to have controls established over the traffic in arms by major-power agreement to refrain from introduction of sophisticated weapons; by regional non-acquisition agreements; by U.S.-supervised agreements about sale and acquisition, and by the establishment of a U.N. monitoring system to record the traffic in arms.

2) That the United States join with other major powers to provide adequate security for the less developed nations. In addition, that the United States support the establishment of U.N. peacekeeping procedures to the same end.

Thus, we concluded as we began, with the United Nations. Since our panel believed that universal membership is essential to an effective United Nations, we focused on the importance of involving the Peoples' Republic of China in the U.N. Although the United States is apparently not yet willing to halt its opposition to membership for China, it is heartening to see the emergence, in the past half year, of a more thoughtful body of opinion in this country on the China question.

My hope, in presenting this quick survey of the Disarmament Panel's report, is to show that there are many possible ways of making real progress toward a disarmed and secure world. Some are simple and easy to negotiate; all they require is a little motivation. Others are more difficult and would require a great deal of thought and effort. But no one of these proposals, either singly or collectively, would pose a security problem for the United States or for the other nations of the world. On the contrary, the real threat—one of total destruction—lies in continuing the present national military arsenals.



"Faster!"

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"The Duchess of Malfi"

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE DRAMA of Shakespeare is distinguished, even in the plays where he is still learning his craft, by an extraordinary coherence of all the artistic processes, of creation, of structure of the work itself, of response in audience or reader. Subjective-objective, classical-romantic, expressionistic - architectural, realism-symbolism—such antitheses are subsumed in a synthesis of completely integrated communication. It is this massive integrity which has led innumerable critics to postulate a man, Shakespeare, who is far better organized than most humans, let alone most writers or people of the theater. Even the plays that seem to reflect a period of personal tragedy and disillusion, such as *Hamlet* or *Troilus and Cressida*, show few signs of any fragmentation of personality in their author—whatever may be the case with their heroes and heroines.

Few contemporary artists in any medium could be found to show forth better the schism in the most fundamental nature—the very sources— of creativity, which has become so characteristic of all the arts since the early years of the nineteenth century, than Ben Jonson and John Webster, writing three centuries ago. The difference is so great that we seem to be dealing with two distinct operations of the mind. The plays of Jonson are classic in structure and objective in their delineation of motives and behavior, but also they are conceived of as taking place "out there." The esthetic process, from creator to spectator, occurs in material which is independent of either of them once it has been formed.

Webster is not the least interested in what happens "out there." He uses poetry, drama, acting, stage effects solely to work inside the spectator. The material of Webster is the collective nervous system of his audience. This is beyond romanticism and its subjectivity. Nothing would appear quite like it until, following Poe, Mallarmé 300 years later would make the method explicit. Yet how explicit? We have no name for it, and that in a field ever fertile with jargon—criticism and esthetics. And few critics watching *The Duchess of Malfi* or reading *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* are aware of what is happening to them.

The Duchess of Malfi is a fashionable play, a revival of the tragedy of blood so popular at the beginning of Elizabethan drama. So are *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Webster is a conscious, deliberate disciple of Shakespeare. So are Beaumont and Fletcher. It is one of the first tragedies that can be called decadent, both in its verse structure and in its somewhat phosphorescent dramaturgy—the greatest of a class that includes Tourneur, Ford, and Shirley and would be imitated, carefully but with only limited success, by Shelley in *The Cenci*. Yet it really isn't like any of these plays.

In the very first scene of *Duchess*, Webster, wasting no time, starts out to do something quite different from Shakespeare in *Macbeth* or Shelley in *The Cenci*. Shakespeare is building a character, setting a scene, creating a psychological environment that will define the character and the tragedy of Macbeth himself—out there. Shelley does that, too, but he is more interested in himself, in expressing himself, perhaps in scaring himself a little. We call it romantic subjectivism.

In the opening scene of *Duchess*, Antonio and Delio carry on a dialogue which seems objective enough. They describe, as they appear, all the important characters, their interrelations, and hint at the potentialities for tragedy these relationships embody. But in what an extraordinary fashion! Webster uses a standard device, the opening dialogue, "Hello, old friend, what's been going on while I've been gone?" to string together a series of carefully concealed assaults on the nerves of his audience:

> If it chance some cursed example poison it near the head, death and diseases through the whole land spread. . . .
>
> I do haunt you still. . . .
>
> They are like plum trees that grow crooked over standing pools. They are rich and over laden with fruit but none but crows, pies and caterpillars feed on them. . . .
>
> Places in court are like beds in hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower.

Corruption—the idea echoes with the word throughout the first act in what purports to be the ordinary conversation of a court. It is a court where the head sickens and the members rot, but over and above the careful setting of a situation, Webster is striving to affect the audience directly. This play is going to take place inside the heads—in each individual brain—of the audience.

Is this melodrama? The play is certainly a melodrama by conventional definition, but this is more like hypnotism. As the play goes on, horror seeps into the most commonplace statements until language loses its informative role and becomes a kind of argot whose aim always is not communication between the characters but manipulation of the minds of the audience. Meanwhile, the action goes on, bodies move in space with uncanny haste and glow with foxfire. The stage is lit with decay.

Melodrama is supposed to be bad art. Is *The Duchess of Malfi* great art? It certainly is great melodrama, probably the greatest ever written, and in addition —and more importantly—it adds an entirely new dimension to drama, or even to art as a whole. If great art makes us confront the profoundest meanings of life, *Duchess* is hardly art at all, because it literally doesn't mean much. When we leave the play our nerves have been rubbed raw and tortured. Does this make them more acute receptors? It may just as well dull our sensitivity as sharpen it. We are left nervously exhausted by a novel such as *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, but we are also left prostrate by a long look into the abysm of deliberate evil, and our valuations of human conduct and our responses to those valuations have been subtly reorganized. The good and evil that struggle in *The Duchess of Malfi*, once the play is over, vanish. The Duchess changes her costume and is just an actress, impatient to be gone to a late supper.

In recent years the estheticians and critics who try to establish a moral ground of justification for the arts have shifted their position to a kind of physiological esthetic: "The arts work upon us through abstract, purely artistic qualities. They do not teach or even communicate. The experience of the subtle architectonics of a great work of art makes us more refined, more efficient organisms, and the cumulative effects of such experiences through life make us better men." There is not an iota of empirical evidence for this notion. On the contrary, society has always been suspicious of "esthetes" as secret rascals given to shocking depravities. This is not true, either; Oscar Wilde's Dorian Grey and the heroes of Huysmans's novels are excessively rare types. Although it follows the conventions of tragedy and deals, with great psychological penetration, with the slow corruption of consciously chosen evil, *The Duchess of Malfi* is not a nerve tonic or a moral stimulant. It is simply very great entertainment and its own excuse for being.

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Subversion by Government

THE CIA was conceived twenty years ago as a specific response to the global subversive activities of communism. It was decided, on the highest levels of government, that what the U.S. needed was a super-secret agency with worldwide capabilities—an agency far more secret than even the FBI.

The CIA was specifically exempted at the start from most of the checks and balances that are indigenous to American Constitutional government. The funds at its disposal might run into billions of dollars, but there was no requirement for open public or legislative debate or review. The agency would be responsible to the President and would operate through a watchdog committee in Congress but even this procedure was at variance with the Constitutional requirements.

The work of the CIA was divided into two broad areas. One area involved the operation of a top-level information-gathering service that would make its reports available to the security centers of government, such as the White House, Department of Defense, Department of State. The second area was an operational branch that would carry out top-secret activities designed to advance the national interests of the United States.

It is now essential, on the basis of available but limited information, to attempt an assessment.

The analyses and reports compiled by the information or intelligence arm of the CIA, according to many competent observers inside and outside government, have been of the highest order.

It is over the action area, however, that the difficulties and the debates have arisen. The most recent disclosures about the CIA concern secret government funds being channeled into universities, labor unions, and organizations of students, newsmen, and businessmen. CIA officials privately would probably point to such activities as being among their finest achievements. For these were no cloak-and-dagger operations involving thefts of secret documents or underground acts of daring and violence. These activities have been part of an effort to mount an intellectual and cultural counter-offensive against the threat of communist ideology. The CIA was shrewd enough to know that the most effective forces it could recruit and send into the field would come not from the far right but from the center and the non-communist left. In the case of the international meetings of students, newsmen, and labor leaders, the main purpose of the CIA was not to use Americans as agents but to give the United States top-level representation at world intellectual or economic meetings involving opportunities for leadership.

Defenders of these CIA activities say that the nation has been well served by what they describe as a highly sophisticated and knowledgeable counter-offensive against the enemies of cultural and political freedom. It is also said that the CIA, both in Washington and in the field, has maintained the highest standards in the recruiting of its personnel.

But all this is beside the main point. For what is intended as a defense of the CIA actually constitutes its severest indictment. It has now been demonstrated that even the most well-intentioned purposes and projects, when conceived and carried out within the context of undercover operations, carry penalties that far outweigh any good that might be achieved. The abuses of the CIA are not chargeable to poor judgment of its officials. The abuses are inherent in the terrible misconception behind the existence of the CIA.

The secret underwriting by the CIA of activities by the National Student Association is a case in point. Some student leaders who cooperated with the CIA were exempted from the draft. All were required to lie and to sign oaths saying they would not reveal the true state of affairs.

Half the nation's population is under the age of twenty-five. It is always risky to characterize the dominant mood of any generation, but there are many indications that many of the young people of this country today are losing confidence in the ability of their elders to operate a civilization responsibly or to demonstrate the kind of integrity that can provide a moral tone for the society. The discovery that the government itself has played a corrupting role is not likely to have a cleansing effect on the attitudes of the young people toward adult-approved institutions.

THE misconception behind the existence of the CIA is a simple one. The misconception is that it is possible and proper to turn over to a group of men the kind of authority and power that the U.S. Constitution was specifically designed to prevent. In fact, the very existence of the CIA is a monument to the failure of the recent and present generation of policymakers in government to take the basic philosophy of this nation seriously. The main point or principle that emerged from the work of the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention was that the biggest danger to human freedom was represented not just by bad men at the heads of bad governments but by good men who were put in positions where they were able to operate outside the law. The Founding Fathers didn't have to be told that extraordinary situations would arise in which extraordinary authority might be required. What concerned them, however, was that the existence of such situations might stampede and mislead men into creating a mechanism that in itself would be subversive of Constitutional government.

While the full story of the CIA in practice, as apart from theory, is known only to a few, enough is now known to underscore the foresight of the American Founders. Consider Cuba. When President John F. Kennedy came to office, he was confronted by a fully developed plan

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to equip and finance an emigré invasion of Cuba. The effort failed, despite extravagant advance assurances to the contrary. The President was urged to bail out the enterprise by authorizing the use of American troops for invasion purposes. This the President refused to do—not because the might of the United States was inadequate for such an objective, but because the President had a sense of history, respect for the moral position of the United States in the world, and was opposed to the killing of thousands of Cubans.

The Cuban episode revealed one aspect of the grave danger represented by the CIA. This was that it could set forces in motion which could impel an American President, governed by considerations of national pride, to depart from his own basic policies. President Kennedy had the wisdom and the courage to avoid compounding a national error. It would be a serious mistake, however, to suppose that such qualities are automatically built into the Presidency.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower sought to ease world tensions by exploring with the Soviet Union the possibility of bringing the spiraling world arms race under control. He wanted to take full advantage of any genuine change in Soviet leadership following the death of Josef Stalin. The President's moves in this direction were blocked by the action of the CIA in penetrating the airspace of the Soviet Union with a spying plane at precisely the time a Paris summit meeting was about to begin. The President was persuaded by the head of the CIA to identify himself with the incident, lest it appear before the world that the President had been cut off from the nation's own security policies.

General Eisenhower ordered the discontinuation of the spying planes over Russian territory, but the episode undermined his long-held hope that he could make a fundamental contribution to the enlargement of world peace. No one knows whether the summit meeting, if it had been held, would have altered history, but it is not inconceivable that a dent might have been made in the arms race, possibly including the signing of a nuclear test ban and a nonproliferation treaty. In any event, it was demonstrated once again that the CIA had veto power over U.S. policy.

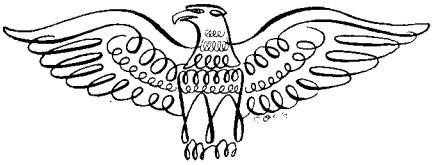
THE role of the CIA in Vietnam is a matter of speculation. One of the sticking points in the Geneva negotiations of 1954 that ended the French occupation of Indo-China had to do with the provision in the Geneva Treaty calling for all outside forces to leave the area. Premier Mendès-France of France has said he was pressed at the negotiations to provide assurance that the departure of the French would not be the signal for the arrival of the Americans. Mendès-France replied he had no reason to believe that the United States would not respect the terms of the Geneva Treaty. Shortly after the French left, the United States moved into Laos and Vietnam. The Bao Dai government in South Vietnam was replaced by that of U.S.-backed Ngo Dinh Diem. The country-wide free elections specified in the Geneva agreement were called off by South Vietnam. Shortly thereafter, the Vietcong started its campaign of assassination, terror, and subversion against the South. The Vietcong was backed by North Vietnam but a large part of its total military supplies—at one point it reached an estimated 80 per cent—came from the United States, having been captured or turned over by Vietcong sympathizers.

Eventually, the Diem government was violently overthrown from within and its President killed in a coup in which the United States was a tacit partner, according to former U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam Frederick G. Nolting, Jr. The Ambassador said he believed it was not the CIA but the State Department that gave its approval to the enterprise. Be that as it may, the critical point here is that the government of the United States was involved in the subversion of another government. The overthrow and murder of Diem made a shambles of America's declaration that it came into South Vietnam at the express invitation of that government in order to keep it from being subverted.

As for Laos, this observer has no information about the role of the CIA in the ghastly mistake that led the United States in 1960 to help Phoumi Nosavan stage his military coup against the elected government of Souvanna Phouma. What is known, however, is that the coup touched off a civil war, with the United States in the incredible position of supplying arms to both sides and paying the salaries of both armies.

Eventually, the United States helped to restore the government of Souvanna Phouma, but the incredible misadventure had meanwhile taken the lives of thousands of civilians and soldiers.

While in Vientiane, Laos, in 1960, I met a pilot from the Tom Dooley Hospital who told me he had just turned down an offer of $3,000 a month from the CIA to fly arms secretly to a corner of Burma where remnants of the Chinese Nationalist Army had settled after the revolution. Several weeks after my encounter with the pilot, I read newspaper reports about demonstrations outside the U.S. Embassy in Rangoon when it became known that the United States had violated Burmese sovereignty and had jeopardized Burma's security vis-à-vis its powerful neighbor to the north. If one aspect of the work of the CIA is to make friends for the United States, this particular aim was not furthered in Burma.



The Secretary of State has justified these activities by describing them as an inevitable concomitant of international life in the world today. The United States, he has said, should not be the only country to stand aloof from such undertakings.

This remarkable statement misses the main points at issue. One point is that one of the characteristics that distinguishes the United States from totalitarian countries is the trust that it can inspire both in its own people and in other peoples throughout the world. How do we weaken the communist conspiracy or any other conspiracy when we make other nations uncertain and suspicious about the depth and range of our secret activities inside their countries? Is it established that the only effective way of dealing with totalitarians is to imitate them?

A second point has to do with the concept of a free society held by those who are now acting in its name. When did the American people give their representatives in government the right to engage in the subversion of other governments or to decide arbitrarily and outside Constitutional processes how their money is to be spent, or to involve its own citizens in secret oaths, or to give some citizens special privileges for playing the game?

The third point is that there is no more pathetic fallacy than the notion that such enterprises can be carried out without corrupting those who are part of them. Those who believe that it is possible to mount a CIA in a free society and keep its operations sanitary are poor students of history. Moreover, the notion that it is possible to keep these operations totally secret is a species of naïveté.

Nothing would be easier than to attempt to pin the blame on a few government officials. The blame must reach into the society as a whole. Nothing as large as this could have come this far without the involvement of large elements of the American community.

A government now exists within a government. That interior government has not been elected. It cannot easily be replaced or recalled. But neither is it beyond the reach of the American people. It will be said that the nation's security requires that further debate over the CIA be closed. But it is precisely in the name of national security that the debate must be pursued—that is, if the national security bears any relationship to what the nation is all about. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

L'Affaire Kerr

HENRY BRANDON, in "The Kerr Affair" [*SR*, Feb. 11], writes that "everywhere outside California state universities charge tuition fees." Definitely not so in Idaho and Connecticut. Doubtful if applied to Washington, West Virginia, or Kentucky, where fees are allocated to nontuition (facilities) support. And, of course, the City University of New York, not a state university, is heavily state supported, and several states exempt students who are preparing for teaching careers in elementary and secondary education from payment of tuition charges.

RUSSELL I. THACKREY,
Secretary,
National Association of
State University and
Land-Grant Colleges.
Washington, D.C.

DR. KERR may have been an able administrator in bringing about the recognition that the University of California is one of the world's great educational institutions, with spiraling enrollment figures. On the other hand, he certainly allowed the Berkeley campus to become a national disgrace due to the behavior of some students.

The educational system in California has surely not been ruined because of Kerr's dismissal. I expect that any student truly interested in learning can still do so. But my hat is off to the Regents and Governor Reagan for the first step in cleaning up this embarrassing mess!

HARLAN E. ANDREWS.
Wichita, Kan.

AS A MEMBER of the faculties of the University of California . . . I am prompted to remark on "The Kerr Affair."

The harm done the university was done earlier under the administration of "the perceptive Dr. Kerr." Had he, at the outbreak of the Berkeley trouble, manifested a "talent for mediation" supported by the decisiveness necessary to keep under control "the precarious situation," eventualities would doubtless have been more happy.

BENNETT WEAVER.
South Laguna, Calif.

IT MIGHT BE WELL to consider what the Constitution of California says on the matter of political interference with affairs of the university, in the provisions of Article IX, Section 9:

> "The University of California shall constitute a public trust, and its organization and government shall be perpetually continued in the form and character prescribed by the organic act creating the same . . . subject only to such legislative control as may be necessary to insure compliance with the terms of its endowments and the proper investment and security of its funds. *It shall be entirely independent of all political or sectarian influence, and kept free therefrom in the appointment of its Regents, and in the administration of its affairs* [Italics added]."

In the light of recent events, one wonders if some recently appointed Regents were aware of this mandate when they took their oath of office to uphold the Constitution of the State.

JOHN A. DRON,
Consulting Civil Engineer.
Ojai, Calif.

MR. BRANDON writes that "poaching has become a feverish pastime among universities" and "professors are bid for like football stars." Perhaps this is true, but also possibly it is true that the most active bidders are some state-supported institutions who may be called upon themselves in the future to exercise fiscal restraint.

JOHN L. GRUBER.
La Jolla, Calif.

The Long and Short

IN N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "The Ordeal of the Short Distance" [*SR*, Feb. 11], he wonders if our planners look ahead. Why, it is only in the past few years that a few courageous souls have dared to state publicly that we are rapidly being submerged by people and automobiles. There are still too many—some in high places—who refuse to admit it.

If we had looked ahead we wouldn't have been so quick to junk a fair system of rapid transit in the eastern part of our country in favor of the automobile, truck, and bus. True, the rolling stock was antiquated, but the priceless right-of-way is now largely gone and will require expenditure of billions in money and years in time to replace.

CARL GREIM.
Defiance, Ohio.

ADD TO YOUR STOCK of short-haul absurdities: Last month I traveled from Seattle to San Francisco (680 miles) in one hour, seventeen minutes, and from San Francisco International Airport to downtown San Francisco in one hour, twenty minutes. Keep jabbing.

HENRY CASTOR.
San Francisco, Calif.

"You have a wonderful view from here!"

Reporter-at-Large Sutton

HORACE SUTTON'S travelogues are always a joy to read. But aren't they an extravagant use of a reporting talent that can produce a superb account of the Manila Conference [*SR*, Nov. 12], and now "Indonesia's Night of Terror" [*SR*, Feb. 4]? Hanoi and Hong Kong, Israel and Jordan, the Congo and Rhodesia—the list of areas that cry for reports in depth is almost endless.

RUSSELL H. PETERS,
Assistant to the President,
Bangor Punta Alegre Sugar Corp.
Bangor, Me.

Jane Malaprop

JANE ACE and her malapropisms reported by Goodman Ace [TOP OF MY HEAD, Feb. 11] don't hold a candle to the all-time world's greatest malaprop artist—a lovable old lady who lived in my home town of Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Well do I remember the day she stood up to speak at the local Methodist ladies group and said, "Girls, I've a story to tell you that is so funny that when I heard it I laughed 'til I was historical."

WILLIAM S. REED.
Webster Groves, Mo.

MR. ACE was wrong when he called *Easy Aces* a "minor" radio skit of days gone by. Our family loved that program, and when it was on, we'd be so quiet you could hear a piano drop!

SISTER M. YVONNE,
Sisters of Saint Dominic.
Passaic, N.J.

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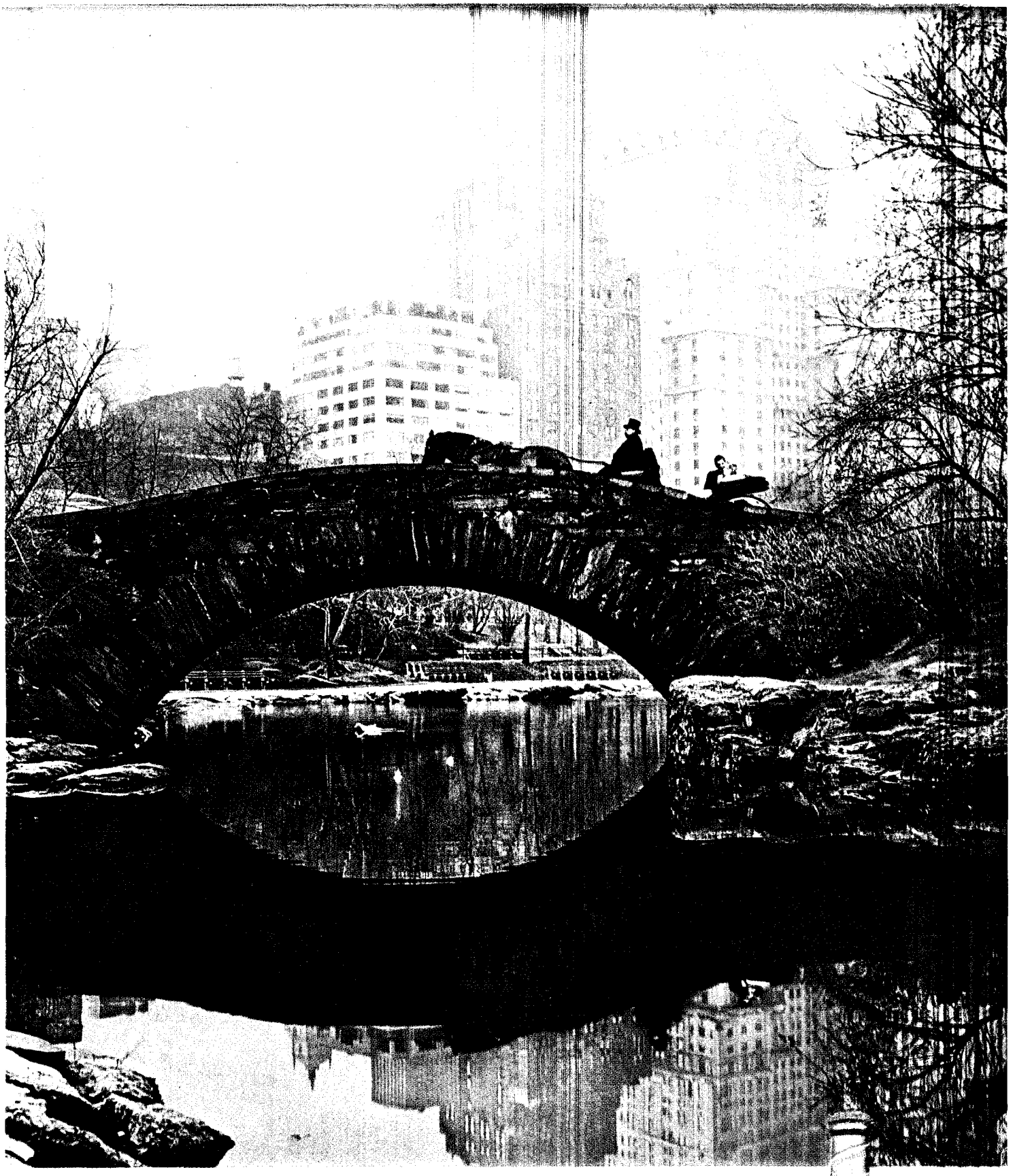

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so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base

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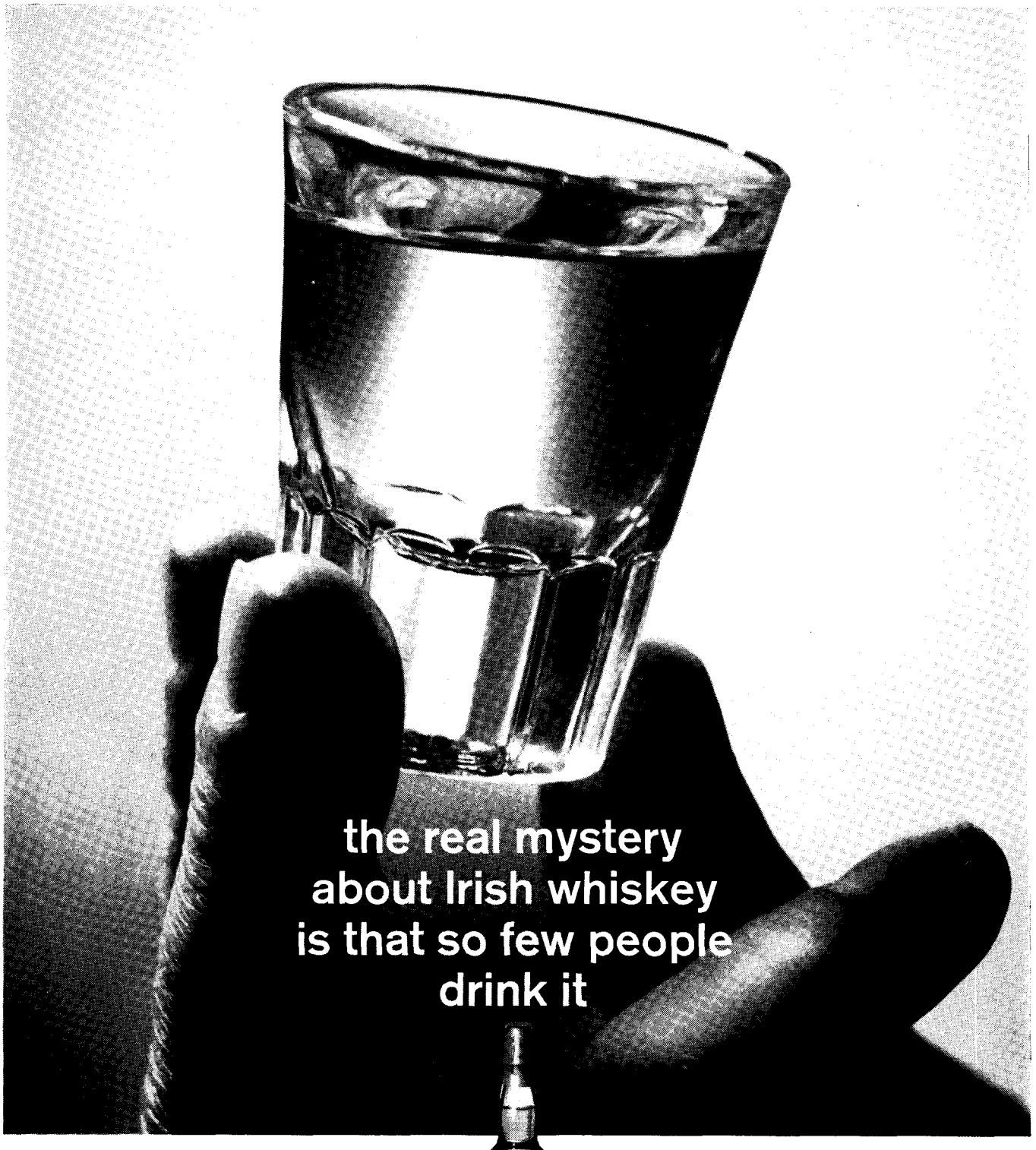

Psychologists say it's better not to repress strong emotions. And we have a strong emotion. It's about Irish whiskey. And Scotch.

Scotch is a fine beverage and deserves its popularity. But enough is enough already. The truth is, Scotch has obscured a drink that richly deserves its own place in the sun.

We're talking about Irish whiskey, specifically Jameson's Irish Whiskey. Many people have the notion that Irish whiskey has a taste as overpowering as Irish opinion or Irish politics and belongs only in Irish coffee. Not so. Its flavor *is* different. You could call it crisp. Or clean. Perhaps subtle is the word. Irish whiskey is a different drink and deserves a different set of adjectives.

Taste John Jameson 7-year-old or John Jameson 12-year-old. We think you'll agree that Irish whiskey—like the Irish—stands alone.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

What a Man Might Be

IF THE novel isn't dead—and I don't believe it's anywhere near moribund—this may be because it can explore problems of man's nature and man's fate that the physical and social sciences are compelled to ignore and that philosophy approaches only in a cold and formal fashion. What is man? To what values can he hold? What meaning has his life? These are questions to which the traditional religions have positive answers, but there are masses of people whom these answers do not satisfy. The novelist can ask questions that, by and large, the theologian can't. Dostoevsky professed orthodoxy, but his novels raised problems that orthodoxy couldn't touch. The most interesting of contemporary American novelists—Bellow, Malamud, Ellison, Barth, and others—insist on scrutinizing fundamental issues.

Elia Kazan, after directing many plays and moving pictures I admire, has published his first novel, *The Arrangement* (Stein & Day, $6.95), and if he has proved to be less than a master of the form he has adopted, he has at least shown an awareness of the novel's possibilities in this age. The question he asks is: what do and what should men live by?

The novel's narrator, Eddie Anderson, of Greek ancestry like his creator, is a successful advertising man. At the outset he describes the prizes he has won: "I owned this beautiful house in the Bradshaw Park section of Los Angeles, and I had there (this will seem absurd, I know) the goddamnedest lawn in that whole area, and some wonderful plantings that I had put in myself, and a really great record collection, including many rare 78s; two valuable Picasso original drawings; a deep freeze that held thirty-six cubic feet of food; and the three cars: Florence's Continental, my daughter Ellen's Karman Ghia, and the Triumph TR 4 which I was later to smash up. All that and a swimming pool."

Moreover, he has won these possessions fairly: "I was good at my job. I could walk into a room full of wrangling men, or into one of those big glass boxes known as sponsors' booths, sort of a snake cage with everyone writhing and taking bites out of each other's hides, and I'd just walk in and all the snakes would curl up pretty as you please, lay their little pointy heads down on their coils, and that was it." He had an arrangement with his wife according to which she would overlook his infidelities—he speaks of his harem—so long as he kept up appearances. Furthermore, he could get rid of his gripes and bolster his self-respect by publishing, under a pseudonym, what he called "justice pieces" in "magazines like *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, and once *Partisan Review*," but mostly in a periodical put out by "a really rich outfit which gave me a drawing acount."

Then, at the age of forty-three, he has an affair with a girl named Gwen, who is not only a remarkably talented bedmate but also a genuine person. ("She wasn't handing down the dicta of Max Lerner or that fellow Podhoretz or Alfred Kazin or *Time* magazine. She talked from her own experience and what she had figured out herself.") When, however, Gwen, who is truly in love with Eddie, lays down an ultimatum, he goes sneaking back to his arrangement with Florence.

For a time he and Florence seem to be getting on so well that they are referred to in their social group as "the Golden Couple," though the truth is that he is incapable of having sexual relations with her. After nearly killing himself a couple of times, he returns to Gwen, and again we are given demonstrations of what has been called "human sexual behavior." Eddie's sexual prowess is almost equal to that of Stephen Rojack in Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*, and he is just about as pugnacious, but—and this is a pleasant switch—he usually gets beaten up.

After repudiating the world in which he has been so successful, Eddie goes in search of values, and all sorts of things happen. (No one can charge that the novel is deficient in action.) As many people remind him, "arrangements" are essential to any kind of civilization, but he is sick of making compromises and telling lies. His erstwhile boss at the advertising agency, Mr. Finnegan, says: "How long do you think this world of ours would last if anyone told the truth? We live by the grace of an unspoken agreement not to speak the truth to each other. If anyone in business spoke the truth, who'd buy goods, for one thing? It's our lies—well-intentioned always, that keep this world of ours together." When Eddie speaks scornfully of the advertising business, Finnegan says, "Well, sure it's phony, so what?"

In the latter part of the book Eddie spends considerable time with his dying father, whom he had long hated as a tyrant. After coming to America from Anatolia, Sam Arness made a small fortune

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in the rug business. Money was all he wanted, and he could not understand why his son refused to go into his business. Now his great desire is to return to Anatolia, and he gives a rhapsodic account of the life he might live there. Eddie questions his uncle, the man who was responsible for bringing the family to the United States: "Maybe the *whole thing* is wrong. That man in there, your brother, he wants only one thing, to go back to Anatolia to die. You think possibly you made a mistake in the first place, that you should not have brought them all here? What do you say?" Eddie has gone on from questioning the value of advertising to questioning the value of the whole industrial system. What he does about it is to marry Gwen and support the family by running a liquor store in a small Connecticut town.

The book by and large is put together out of stock materials: the successful, promiscuous, disillusioned advertising man; the adroitly self-protective wife; the nymphomaniac who sees through the frauds of society; the college-age daughter who has to have an abortion, etc. Mix with plenty of four-letter words, and there you are. It's certainly not altogether bad; parts, indeed, particularly the passages portraying the dying father, are excellent. The writing is lively, and there are effective figures of speech: "Dr. Leibman sat there looking like a piece of Mount Rushmore." "He shifted his eyes around, like Dick Nixon making one of his stronger statements and not being quite sure he means it." But, whatever else happens to him, Eddie Anderson remains on the surface of life, where he started. I don't blame Kazan for not answering questions that are probably unanswerable, but I do blame him for not posing the questions in some fresh way that might give us a new insight.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1230

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1230 will be found in the next issue.

BKABXK JA ZAO JKNKMTK OA

QDTK PAAJ UMRORZP, OQKH

DMK NA BXKDNKJ UROQ EDJ.

—KYKMNAZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1229

A poet puts the world into a nutshell; the orator, out of a nutshell brings a world. —HURNAND.

Son of the Oven-Maker: One way of proving you really know your way around the theater — especially if you don't — is to refer to Elia Kazan as "Gadg," a nickname he is "sort of tired of." For the record, he acquired it at college — Williams — not backstage. "I was sort of eccentric, compact [referring to his compact 5'7" build], and somebody looked at me one day and said, 'He's like a little gadget.' And that was it. My father's family name was originally Kazangoglou. In Turkish that means 'son of the oven-maker.'"

We were in the handsome, wood-paneled, walk-in closet that is Elia Kazan's office at the top rear of a small, tired building on Broadway which houses mostly producers and press agents. The very well-known producer-writer-director ("In Europe they just say 'movie-maker.' It's the right word.") was sprawled on a couch, his blue shirt sleeves rolled up, blue polka-dot tie perfectly knotted. Behind him was a large, striking oil painting by Gwathmey of a man bent over his work in a field before a tomato-red sky. On the cocktail table in front of him was a telephone with a watch set into it where the area code and number usually are. No significance to that: "A friend gave it to me."

Even horizontally, talking away with a highball in his hand, he conveys a feeling of energy not quite turned off; like a spring loosely coiled that at any moment can bunch up again for action. His hair is graying; there are lines on his face. But when you look at the rest of him—the body is still compact with muscle in it—the gray and the lines don't matter. They are as so much wind and rain against a boulder. He speaks easily, quietly, rapidly, and it is impossible to get away from his eyes, which hold you.

"I'll talk about almost anything," he said, "if I get going."

I asked where he lived.

"In Connecticut. I have 130 acres."

"Do you farm them? Raise cattle?"

He shook his head. "I walk around, that's all. I keep out developments. I hold back progress."

It seemed logical to go into the past of Elia Kazan the novelist — his many awards for work in the theater and motion pictures. The man who will talk about almost anything if he gets going shrugged. "That's another man, another life. This book—*The Arrangement*, I mean—sort of put everything else behind me."

By my count, Elia Kazan has directed five plays that were awarded the Pulitzer Prize, five winners of the New York Drama Critics' Circle award. He was

—*Dĕ Gésu.*

Elia Kazan: "I'm concerned with the cracking up that's happening all over."

four times selected as the Best Stage Director of the Year by the New York Drama Critics' Circle. Three times, movies that he has directed were named Best Picture of the Year by the New York Film Critics. Two of his films have won the Academy Award as Best Picture, and he himself has earned two Oscars as Best Director. I could go on like this for pages more, but back to the present, the new life.

"This is really my first novel. *America America* wasn't a novel. It was a screenplay, a notebook for action. Since I did both I'll say this the book was better than the movie.

"But *this* book—*The Arrangement*—I had more pleasure writing it than anything else I've ever done. All my life I directed the works of others. The themes were more important to the authors than to me. My problem was always how can I catch the essence of what that man is trying to say? It was my endeavor to be empathic to all those other fellows. I never wrote a word of any of the plays I was connected with. The idea is a canard. Sure, I made suggestions to the authors. Even the producer's wife does that. But write myself—no.

"Suddenly I was fifty, and I began thinking: For chrissake, I've got my own problems, my own aspirations, dreams. I guess we have all felt self-disgust, had

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doubts. I certainly have not always been satisfied with my work. Anyway, it became important to me that I let my own voice be heard. That's when I wrote *America America*. I hope to start another book in about six months — I'm working on a screenplay now — concerned with the same people that were in *America America*. It will cover the years 1915 to 1928.

"It took me a year and a half to write *The Arrangement*. I worked seven days a week, from eight to two P.M. I wrote the last two chapters ten times. Writing a novel opened up new areas for me—the half-tones of action. The movies have a rush to them; plays have other limits. I originally started the novel as a screenplay. I was a hundred pages in when I read it over and I thought, this is not what interests me about this material. I'm leaving out everything that interests me for the sake of the flow of action. That's when the book began.

"Sol Stein—you know him? Stein & Day, my publishers—is a damn good editor. He got me to cut 110 to 120 thousand words of the novel. I didn't know how hard and painful a thing that could be.

"I'm concerned with the cracking up that's happening all over. The middle classes are questioning themselves, their lives. In this book I've tried to touch the feeling of people who have self-propelled themselves in life and have been successful at attaining something they find they don't really want. People profess certain ideals and standards but the way they live is another thing. The gulf is widening; personal disruption is growing in this country. I think we have much more hypocrisy now than ever before."

He sat up, polished off the last of his drink. He stretched and you could almost see the coiled spring winding up into itself. "I really hope people like the book. I feel as if I'm starting all over again — with exhilaration, new power. That wonderful feeling of gee, I have a voice and I can make it heard. The song I sing can be heard by others. I guess that sounds terrible, but do you know that Tennessee Williams said to me, 'I feel much closer to you having read the book'? We did four plays and two movies together, but through the book I reached out to him. John Steinbeck said, 'You should be pleased, not proud, but pleased with yourself.' A book. A book. I can hold it in my hand. . . ."

I got into my coat. At the door, there was a moment's silence as we shook hands. "I'm fifty-seven now," he said. "If only I had written a book before."

—Haskel Frankel.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Liberal Rationale

Frank Altschul's review of J. William Fulbright's *The Arrogance of Power* [*SR*, Feb. 11] does rare justice to the book by pinpointing salient features often ignored. To a nation propagandized for years into an hysterical acceptance that all Communist philosophy is evil, the word Communism itself is like waving a red flag in front of a bull. Senator Fulbright's book should jolt us into somber reflection.

Helen A. Wolfe.

Cambridge, Ohio

I am disturbed by glaring inconsistencies lately in much of the liberal rationale. Frank Altschul's review of J. William Fulbright's book is a good case in point.

His last sentence says that it is fortunate that Mr. Fulbright bows to political expediency in the area of civil rights in order to make him available to this nation in the formulation of foreign policy. By what standard do you decide when Mr. Fulbright is standing up for morality? Is it because you agree with him on Vietnam only? At the same time, you use the argument that the effort in Vietnam is futile and the money could be better spent here in such things as civil rights. Okay, so which is more important?

Another example of inconsistency is the painful sight of so many of your writers trying to defend Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's "right to privacy" in her dispute with Mr. Manchester [*SR*, Jan. 21]. It seems strange that such champions of "the public's right to know" would bend their convictions in this case, but would hardly do the same for anyone else. I hold no brief for Mr. Whittaker Chambers, but wouldn't you say a lot of his privacy was invaded in Meyer Zeligs's book [*SR*, Feb. 11]? But of course Chambers is dead, and he does not represent a wealthy and politically powerful family. Do you really think the First Amendment is for *everyone*?

Madelyn V. Powell.

Chicago, Ill.

Definition Broadened

In his review of my Mark Twain [*SR*, Feb. 11], Mr. H. Allen Smith criticized me for erroneously (in his opinion) describing Mark Twain as "a profoundly religious man." Mr. Smith's understanding of the term is unnecessarily narrow. It seems to me that any person who is so passionately and for so long preoccupied with the nature of God and with man's relations with God may be correctly described as "a profoundly religious man," even if he is not doctrinaire in his beliefs and even if he concludes that God is beyond good and evil as man conceives of them.

In fairness, Mr. Smith ought to have reported the context in which I used the phrase. I had finally persuaded Clara Clemens to permit the publication of her father's long-suppressed "Reflections on Religion." In a telephone conversation with me, a lawyer for the Mark Twain Estate declared that to publish these chapters (which he had not read) from Clemens's autobiography was to give aid and comfort to the "Commies," as he put it. He said he was a religious man and didn't like to see religion trampled, and led me to understand that he was therefore inclined to see Mark Twain's writings trampled. It was at this point, considering him an adversary, that I replied that in my view Mark Twain was "a profoundly religious man." I would probably have defined or qualified the phrase if I had been committing it to paper rather than using it in a telephone conversation.

Charles Neider.

Princeton, N.J.

Julie Harris Playing Millay

Can it be made known to Brooks Atkinson [*SR*, Feb. 11] that Edna St. Vincent Millay is the favorite Romantic Rebel of millions of other Americans of all ages and both sexes? Then he could ring the welkin and let the word go forth to dramatists and producers that a great play about this woman is long overdue. . . . My personal casting for Edna has always been Julie Harris, who has the voice and the right appearance, with perhaps Greer Garson as her mother.

Mary McGarvey.

Brunswick, Ga.

Goal Achieved

Herbert Mitgang said in his review of *Division Street: America* [*SR*, Jan. 28] that a machine stands between interviewer and subject. "There lies the nagging doubt about a book derived . . . from recorded talks." I do not think the author ever intended his book to be a work of art, but rather informative. And I think Studs Terkel successfully achieved his goal—it was most informative!

Virginia Grocki.

Chicago, Ill.

He Who Errs

In the article entitled "The American Commitment in Vietnam" [*SR*, Feb. 4], Bernard Fall states that historian Arthur Schlesinger errs when the latter says that the United States "declined to take part" in the 1954 Geneva negotiations which led to the division of Vietnam. In essence however it is Fall who errs. I remind Mr. Fall that, although the U.S. was present in the person of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, it bowed out before the Indochinese question arose, hence forfeiting any opportunity to offer an opinion on Vietnam.

James H. Fall, III.

Washington, D.C.

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European Literary Scene

Giuseppe Berto's *Male oscuro* (Dark Evil) proved a 1964 sensation as Italy's most authentic psychological novel since Italo Svevo's *Zeno*. (Knopf published it here as *Incubus*.) His new Freudian novel on love, *La cosa buffa* (The Ridiculous Thing), has just been issued by Rizzoli to similar plaudits. It traces the psychic or sentimental education of a young man, Antonio, during his first two liaisons. His love for the student Maria acquaints him with the masculine vacillation within himself. The second affair, with the Hungarian Marica, shows him, as in a brief coda, passing through the same doubts, dissatisfactions, and frustrations even though Marica is much more mundane than Maria. This tale, unlike *Incubus*, is told in the third rather than the first person, but the narration is again free-association with the flow, rhythms, and syntax of a psychological confession. Berto demonstrates how women of different types accede easily to their love affairs whereas the male remains guilt-ridden about consequences.

This novelist, who spent over two years as a prisoner-of-war in Texas, is reported to have many more readers among women than men. Berto is praised for sounding and uniquely understanding the depths of feminine psychology. His forthcoming novel will be called *La Vedova* (Widow). It will carry as a prefatory epigraph a passage from Proust which Berto recalls more or less as "In the life of most women, everything, even the greatest pain, starts with a fitting at the dressmaker's."

In a sophisticated theatrical mecca where this season Ionesco, for example, has drawn crowds to the Français, the Athénée, the Théâtre de France, La Bruyére, and of course the tiny Huchette, the last play one would ever expect to see on the billboards of the Comédie Française would be that outdated chestnut *Le voyage de M. Perrichon*. Incredible? Yet there it is. Americans of a certain age, as the French delicately puts it, will undergo a moment of *déjà vu*. Thousands of American students of French long ago moved from their first-year grammar course to a reading class featuring a textbook edition of this 1860 play by Eugène Labiche. The lesson of the comedy is perhaps cynical enough for today's audience: a man will like you more if you convince him he's saved your life on an Alpine peak than if you actually saved his. Perrichon *redivivus* is proving a hit. Gabriel Marcel (who obviously finds it a relief after *Marat/Sade*) says that rediscovering this comedy is like finding a favorite childhood trinket in the back of a drawer.

On 19 May, 1966, Spain promulgated a law governing the press which granted "to all Spaniards the inalienable right of freedom of expression." Yet in July on the streets of Madrid I saw police not only confiscate copies of the conservative daily *ABC*, but actually remove the newspaper from the hands of pedestrians who had just purchased one. Still we all continued to nurture a hope that this law would be beneficial to literature. A few years ago the young writer Isaac Montero agreed before the publication of a prize-winning novel to make the few cuts required under the former press law. Before May 1966 he completed a second novel, *Alrededor de un día de abril* (Around an April Day). The censor this time required twenty-four deletions, reducing the novel by seventy pages. Rebelling, Montero had his second novel published at his own expense without any cuts. He added a prologue about censorship and justified his refusal to abridge his work. He even had printed an advertising poster that concluded, "The author is publishing his text intact and invites you to meditate on freedom of expression." The stocks of the book were promptly seized, and Montero was sentenced to prison and fined. He has appealed and is at latest intelligence at provisional liberty.

What is this "obscene, anti-bourgeois, and pessimistic" book about? About an American couple residing in Spain who decide to adopt a Spanish foundling, it appears. Since no one is allowed to examine the text, we are unsure where the obscenity lies: with the author, the book, the American foster parents, or the fictional priest who approves such an adoption.

Turning to more happy subjects, did you know that the protagonist of Camus's *L'Etranger* (Outsider), who didn't like difficult movies he had to explain to his friends, is going to be a movie hero himself now? Whereas the Swedish director Bergman had wanted to undertake this film, it is the brilliant Luchino Visconti who is busy in Algiers at it. Young Meurseault is played by none other than the protean Marcello Mastroianni. Since additional dialogue is needed to transpose the brief novel into a picture, some is being borrowed from the version of this tragic narrative which Camus was adapting to the theater when he died, and more is being provided by his friend Emmanuel Roblès.

I have not been in Romania recently (although my next column will be written in Budapest), but I try to keep up on literary developments in Ionesco's homeland in various ways, which include a scrutiny of *Romanian Books*, the quarterly bulletin of the Central Office of Romanian Publishing Houses and Bookselling. New narrative fiction and poetry come off the presses of Bucharest in abundance. Yet the one type of literature now almost exclusive to the Balkans is oral epic, whether in prose or verse. Indeed, Yugoslavia and Romania are justly famous for having preserved their ancient epics through vocal tradition as well as printing. Some Romanian ballads like *Miorita* (The Ewe Lamb), *Mesterul Manole* (Master-Builder Manole), and *Miu Haiducu* (Miu the Outlaw) have remote origins. Lest these lose their pristine character, the Romanians are getting them safely into print. In past months several important collections of folklore have appeared.

Ovidiu Birlea's *Antologie de Proza populara epica* is a three-volume corpus of 153 items representing a dozen years of research on animal tales, fantasy, and legends by the Institute of Ethnography and Folklore of the Romanian Academy. Two volumes of folktales from Transylvania appeared in 1962—stories which may have inspired Bram Stoker's thirsty Transylvanian vampire of 1897. Two new volumes of this vast project now appearing are *Folklore in Oltenia and Muntenia*. When this extensive series of folkloric tales, romances, carols, doine, and other songs is published, it will complete an enterprise for which the collecting started in 1885. A complementary volume is *Balada populara Romana*, a scholarly history by G. Vrabie of the origins and spread of folk epos in his country. Romania can boast of modern poets like Tudor Arghezi and perhaps young Stefan Lures, but one must concur with her philosopher Lucian Blaga that "the permanent source of creativity in Romanian literature remains the popular culture and especially the anonymous creations born of the orthodox soul of the people and of their myths and heresies."

We have mentioned in these columns (6 Aug., 1966) the unexpected results when the computer of the University of Besançon had completed its concordance of Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal*. The words of highest frequency (in order: eye, heart, heaven, beautiful, great, soul)

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made the satanic poet seem like a peddler of sweetness and light. The Centre d'Etude du Vocabulaire Français has fed Racine's *Phèdre* onto the intake tape. The eight most common nouns in order are: eye, god, son, seigneur, heart, father, amour, blood, and hand. It is obvious that, despite their disparate temperaments, Baudelaire and Racine approached vocabulary eye to eye.

It was our unhappy task in July 1965 to report the demise of the famous *Mercure de France*. We now record the disappearance of an equally venerable literary review, *Les Cahiers du Sud*. The *Cahiers*, launched in Marseilles fifty-three years ago as a schoolboy journal by Marcel Pagnol and Jean Ballard, has published in its 391 issues the great writers of Europe and brought glory to France's second city. More than a journal, it was an intellectual sanctuary that protected such refugees as Zweig and Eluard during World War II. The dedicated Jean Ballard, now over seventy-three, feels unable to continue the exhausting task. As he wrote to my colleague Anna Balakian, "You will be sorry to learn of the folding of the *Cahiers*, but you would be sorrier to learn of my death." I am pleased to report that the New York University Computer Center is now preparing a collective index of every one of the 391 issues, a research tool which will be made available to scholars at minimum cost.

Ever since the days of the spirited literary discussions in such coffeehouses as the Griensteidl and the Central, Viennese have talked proudly of their local writers. If one is to judge by the splendid journals now coming out of Vienna, Austrians honor their literature more than ever. The periodicals contain critical essays, literary history, narrative, poetry, plays, and book reviews of a high seriousness. Especially attractive are *Literatur und Kritik*, *Oesterreich in Geschichte und Literatur*, *Wort in der Zeit*, *Protokolle* (a yearbook), and the distinguished theater monthly *Die Bühne*, which covers drama, opera, and ballet not only in Austria, but in Switzerland and Bavaria. An important newsletter is published by the Austrian Society for Literature.

Austria can certainly take pride in its literary honor roll during this century: Broch, Buber, Hofmannsthal, Kafka, Musil, Polgar, Rilke, Schnitzler, Werfel, Zweig, and so many others. The journals mentioned above will do well not merely to honor these writers, but to keep them identified with Austria itself. For of the great writers I have enumerated (strange and unhappy statistic!) only three did not emigrate or suffer exile from Austria. —ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

Victorian Party Man

***Disraeli**, by Robert Blake (St. Martin's. 819 pp. $12.50), draws a full-length portrait of a man who, though he had few real political ideas, became one of Britain's greatest and most influential prime ministers. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

ALTHOUGH easily the most fascinating of British prime ministers, Benjamin Disraeli has remained strangely inaccessible to the modern reader. Exoticized by Lytton Strachey and André Maurois, or entombed in the forbidding lengths of Monypenny and Buckle, he rarely appears in all his dimensions, living and breathing.

This magnificent biography by Robert Blake of Oxford University rescues "Dizzy" at last from the clutches of the storytellers. Without ignoring the romantic hue in Disraeli's character, Blake has portrayed him for what he was—a great party leader, the architect of an instrument of power that still survives.

Mr. Blake is a master not only of the quirkish Disraeli himself but of the mid-Victorian period, roughly 1850-80, when this intriguing figure ascended the "greasy pole" of power. It was far from the W. S. Gilbert stereotype: every boy and girl was *not* born a little Liberal or a little Conservative. Many allegiances were unformed, many were changing, and the great prize of power would go to improvisers like Disraeli who could fit the pieces together. Patronage, the old glue of political parties, was vanishing; mass enfranchisement, which both interested and frightened established politicians, had not yet supplanted patronage as a power base. The Tories were split over agricultural protection, the Whigs were enervated, the Liberal Party as yet unformed.

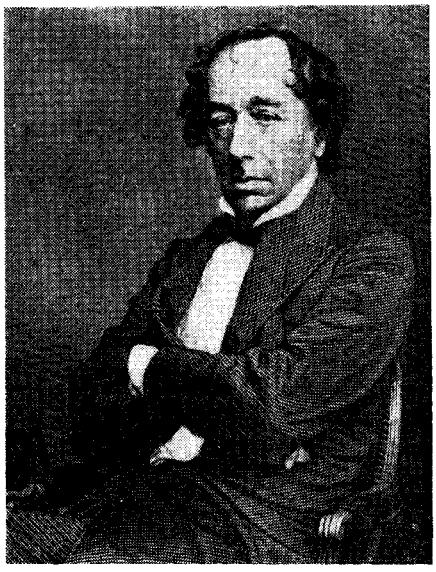
Into this atmosphere, where the great question was the survival of landed England's political power, stepped Disraeli, a baptized Jew, the son of a London literary anthologist, a novelist proposing to lead the gentry in their fight for survival. This faintly foppish writer would set himself up, complete with a country estate bought by his lordly patrons the Bentincks, as the savior of the landed aristocracy. Never indeed has the ability of "county" England to assimilate the unfamiliar been more powerfully (or usefully) shown.

Disraeli seems to have felt no conflict in playing the role. He had, with his fellow romantics, the quality of willing suspension of disbelief; he could concoct, as Mr. Blake's researches show, a suitable personal myth. He saw himself as a Sephardic aristocrat and Christianity as a fulfillment, not a negation, of Judaic faith. The shaky historical basis of these beliefs disturbed him not at all —if, indeed, he was aware of them.

To his mission Dizzy brought a powerful, pictorial mind, a romantic dedication to the "aristocratic settlement," as he called it, and a strikingly modern (and hence for his time unconventional) view of the political game.

What made it unconventional, Mr. Blake shows, was that politics remained, to a gentleman's way of thinking, very much cricket in another form. Except for some of the Irish and the Radicals, few played for keeps. Most of the conventional party leaders of the time lacked what we would now call "the instinct for the jugular"; but this Disraeli had. Mr. Blake writes:

> Disraeli was perhaps the first statesman systematically to uphold the doctrine that it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose. . . . Whatever proposal the Government put forward, whatever its merits, you could always



—*From the book.*

Dizzy was a modern.

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find something wrong with it, some reason for attack.

Disraeli's will to attack and supplant, to which his mentor Lord Derby was slow to adjust, had already shown itself. That was when Disraeli had collaborated with the "Young Englanders," an aristocratic cabal that was "the Oxford Movement translated to politics" (as Mr. Blake brilliantly calls it). The Young Englanders had been chiefly responsible for ousting Sir Robert Peel in 1846 after the Irish famine forced him to repeal wheat tariffs. Dizzy's spirited devastation of the dour, competent Peel—who had made the mistake of refusing him a Cabinet post—confirmed to Disraeli's detractors his raffish reputation. It would be twenty years, and Disraeli a European figure, before the more conventional Tories accepted him. Even then, none of the old wounds was fully forgotten.

Yet the substantial flaw in Disraeli's party management was not his invented status, his foppish manner, or his aggressiveness; it was his lack of a systematic program. He destroyed more readily than he built. Apart from an interpretation of English history more novelistic than historical, according to which the Whigs were wicked conspirators against the Crown and the people, Disraeli had few real political ideas. He did not compare in inventive statecraft to his despised rival Gladstone. Doctrine was of little importance to him, as Mr. Blake repeatedly shows; having helped destroy Peel because of his adoption of free trade in grains, he shortly took up Peel's position with no sense of embarrassment. Having won his greatest electoral victory in 1874, he put forth no prepared program but deferred to his Cabinet for suggestions. And while the flooding of the English market with cheap American wheat seemed more than ever to spell doom for the "old nobility," Disraeli made no move to restore the corn laws.

Instead, he found his niche in foreign policy. Despite his cosmopolitan air, Disraeli was in fact a most insular Englishman, with only the remotest interest in the outside world. Yet, goaded by Gladstone's relentless pamphleteering on the sufferings of Christian populations under the Turks, he assumed an active role in the Balkans and achieved world fame in 1878 at the Congress of Berlin when he virtually rescued the ailing Ottoman Empire from Russia. He bought shares in the Suez Canal—perhaps his most constructive official act—and promoted a bill to make Queen Victoria "Empress of India." Mr. Blake, however, does not fail to trace this burst of "romantic" imperialism to Disraeli's fear of Russian intrusions in India. Imperialism as such held no attraction for him.

The lack of anything like a coherent domestic program leads Mr. Blake to his central conclusion: that Disraeli was actually no "Tory democrat," no harbinger of the Conservative welfare state. Even his celebrated Reform Bill of 1867, when "Dizzy caught the Whigs swimming and stole their clothes," is more accurately seen, Mr. Blake shows, as Lord Derby's initiative, improvised by Disraeli under pressure.

And yet, despite or perhaps because of his pragmatism in politics, Disraeli was a modern. That accounts for his continuing interest for us—as a novelist, as a man uprooted and then replanted, as a Conservative politician. Long after Gladstone with his absorption in questions of church governance and Irish policy is reduced to merely antiquarian interest, the student of parliamentary politics will find Dizzy fascinating. Like all instinctive conservatives Disraeli distrusted abstractions. "The intellectual and moral problems of the time were of little concern to him," Mr. Blake writes. Yet he was a mediator between the traditional political system and the felt but uncomprehended upheavals of the age.

Mr. Blake's biography, although more than 800 pages long, is if anything too brief. Compelling throughout, it draws together all the loose and apparently contradictory strands of Dizzy's character to demonstrate how the novelist and the politician, the romantic and the seeker of power fit together. Always lucid and interesting even on the duller side of Victorian politics, it has the high finish of long, careful labor and thought. On such matters as Victorian public finance, the technicalities of the franchise, parliamentary habits and manners, it is an education. Above all, however, it is a splendid, vividly written portrait of a great and fascinating man, done with both affection and objectivity. "Magisterial" is an overused word; but in this case any other would be inadequate.

On Speaking the Speech

Letters from an Actor, *by William Redfield (Viking. 243 pp. $5.75), a chronicle of the Gielgud-Burton production of "Hamlet," offers an experienced, inside view of the art of theater. Brooks Atkinson was for many years drama critic of The New York Times.*

By BROOKS ATKINSON

THERE are many solemn books about acting. But gaiety keeps breaking in on William Redfield's *Letters from an Actor,* which is one proof of its authenticity. There is another: Redfield is outrageous. He maligns Marlon Brando (a personal friend) and the whole film industry (which frequently pays him well); and occasionally he questions the infallibility of Sir John Gielgud and Richard Burton. Add wit, temperament, a passion for the theater, terror before opening nights, and contempt for drama critics, and you have all the elements necessary to be the author of a first-rate book about acting.

In 1964 Mr. Redfield played Guildenstern in the *Hamlet* directed by Gielgud and starring Burton, who performed with so much energy and drive that one Broadway playgoer described it as the only production he had ever seen in which Hamlet had no problems. From January to August 1964 Mr. Redfield wrote a series of letters to a friend, Robert Mills, about every step in that theatrical experience, from casting to opening night in New York. At the end of his introduction he says that he would be pleased if a fellow actor said, "That's the way it is. That's the way it really is," and he would be content if a non-actor were to ask, "Is that the way it really is?" Redfield is entitled to be content. Since he is an actor, however, he cannot be content for more than fifteen or twenty minutes.

Mr. Redfield, who made his début in 1936 at the age of nine, rolling a hoop across the endless stage of the Center Theatre in New York in *Virginia* (does anyone else remember that patriotic horse-opera?), is steeped in the art and craft of acting, and he understands the aspects of a racket it involves. He believes that theater is "the most

—*Sandy Noyes.*

William Redfield: "No actor ever forgets that he is a workman."

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elusive art of all and acting is its most accidental factor." It proceeds from a knowledge of self, he says; "it is a giving-over of the ego." The great "moments" in acting that audiences note and remember are not "moments" for the performer; "they are the result of what the actor does. They cannot be planned; they cannot be fixed."

He cannot lose himself in his part: "No good actor ever forgets that he is a workman performing in a play on stage." Nor can he be the character; the character is a conscious blend of the actor's personality and his understanding of the character. What Mr. Redfield has to say about acting comes from long years of pondering the unanswerable question, what is acting? Many people know bits and pieces of it; some of them have a vocabulary to define it. But no one understands the whole mystery.

Mr. Redfield throws in his comments on acting as asides in his pungent narrative of the Burton *Hamlet*. Most of the cast were experienced professionals. Burton had played the role in three productions. But this is an account of a band of actors who instinctively began at the beginning as if the whole thing were new, and proceeded tentatively through rehearsals and preliminary performances, hoping that they were going to be good but never sure.

Mr. Redfield is a case in point. After a few rehearsals Sir John Gielgud and Mr. Burton expressed particular enthusiasm for his Guildenstern. Their admiring attitude never changed. But as the opening performance drew nearer the more panicky Mr. Redfield became. He finally petitioned Hume Cronyn for advice; he desperately needed to know whether he was dealing in reality or illusion. His thirty years of experience gave him no self-confidence. Incidentally, Mr. Cronyn, the pint-sized Polonius, emerges from this book as the most admirable and intelligent professional in the troupe.

In New York the Burton *Hamlet* set a record by playing 185 performances to capacity audiences. Not because of the acting, however. In my opinion (exempt Mr. Redfield from this paragraph) the performance was consistently shiftless and destitute of revealed talent. But in those halcyon days all of North America was in a state of ecstasy over the most notorious cat-fight in modern history: having discarded one used husband (hers) Elizabeth Taylor had snatched another (Mrs. Burton's). Naturally, throngs of transfixed citizens lined up every night to see one or both of these gilded people leave the stage door. Of the thousands who filled the inside of the theater only one man booed.

Mr. Redfield's lively, knowledgeable book is the best thing to emerge from that bumbling production.

All the News That's Safe to Print

The Pentagon: Politics, Profits and Plunder, *by Clark R. Mollenhoff (Putnam. 450 pp. $7.95), and* ***Washington Exposé,*** *by Jack Anderson (Public Affairs Press. 486 pp. $6), look behind the scenes of the military and other establishments. Frederick L. Holborn is a research associate and lecturer at the School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University.*

By FREDERICK L. HOLBORN

AN EDITOR once described the journalist's technique as that "of the steady dripping that wears away the stone rather than of the thunderbolt that cleaves it." Clark Mollenhoff and Jack Anderson in these, as in their previous writings, try to defy so demure a description of their craft. To them, open hostility between press and government is a natural condition, and instant disclosure their sacred trust.

However, the combustible ingredients of daily journalism are easily snuffed out between book covers. Each of these volumes contains little more than old silage, even though there is much new writing in Mr. Mollenhoff's. That the reporter, drawing on his daily work, can be a historical draftsman and critic has been recently illustrated in *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power* by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, and *Lyndon B. Johnson and the World,* by Philip Geyelin. In contrast, Mollenhoff and Anderson have produced highly perishable commodities.

Some of the trouble arises from the fact that the contents and announced missions of each book do not synchronize. Mr. Mollenhoff, we are led to believe, will illuminate the structure and power of the Pentagon. This he hardly attempts in any systematic fashion. If we leave aside some superficial forays into such subjects as the operations of the War Department in the Civil War and of the Navy Department in World War I, along with ritual recognitions of Lieutenant William Sowden Sims and Billy Mitchell, his is really a book that views the Pentagon through the eyes of several Congressional investigating committees.

Mr. Anderson avowedly deals with the "real Washington." His "exposé" has already received free display advertising from Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, who carried it about the corridors of Congress during his brief sojourn in Washington last January. Mr. Anderson believes that a Washington chronicler should "prick the powerful and deflate the pompous." To accomplish these incisions it is apparently necessary to make excursions into such topics as genocide and the terrorism of

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Moslems and other minorities in Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia, Nazism in South America, torture in Korea, and the defection of Americans to Communist lands. Nothing holds the book together except the genial tolerance of the Public Affairs Press and recurrent warnings about the dangers of suppression of information in all branches of the government.

This lies at the heart of the Mollenhoff volume as well, though almost all the villainies he scores are executive, and none are greater than Robert McNamara's. A veteran reporter for the Cowles Publications, Mr. Mollenhoff is in the Washington press corps the acknowledged theologian of open disclosure and "freedom of information." To him "executive privilege" is a demonic invention of recent times, and the Congressional investigation is an essential purification rite in our democratic process. Such servants of the public interest as emerge from this book are legislative — Senator John McClellan, Senator Harry Truman, Committee Counsel Robert Kennedy, Congressmen F. Edward Hébert, Porter Hardy, John Moss, and H. R. Gross.

Mr. Mollenhoff makes no attempt to conceal his contempt for most of his colleagues who cover military affairs on Capitol Hill or in the Pentagon. "The work of a courageous few," he writes, "is overwhelmed and inundated by the mass of stories flowing from sycophant journalists who depict key Pentagon civilians as supermen." He then describes in about two dozen chapters what he believes to be a rising tide of centralized power, terror, and incompetence. Some seem peripheral to an understanding of either the politics or the inner strains of our defense system. Some reach back into the prehistory of the modern Defense Department, such as the war contract scandals involving Congressman Andrew Jackson May, Major General Bennett E. Meyers, and Howard Hughes. Others date from the Eisenhower Administration: Secretary of the Air Force Harold E. Talbott's interest in a management consultant firm, the Army-McCarthy hearings.

THE second half of the book is angrier and somewhat better written. Each of the succeeding case studies seeks to establish the dangers of Defense Secretary McNamara's "arrogance," of "arbitrary authority," of a "power-laden" Pentagon. The centerpiece is an account of the awarding of the multibillion-dollar TFX warplane contract to General Dynamics, though investigations had established that Boeing could produce a cheaper and better plane. If in the end Mollenhoff did not persuade me that this was a story of unqualified iniquity, he at least forced me to look again at the transcript of the hearings and the accompanying documents.

For the rest, the chapters form a mélange of material quite varied in its significance. The closing of the Springfield Armory, the misuse of Defense Department "confidential cash" by John Wylie and William Hermann Godel, and the combat readiness of the Army are all treated as if they were matters of roughly equal importance. There is never a clear synthesis of analysis and conclusion.

Nor does Mr. Mollenhoff ever follow through on his own prescriptions. What if we had pushed ahead with the RS-70 bomber, nuclear carriers and other vessels, Skybolt, and an even more intensified re-equipment of the Army and its Reserve forces? What if we were to allow more "competition" among the three services? What if the freedom of dissent after the announcement of a decision by both military and civilian leaders were much enlarged?

Mollenhoff makes much of false economy and spurious "cost effectiveness" in current defense doctrine. Yet his own formulae seem to invite uncontrolled costs and a much deeper penetration of military influence into our national life. Even in a work of exposure one has a right to expect some measurement and assessment of the Defense Department's accomplishments in recent years — in crisis management, in realistically relating our defense posture to our foreign policy, in the mobility and training of our ground forces, in the application of the tools of management and science to the administration and forward planning of a massive enterprise.

At a few points Mollenhoff seems to be approaching an analysis of the inner mechanisms and processes of the Pentagon. But then he is off again, hanging effigies. I do not quarrel with the effort to go against the grain of fashionable attitudes. But this book has neither the merits of a good, sustained polemic nor of a controlled, logical argument.

Of *Washington Exposé* little need be said. Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson may sometimes be cataclysmic at the breakfast table, but the diet does not sustain itself as a book. Almost everything about it is sophomoric—the hasty writing, the frequent italicizing, the solemn reproductions of "daring" documents, the shoddy index, and the lack of a unifying theme. Perhaps those who never read Mr. Anderson in the press will find a few interesting morsels, such as his account of the Senator Dodd affair, in which he himself is now a principal actor.

Indisputably, Messrs. Pearson and Anderson have long been a felt presence in Washington. Not infrequently meetings in the Capitol come to an abrupt halt when someone asks, "How would that look in Pearson's column?" The two newsmen even exercise a certain subliminal influence on the conduct of government. But compared to Pearson and Allen's *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, published in 1931, this book is a sad disappointment. The first was pungent, witty, acerbic, and often penetrating. *Washington Exposé* is soggy and shapeless, and will do nothing to establish Mr. Anderson's claim to the succession.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

MEN OF NOTE

Just so we don't get into a rut, M. D. and Maureen Morris of New York City propose a quiz on Italian composers: You are to assign to each his correct given name(s) and one composition. The record is straightened out on page 43.

Amilcare ( )	1. Donizetti	*Cavalleria Rusticana* ( )
Antonio ( )	2. Leoncavallo	*La Campanella* ( )
Ermanno ( )	3. Mascagni	*Don Pasquale* ( )
Gaetano ( )	4. Menotti	*Feste Romane* ( )
Giacomo Antonio Domenico Michele Secondo Maria ( )	5. Paganini	*The Four Seasons* ( )
Gian Carlo ( )	6. Ponchielli	*La Gioconda* ( )
Gioacchino ( )	7. Puccini	*The Jewels of the Madonna* ( )
Giuseppe ( )	8. Respighi	*Nabucco* ( )
Niccolò ( )	9. Rossini	*I Pagliacci* ( )
Ottorino ( )	10. Verdi	*Semiramide* ( )
Pietro ( )	11. Vivaldi	*The Telephone* ( )
Ruggiero ( )	12. Wolf-Ferrari	*Turandot* ( )

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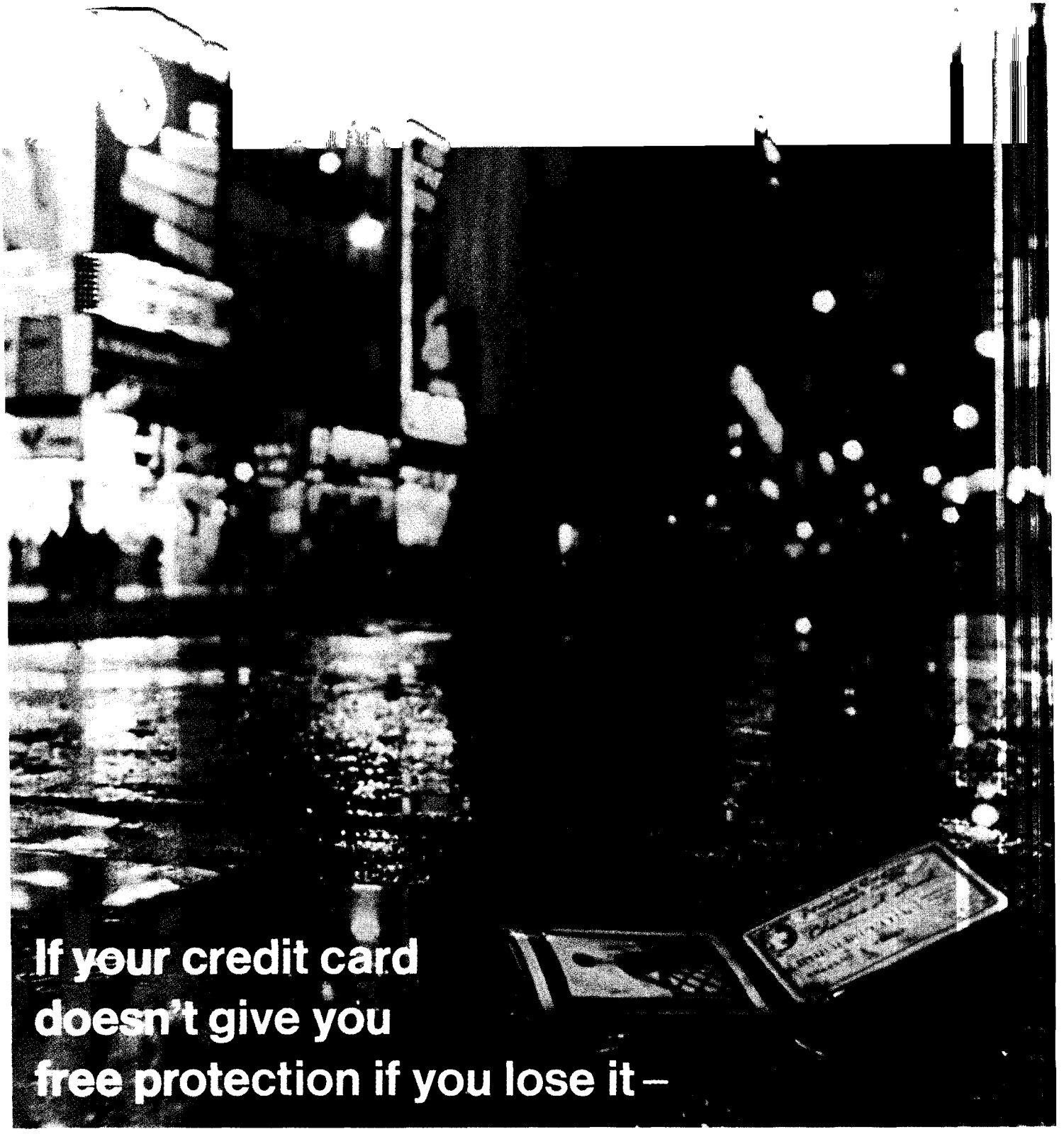

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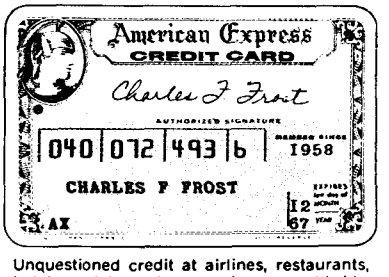

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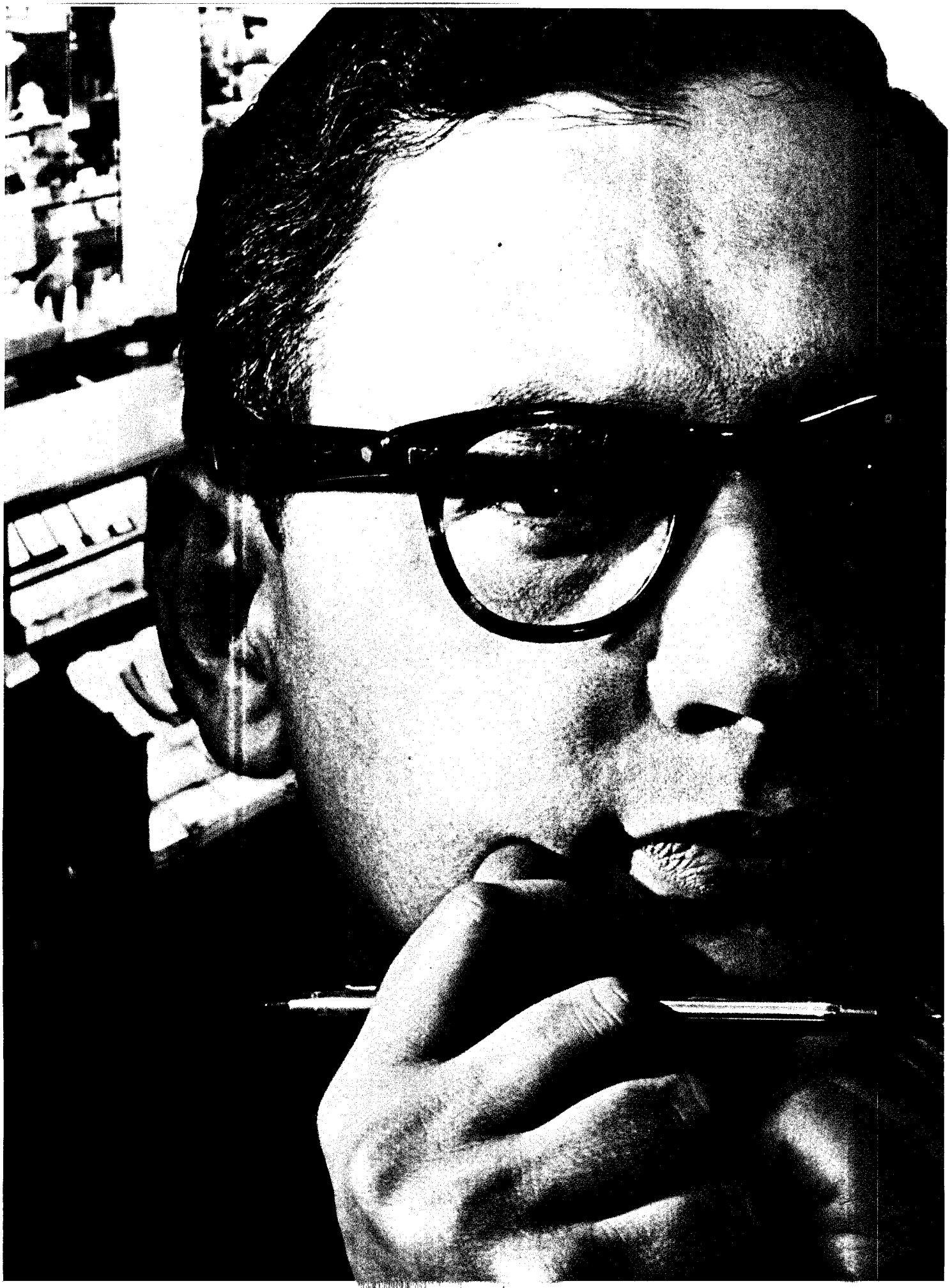

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Britain on a Budget

In the Red: The Struggle for Sterling 1964-1966, *by Henry Brandon (Houghton Mifflin. 114 pp. $4), deals with the politics, personalities, and foreign policy involved in England's recent economic crisis. William Diebold, Jr., is Senior Research Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By WILLIAM DIEBOLD, JR.

TECHNICAL, arcane, jargon-ridden though international finance may be, it deals, at least part of the time, with such basic matters as who gets what and who tells whom. Quiescent when the international monetary system is mostly serving its main purpose of lubricating the world economy, these rude issues come sharply to the fore in times of change, when the strengths and weaknesses of nations are shifting. We are living in such a period, and Henry Brandon, Washington correspondent of the *Sunday Times* of London and a columnist for *SR*, has written a vivid, clear account of one of its important episodes: the story of what happened to the pound sterling between 1964 and 1966.

When it took office in October 1964 the Labour government found itself in a predicament. As had happened so often since the end of the war, the British economy was in difficulties. The deficit in the balance of payments was greater than had been expected, and was still growing. From the very beginning Prime Minister Harold Wilson decided against devaluation and counted on American help. To date his decisions have been justified; but if Brandon is right, Wilson expected help sooner than he got it and did not realize that the United States would feel it had to enlist the support of the financially strong Continental European countries to shore up the pound. One of the main themes of *In the Red* is how the British government learned the hard way what it had to do to elicit the support it counted on.

The economic issues, which are fairly familiar, are dealt with lucidly and succinctly; but Brandon's emphasis is on politics, personalities, and foreign policy. A gifted journalist, he fills the book with tales of who said what to whom, of transatlantic flights and telephone calls. Along with the scoops go frequent interpretations of the motives and reactions of the principal characters. A reviewer can only stand silent about such matters, while enjoying the tidbits and remembering that Mr. Brandon is reputed to have excellent pipelines. The participants are not likely to step forward to amend and correct, at least for some time.

The situation aroused historical echoes. In 1931 the pound was in trouble and a Labour government sat in Westminister. To meet foreign pressure, conceived by many as coming from international bankers, severe deflationary measures were taken which split the Labour Party and led its leader, Ramsay MacDonald, and a few of his ministers to join with the Conservatives and some Liberals to form a National Government. That traumatic experience has long affected the thinking and folklore of the Labour Party. Yet in the fall of 1964, when an election victory was dimmed by a sterling crisis, there were, it seemed to me, remarkably few public references to "the bankers' ramp" of 1931. Talk of "the gnomes of Zurich"—a label invented by George Brown, according to Brandon—seemed almost light-hearted. But Brandon says that 1931 was very much on Harold Wilson's mind: he saw a new "attempt of powerful conservative groups to overthrow the Labour government. . . ." Matters were not helped when, in the depths of crisis during August 1965, the governor of the Bank of England hinted at the possible need for a National Government.

What conclusions are to be drawn for the future? One of the scenes depicted in the book shows George Brown telling the leaders of British labor and industry that they must support compulsory limits on prices and wages or the Americans would not support the pound. And then, to clinch the point with the curious, he stressed the views of the European central bankers. Will the rank and file of labor conclude that history has partially repeated itself? Or will it be emphasized that the world has changed, and, whatever may have been true in 1931, the British government's label (and "socialist" is a word that has changed its meaning, too) mattered less in 1964 than what it was going to do about the plight of the economy? Speculation and private capital movements created much of the pressure; but when rescue came it was from governments that were concerned not only with what Britain did at home but with the survival of the international monetary system and, to a degree, with Britain's international position.

Brandon is interesting on the personal relations between Johnson and Wilson and the mutual sympathy of men who had miscalculated and whose bent for domestic politics was checked by the imperatives of international affairs. In explaining the American decision to assign large resources to the defense of the pound, he stresses British support for the American position in Vietnam and American interest in the maintenance of British military strength east of Suez, especially in Singapore. These factors would have been important for any American President in dealing with any British prime minister. But to avoid being carried away by the personal drama, cautious readers ought to underline the passages on the negotations for international monetary reform and on Britain's relations with continental Europe. Put together as a kind of mosaic, the picture given by Brandon's book is itself part of a larger mosaic. However, about the future the author is prudently silent.

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When Uncle Sam Takes His Bite

Inside Internal Revenue: A Report to the Taxpayer, *by William Surface (Coward-McCann. 250 pp. $5), sketches the anatomy of the blood-sucking branch of the Treasury Department. Legislation to correct its bite has been introduced into Congress by Theodore R. Kupferman, who represents New York's Seventeenth District.*

By THEODORE R. KUPFERMAN

THIS book, written in a breezy, Sunday supplement style, is published with income-tax time in mind. Along with his description of the mechanics of the Internal Revenue Service, which contains the minimum of technical jargon, William Surface discusses informers, how leads on income are obtained from newspaper accounts of robberies, the Office of International Operations for tax collections abroad, foundations as a means of tax avoidance and other ways to reduce the tariff — for instance, by taking unsubstantiated deductions so you can "give a little" when you are audited. The author also tells many amusing anecdotes, such as the scheme by which convicts in jail falsely claimed alleged overpayments, and the case of the man who filled out his return in Roman numerals. The taxpayers' comments that are quoted would alone make good research material for a television gag-writer. However, Mr. Surface fails to consider serious questions of tax policies.

What about the law itself? The IRS, after all, is simply an instrument of tax policy.

The basic and most striking incongruity in American tax policy is the shocking discrimination against earned income produced by work and creative endeavor. Unearned income subject to capital gains tax or corporation tax is taxed at only a fraction of the income tax scale imposed on the hard-earned income of working Americans.

From the viewpoint of present tax laws, things are more important than people. One example is that tax relief for repairing and replacing machinery is substantially more generous than tax relief for repairing you—namely, the deductions allowed for your medical, dental, and hospital expenses.

Nowhere is this viewpoint more clearly indicated than in the different tax treatment accorded to inventors, on the one hand, and, on the other, to authors, artists, and composers. It is no reflection on inventors to assert that it requires at least as much originality, training, and hard work to create a literary, artistic, or musical composition as to invent a mechanical device for industrial use. Moreover, an invention with practical money-saving and money-making application has an assured financial future, while the earning power of even an artistic masterpiece is, alas, highly speculative.

And here are some additional tax points to ponder: Under present tax laws and regulations, the nonprofit Sierra Club recently lost its tax-exempt status as a result of its dedicated campaign to conserve natural resources. Meanwhile, privately-owned utilities, which are foremost producers of pollution and frequently destroy natural resources, not only enjoy guaranteed monopoly income at public expense, but also receive numerous tax advantages, including the privilege of deducting the cost of their self-serving advertising from their taxable income—which is already favored by being taxed at only the preferential corporation rate.

Present tax and Social Security policies affecting older Americans are both niggardly and ineffective: contrast them with the fantastic tax benefits granted to the oil industry. Many a taxpayer—with one more year gone out of his life every April 15 and his working potential correspondingly reduced — must wish that he might enjoy a human-depletion allowance comparable to the kindly treatment afforded oil wells.

A further problem is the potential and actual use of tax procedures for political advantage. A succession of tax audits can intimidate a political opponent or silence a critic. The withholding system itself became politically involved when in the tax-cut year of 1964 the amount withheld was too low, and so in 1965 most people had to make up the difference.

So enjoy this book for the amusement it affords, marvel at the tax fortune collected each year from all sources with so little difficulty, note the intricacies and pitfalls, but don't use it as a reference work; in the individual items it cannot always be relied upon. Mr. Surface, who is best known for his books and articles on sports, merely skims the surface of his subject.

"My husband finds all this very interesting. He's in demolition."

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Little Ivy League

By Jascha Kessler

THE icicles were dripping
and the gray cold clouds hung low;
the taps were in the maples;
the snowfields heavy, sunken;
white houses stained by winter
waited for the thaw to end,
and everyone had the flu.

If they weren't stupid drunk.
There was enough to go round,
yes, of everything but good words,
laughter, and a friendly touch.
And what did we talk about
in those Adirondack days?
We were afraid of the Jews.

Our young physicist sang hymns
the Sundays he didn't ski.
All I knew of my best friend
was, he hit what he aimed at,
and shot at everything,
his wife went to bed at eight
and he thought she was a witch.

How much honey and warm milk
do you think you can swallow?
Those winters are very long.
At the end we hunted ghosts
with music and candlelight:
Huron, Mohawk, Iroquois—
not one of them came to help.

I think something had gone wrong.
When the wet spring was rained out
those hot summer storms began:
people with incomes drove off
as those old shanties choked up
with black Southern families
hauled North to stoop for our beans.

It was a poor land round there,
living from the catalogue;
we found nothing to bid for
at their Saturday auctions
but ourselves, and we were poor;
but if we'd offered these souls
would they know what they were for?

Some had babies, some tumors;
it was a lively piece of news
when Margaret's dinner burned;
a life of old storm windows
to be put up, taken down.
Those who survived would live on,
past eighty. The rest were dead.

Leading nominees for the 1967 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 8th, the five winners of the 1967 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1966 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

fiction

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS/The Embezzler/Houghton Mifflin
BERNARD MALAMUD/The Fixer/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
EDWIN O'CONNOR/All in the Family/Atlantic-Little, Brown
WALKER PERCY/The Last Gentleman/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
HARRY PETRAKIS/A Dream of Kings/David McKay
WILFRID SHEED/Office Politics/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Judges: John Hutchens, Mark Schorer, Anthony West

poetry

JOHN ASHBERY/Rivers and Mountains/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
BARBARA HOWES/Looking Up at Leaves/Alfred A. Knopf
JAMES MERRILL/Nights and Days/Atheneum
MARIANNE MOORE/Tell Me, Tell Me/Viking Press
ADRIENNE RICH/Necessities of Life/W. W. Norton
WILLIAM JAY SMITH/The Tin Can and Other Poems/Delacorte Press—A Seymour Lawrence Book
Judges: W. H. Auden, James Dickey, Howard Nemerov

arts and letters

TRUMAN CAPOTE/In Cold Blood/Random House
JUSTIN KAPLAN/Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain/Simon and Schuster
OLIVER LARKIN/Daumier: A Man of His Time/McGraw-Hill
FREDERICK A. POTTLE/James Boswell: The Earlier Years/McGraw-Hill
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER/In My Father's Court/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
SUSAN SONTAG/Against Interpretation/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LAWRENCE THOMPSON/Robert Frost: The Early Years/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
Judges: Saul Maloff, Lon Tinkle, Aileen Ward

history and biography

JAMES H. BILLINGTON/The Icon and the Axe: An Interpretive History of Russian Culture/Alfred A. Knopf
DAVID B. DAVIS/The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture/Cornell University Press
MARTIN DUBERMAN/James Russell Lowell/Houghton Mifflin
PETER GAY/The Enlightenment: An Interpretation/Alfred A. Knopf
BARRINGTON MOORE, JR./Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy/Beacon Press
PETER STANSKY and WILLIAM ABRAHAMS/Journey to the Frontier/Atlantic-Little, Brown
Judges: James MacGregor Burns, Leon Edel, C. Vann Woodward

science, philosophy and religion

HOWARD B. ADELMANN/Marcello Malpighi and the Evolution of Embryology/Cornell University Press
GEORGE and MURIEL BEADLE/The Language of Life/Doubleday
WASSILY W. LEONTIEF/Essays in Economics/Oxford University Press
OSCAR LEWIS/La Vida/Random House
PHILIP RIEFF/The Triumph of the Therapeutic: Uses of Faith After Freud/Harper & Row
ERWIN W. STRAUS/Phenomenological Psychology/Basic Books
Judges: Hannah Arendt, John Cogley, Gregory Vlastos

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

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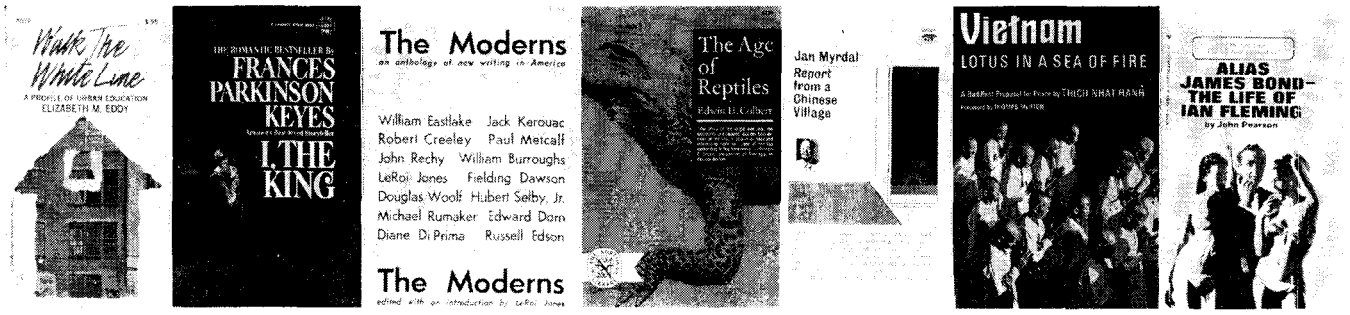

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Now that the groundhog has checked his shadow and the snake has shed his winter skin, it's time to look at the spring paperback publishing scene. It's busy. On every front the books pour forth like spring freshets fast-flowing from the mountain top of hardcover publishing. "Flood" might be a better word for the Kennedy books, which continue unabated. Among the ones certain to attract attention is *The Truth About the Assassination* (Grosset), by Charles Roberts, *Newsweek's* White House correspondent, who was one of the two pool reporters who flew from Dallas to Washington aboard Air Force One. Pierre Salinger contributes an introduction. Hill & Wang's *John F. Kennedy and the New Frontier*, edited by Aida DePace Donald, includes appraisals by all the stalwart names: Sorenson, Schlesinger, Bundy. The biggest book of all, of course, is *A Thousand Days*, Arthur Schlesinger's account of JFK's Presidency, which Fawcett will publish in March, following its half-million sales in hardcover.

In spring a young man's fancy turns to, among other things, golf. Julius Boros lectures on *How to Win at Weekend Golf* (Fawcett) in March; and if that doesn't work, in April comes Jack Nicklaus's *The Best Way to Better Golf* (Fawcett). Sailors can take heart from Robert Manry's *Tinkerbelle* (Dell, June), about the amateur sailor who crossed the Atlantic in a thirteen-foot sloop.

Fiction comes in all weights from bantam to light and heavy. Among best-sellers are Frances Parkinson Keyes's *I, The King* (Fawcett), Graham Greene's *The Comedians* (Bantam), James Clavell's Hong Kong epic *Tai-Pan* (Dell), Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls* (Bantam). The heavier weights, if lighter sellers, include Dell's May original *The Short Fiction of Norman Mailer*; Pyramid's *The Last Card*, the first English publication of Hans Hellmut Kirst's novel; Muriel Spark's *The Mandelbaum Gate* (Fawcett, April), and Dalton Trumbo's famous anti-war novel *Johnny Got His Gun* (Bantam, March). And then, of course, there are the Gothics, which most publishers expect to spook along merrily all year. The cheeriest news is that New American Library, hoping for the best of all worlds, is combining the sales power of the Gothic with that of the women in white to produce the Nurse Gothic. The first is *Goddess of Terror*, by Adela Gale. They might have called it *Little Miss Goddess of Terror from Outer Space*, thus snaring the juvenile and science fiction markets, too.

People are always interesting. To name a few: Harry Fleischman's *Norman Thomas* (Norton), depicting the six-times Presidential candidate on the Socialist ticket, champion of civil rights and disarmament, and a man who has been called "the conscience of America"; Gordon Parks's autobiography *A Choice of Weapons* (Berkley), about how a Midwestern Negro played the piano in a Minneapolis brothel, sold dope in New York, and ended up as a first-rank *Life* photographer; Joe Hyams's *Bogie* (NAL); A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway* and John Pearson's *The Life of Ian Fleming*, both Bantam. Hemingway appears again on the Paris scene in *The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams* (New Directions).

The way things are going spring does not always mean a breath of fresh air. *Controlling Pollution*, edited by Marshall Goldman (Prentice-Hall/Spectrum), collects the ideas of sixteen international authorities on how to make and keep our air cleaner. Our favorite among forthcoming home improvement books is *The Bathroom*, by Alexander Kira (Bantam). The *Ladies Home Journal* says it "does for bathrooms what Ralph Nader did for cars, John LeCarré did for spies, what Rachel Carson did for pests." We also like the juxtaposition of two books on Fawcett's spring list: Norman Vincent Peale's *Sin, Sex and Self-Control* followed by *Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry*, the novel by Harry Kemelman.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

John Lennon, known as "the writing Beatle," is the author of *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works*, two collections of stories, light verse, and funny drawings in one volume (Signet, 95¢), whose tone falls somewhere between Lewis Carroli and James Joyce.

No less personal is *The Moderns* (Citadel, $1.95), an anthology of short stories collected by the belligerent LeRoi Jones. Some of the writers are very good indeed — Jack Kerouac, Robert Creeley, Michael Rumaker — yet the works seem to have been chosen less for artistic virtue than for their anti-Establishment position.

The British have a near-monopoly on serious historical fiction. Oxford historian H. F. M. Prescott's most famous book, *The Man on a Donkey* (Ballantine, $1.25), brilliantly recreates the days when loyalty in England was split between Henry VIII and the Church. One American whose way with history challenges British excellence is Cecelia Holland, author of *The Firedrake* (Signet, 60¢). A twenty-three-year-old Nevadan, she became interested in eleventh-century Europe during a Connecticut College history course. She tells a compelling story about a young Irish mercenary who joins the forces of William the Conquerer at the Battle of Hastings. In another vein entirely, *The Slave* (Avon Library, 75¢) is a new edition of Isaac Bashevis Singer's tale of a captive Jew in medieval Poland who dares fall in love with his master's daughter.

Also new and noted: John Fowles's *The Magus* (Dell, 95¢), concerning corruption on a Greek isle, by the author of *The Collector*; Ivo Andric's *The Bridge on the Drina* (Signet, 95¢), the modern Yugoslav epic about three centuries in that country's erratic history; James Michener's *The Source* (Fawcett Crest, $1.65), an incredibly complicated, massively researched opus about the archeological past and present of Israel; Ross Macdonald's *Black Money* (Bantam, 50¢), in which Lew Archer nearly loses his cool while on the trail of a phony French millionaire.

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City Life

The most recent attack on our already beleaguered cities is the report by the Department of Housing and Urban Development scoring U.S. housing developments for their drabness, unimaginative construction, and generally poor planning. Department Secretary Robert C. Weaver has already written his own book, *Dilemmas of Urban America* (Atheneum, $1.95), in which he reminds the reader that urban renewal was "born in controversy, matured in controversy," and still faces complex problems extending from racism to esthetic design. Another new book that considers the difficulties of city living is *Urban Renewal: People, Politics and Planning* (Anchor original, $1.95), edited by Jewel Bellush and Murray Hausknecht from dozens of articles and essays on increasingly troublesome aspects of public housing programs. The experts on big-city headaches include New York's Mayor John V. Lindsay and Claude Brown, author of *Manchild in the Promised Land*.

One of this country's pioneers in city planning is Victor Gruen, redesigner of Boston, Fresno, and Rochester, who proceeds on the idea that if you can't chuck out all the overcrowded cities you've got to salvage what you do have. He spells it out dramatically in *The Heart of Our Cities* (Essandess, $2.95), a handsomely illustrated guidebook crammed with practical steps toward the "renaissance of urbia."

Not only the looks of our cities are under fire; so are their school systems. TRUE, a project at New York City's Hunter College, stands for Teachers and Resources for Urban Education, and it has sent qualified observers out into the schools. Program director Elizabeth M. Eddy's *Walk the White Line* (Anchor, 95¢) demonstrates specifically and forcefully how little formal educational institutions in a large city with a white, middle-class orientation have to say to children from underprivileged neighborhoods. G. Alexander Moore, Jr.'s *Realities of the Urban Classroom* (Anchor, 95¢) complements Dr. Eddy's study with examinations of elementary schools, particularly those in which "culture shock" has propelled the teacher first into anger and then into apathy over the disinterest and hostility of students. A painful but illuminating look at modern public education.

One of the simplest yet most vivid accounts of city life is *Two Blocks Apart* (Avon Library, 60¢), conversations with two seventeen-year-old high school seniors taped by interviewer Charlotte Leon Mayerson. The boys, one a poor Puerto Rican, the other a middle-class Irish Catholic, live around the corner from each other, and the vast differences in their lives and goals reflect their economic and social status.

A powerhouse in American education is Dr. Max Rafferty, who as Superintendent of Public Instruction in California heads the nation's largest public school system. In *What Are They Doing to Our Children* (Signet, 75¢) he tackles head-on such provocative subjects as discipline, inferior teaching, guidance and counseling ("What is needed is less theory and more practice.").

Wildlife

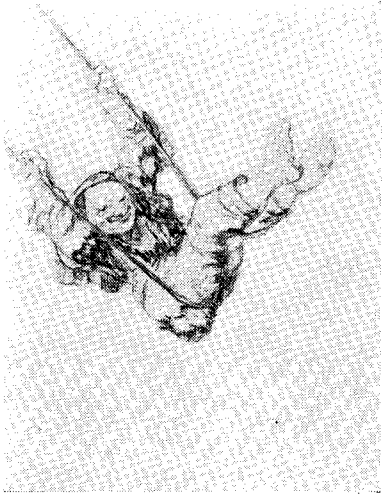
Any animal lover whose penchant for fauna includes the mythical—and who doesn't like a unicorn?—will delight in Willy Ley's *Exotic Zoology* (Capricorn, $2.65). Mr. Ley is better known as a rocket and outer-space expert, but scientific mysteries of all kinds have always fascinated him. Here he speculates about dragons and sea serpents, wingless birds and Abominable Snowmen. There's no doubt of the corporeality of the winged vipers in Edwin H. Colbert's *The Age of Reptiles* (Norton, $2.25). One of the top paleontologists at New York's Museum of Natural History, he carefully recreates the age when creeping, crawling creatures ruled the world. The book is extremely well illustrated with drawings and photographs of recent excavation sites.

Picnickers notwithstanding, all flies are not bad, says British entomologist Harold Oldroyd in *The Natural History of Flies* (Norton, $2.25), which tells a great deal about nearly 100,000 species

comprising the order Diptera. Greenbottles, horse-flies, tsetses, robber-flies are only a few of the curious insects whose brief lives are altogether remarkable. Even more sophisticated in their habits are bees. Martin Lindauer's uncommon study *Communication Among Social Bees* (Atheneum, $2.45) confirms previous findings that bees do indeed have a fairly elaborate pantomime language. In fact, by performing their "dance of the bees" they are able to let one another know about the temperature of the hive, the division of labor, food gathering, and housing arrangements.

There are scientists numbered among our better poets. John Bardach, a University of Michigan aquatic biologist, is such a one, and his *Downstream* (Grosset/Universal, $2.95) dwells appreciatively upon everything concerned with the river, from source to sea. All manner of aquatic life interests him—waterbugs, fish, birds, even the lowly mussel. Here is his description of a mayfly: "When it alights on a twig, standing high on its fragile legs, the upward curve of the abdomen with its sweeping caudal filaments is reminiscent of the sure but delicate brush-strokes of a Chinese painting."

"Drawing," writes Edward Hill in *The Language of Drawing* (Prentice-Hall/Spectrum, $2.45), "is an act of meditation, an exorcism of disorder, a courting of artistic ideas; above all, it is the lean instrument of visual formulation and the vortex of artistic sensibility." His book, which combines esthetics with art history, reviews the craft of such varied artists as Rembrandt, Goya, Picasso, and Wyeth, and determines that, different as their styles may be, drawing is for each a unique way of viewing the world.



(Above) Goya's "Old Man on a Swing." (Left) Rembrandt's "Woman Carrying Child."

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Letters from Unbelievers

Remorse, *by Alba de Céspedes, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Doubleday. 397 pp. $5.95), tells through letters the parallel stories of an unhappy wife and a successful journalist who longs to be a novelist. Dorrie Pagones studied literature in Europe under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

THE *liaisons dangereuses* of the eighteenth century have become the *liaisons ennuyeuses* of the twentieth, and nowhere is this more evident than in the latest novel of Alba de Céspedes, an Italian writer whose distinction for the last thirty years has been undisputed.

Remorse tells two parallel stories. First, in letters to her childhood friend Isabella, Francesca confesses that her seemingly perfect, sixteen-year-old marriage to Guglielmo Antaldi, admired Resistance hero and director of a powerful Rome newspaper, is an empty farce. She has a lover, Matteo. Isabella, deeply Catholic, replies with horror. Interwoven with their correspondence are excerpts from the diary of Gerardo, a promising journalist on Antaldi's staff, who, like Francesca, has reached a turning point in his life.

"Our literature resembles us," muses Gerardo, who wants to leave journalism to concentrate on becoming a novelist; "lovers who don't love, believers who don't believe." In his diary, which he means to use as a basis for a novel, Gerardo ponders his unsatisfactory relationships with various women and tries to fathom the enigmatic character of his boss, Antaldi.

Antaldi is immobile at the center of the book, but with the calculated immobility of a spider. Isabella, equally hypocritical but weak, is eventually caught. Francesca and Gerardo, the unbelievers, are in a constant state of flux. Yet their situation has hope, while Isabella and Antaldi are doomed. As Francesca says at the end, "You . . . already know what you can expect of life: it's written in all the books. Of our life, we know nothing."

Alba de Céspedes, a member of the brilliant literary generation that includes Moravia, Carlo Levi, and Vasco Pratolini, has long been popular both as novelist and journalist. Her novels treat particularly of the fundamental barriers between men and women, the different kinds of suffering of which she believes them capable.

The epistolary form in fiction is not an easy one, primarily because it requires extraordinary skill not to make the letters sound as though they come from one pen—the author's. De Céspedes, whether through her own fault or that of her translator, does not entirely avoid this pitfall. All the letters are peppered with such reflections as "I've begun to understand that life is only a gray space. . . ." or "I feel the void calling to me." Moreover, the characters think nothing of jotting down three or four thousand words in this vein, preferably on a wet morning at three A.M.

This may be carping. De Céspedes is a remarkable writer, but she is not for everyone. There are readers of taste and intelligence who simply won't wade through this sort of thing. For those who will, the author's insights into female psychology make it worth the trouble. And what a marvelously murky Fellini film *Remorse* would make, with Mastroianni as the restless journalist and Anouk Aimée as the unhappy wife, rain pouring down all the time and everyone in dark glasses.

—*Photo by Vasari.*

Alba de Céspedes—*liaisons ennuyeuses.*

None of the Luck of the Irish

Langrishe, Go Down, *by Aidan Higgins (Grove. 275 pp. $5.50), portrays the decay of Ireland in terms of the decline of a landholding family. Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Kentucky in Lexington.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

ON A visit to the family cemetery Helen, oldest of the three surviving Langrishe sisters, passes two movie advertisements: *Forbidden Heaven* and *Strike It Rich*—ironic commentary on her decayed Irish landholding family. The sisters have not struck it rich (their only untouched inheritance is one which, since they are unmarried, they'll never see), nor will they enter Heaven. As Helen goes home to announce to her sisters her fatal disease, of which she dies before the novel's end, she glimpses newspaper headlines about war in Spain —for this is 1937. The first section of this carefully constructed and intelligent book, Helen's section, foreshadows retrospectively, as it were, the themes developed in the central portion, which poignantly recounts the frustrating love affair in 1932 between Helen's youngest sister, Imogen, and a German student who lives in a cottage on their estate.

The sense of doom and dissolution that Aidan Higgins evokes in his opening pages is clarified as we witness the abortive affair. Imogen, sensitive but ignorant, sympathetic despite her limitations, doesn't fit in with Otto's Bohemian friends. She wants to clean him up; her submissiveness is only a guise: "Master me. *(You will change, you will change).*" A complacent bore, Otto drags her about the countryside to look at ruins, lecturing her on her nation's history and language, "explaining to her that he never contracted colds *except from other people.* The virus, contagion, on account of his good health, you understand." Yet they live beautifully, fully, in their bodies, or at least Imogen does—the first time, one assumes, for any Langrishe. But does Otto distinguish between her breast and a chicken's? He steals apples she is saving for him and goes after other women. "All fairy tales," he says, writing his dissertation on Irish folktales and Grimm, "end in violence . . . the human mind brooding on its wrongs. The cruelty that's at the root of things. . . . When Madame de Pompadour knew she no longer pleased Louis

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Aidan Higgins—"ironic and witty."

the Fifteenth, she became his pander." Imogen has been his whore, she knows, with nothing to bring him except her body; but this low she will not sink, so they break off. Their child is predictably but convincingly miscarried—like Imogen's whole life, like the Langrishes, like, presumably, Ireland.

Imogen's sorrow, weakness, and despair—her languishing, her anguish—are vividly portrayed, as is Helen's decline (although the third sister is too shadowy). One believes Higgins's version of the decay of Ireland. The author is less successful in proposing Otto as a generalized national figure; but as a pompous, sensual individual he comes across clearly enough. The book is moving, delicate, and graceful, yet not sentimental; it is ironic and witty in its juxtapositions and, despite occasional melodrama, quite serious throughout.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 6, 11, 12, 1, 7, 4, 9, 10, 5, 8, 3, 2. Column Three should read: 3, 5, 1, 8, 11, 6, 12, 10, 2, 9, 4, 7.

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Cinematized Transplants (Continued)

THERE ARE ALWAYS perils involved in the transplanting of a stage play to the screen, and no one has yet managed to find a formula that works for all occasions. The screen director will sometimes ask his adapter to make visual what was primarily verbal, as in a case at hand, Arthur Kopit's *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*, or he will go to the other extreme and film a play in a form very close to its stage presentation, as with *Marat/Sade*. (Sorry, there's simply not enough space available for the complete title, and in any event Arthur Knight listed it in giving his opinion of the movie in this space last week.) In both cases, neither approach has worked well. But with *Dutchman*, a film version of the LeRoi Jones off-Broadway shocker—of which my colleague also took a different view last week—the passage from stage to screen has been negotiated, it seems to me, with notable success.

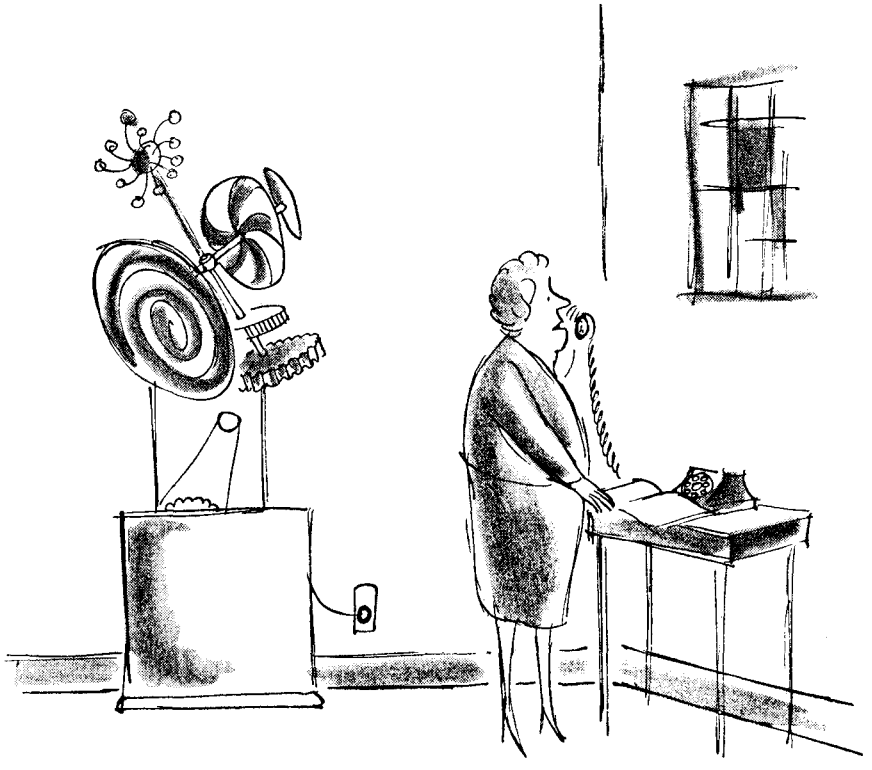
There has been no fiddling or tampering with the material, no attempt to stretch it into customary feature-film length—it runs slightly under an hour—and no excessive amount of cinematic technique has been employed beyond the helpful use of carefully chosen camera angles. In fact, there is not even a listing of a screenwriter in the credits; the play has simply been turned into a film. Much the same was done with *Marat/Sade*, but there the director was so concerned with making filmic what was basically not cinematic in nature that the viewer is subjected to a continual sense of the strain involved. For *Dutchman*, a new director, Anthony Harvey, has concentrated almost solely on his two talented performers, Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., to sustain attention and create a shattering impact. They both come through brilliantly.

Because of this, something happens that is rare in the film medium: An author's vision and language are preserved, and, where Mr. Jones is concerned, this means a vision of undiluted harshness and language of untempered fury. He passes well beyond the bounds of screen propriety, I suppose, but maybe it's time for that, and an improper use of words can become proper in the right context. *Dutchman*'s allegorical context is an encounter in an empty subway car between a bitchily pretty white girl and a young Negro who has clearly conformed to the patterns of a "white" society; in responding to the girl's neurotic blandishments, the boy manages only to seal his fate. This is strong stuff, and, of course, Mr. Jones is well known for his strong views about the relations between Negro and white in a time of virtual social revolution. But while the didactic element is certainly there in *Dutchman*, the author has also created beings who reveal themselves under the stress of a mingled attraction and repulsion and all but strip themselves naked during that strange subway ride.

Shirley Knight as the mini-skirted girl chewing on apples, tantalizing the Negro, maliciously aware of her venomous ability to pierce the Negro's pretensions, gives by far her best performance to date. Al Freeman, Jr., matches her step for step; we seem to be witnessing an anguished verbal duet. Whether this is truly cinema is something for the purists to quarrel about; but there is no doubt at all that *Dutchman* in its motion picture form is a striking experience and one with an impact that is all but unforgettable.

THE SAME, unfortunately, cannot be said for *Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . .*, a misadventure from beginning to end. Kopit's play was not much more than a conceit to begin with, an unsure parody of the clichés inherent in the dramatic output of Tennessee Williams and others in his school. Staged cleverly by Jerome Robbins, the play featured a fetching performance by Barbara Harris when presented at New York's Phoenix Theatre. Miss Harris is also in the film, and sad to say, she has been almost throttled by the direction of Richard Quine. Left with almost nothing to say, she twists and twines, murmurs and cajoles as the plump temptress of an aging boy under the total domination of his devouring mother.

Robert Morse is the twenty-five-year-old boy, and his performance struck me as little more than simpering silliness. Rosalind Russell as the mother has considerably more style, but she, too, has been robbed of the eloquence granted her in the play. Ian Bernard's screenplay has seen to that. Meanwhile, or perhaps after the fact, a series of gags spoken by Jonathan Winters as the "dead" father—whose coffin is carted around by his startling widow—is interspersed throughout the cumbersome action, as though to liven up the pervading dullness of the proceedings. The net effect is to make into a joke, and a bad one at that, what was already parody, leading us to the conclusion that the producers, Ray Stark and Stanley Rubin, felt they had to somehow save a project gone sour. A travesty on every level has been the result. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



H. Martin

"Triangle Electric? Do you repair sculpture?"

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How to convince your friends you've been to

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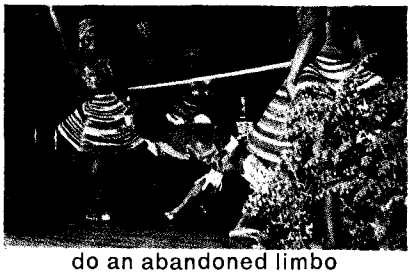

do an abandoned limbo

show them your slides (all 500)

organize a rafting party

or...bring Jamaica to them, by serving TIA MARIA

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Tia Maria

JAMAICA'S HAUNTING LIQUEUR

(Maybe they haven't heard it's sold all over America)

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The most misunderstood drink in the world.

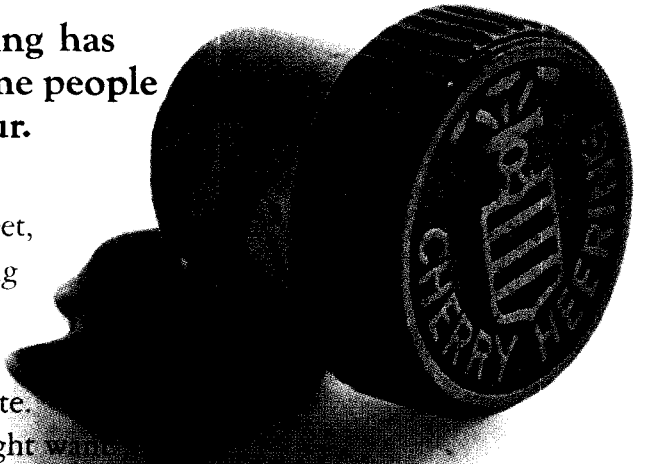
Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.

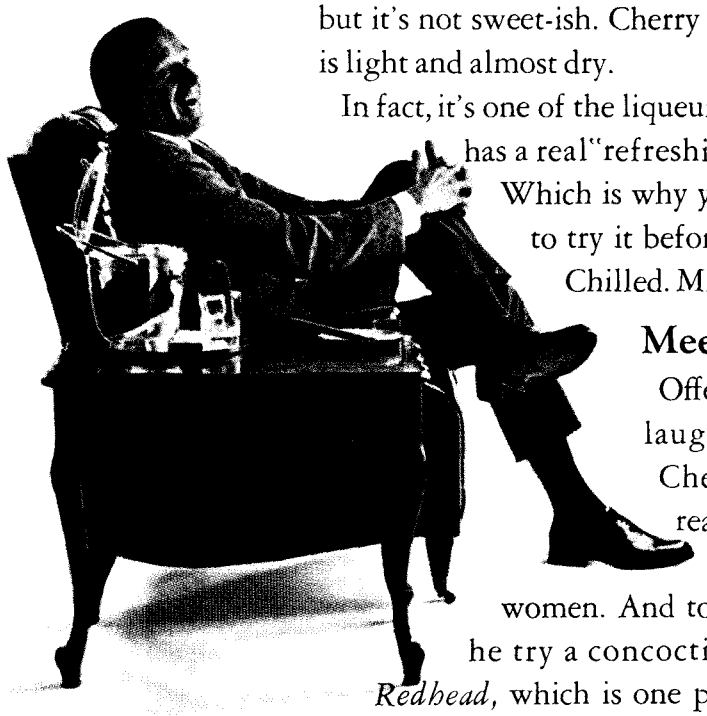
Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste.

Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner.

Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.





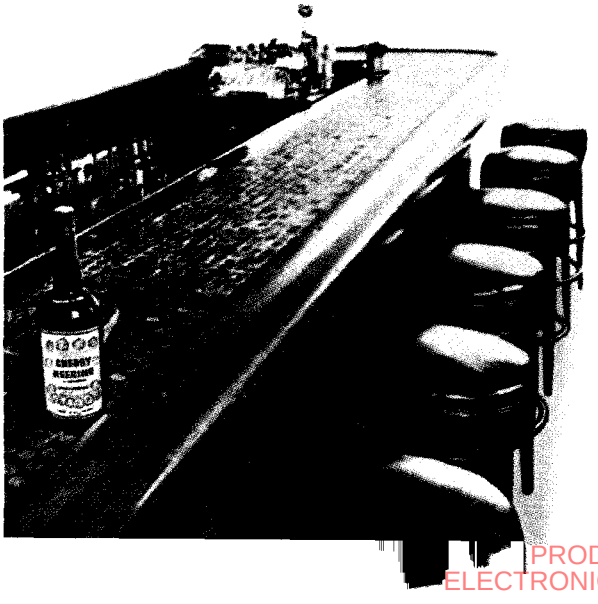
Meet misunderstanding #2

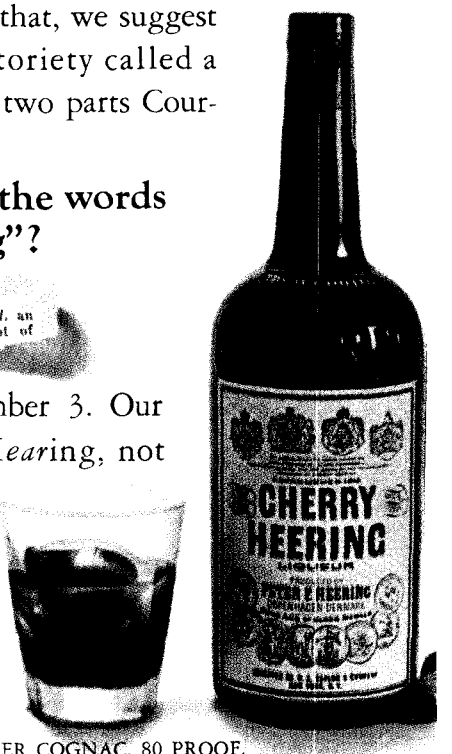
Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?

cher-ry heer-ing (cher/i hir/ing), *n.l.* an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.





CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
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THE THEATER

"Hell is Murky"

NORMAN MAILER's new play based on his 1955 novel, *The Deer Park*, is described by one of its characters as "a curious evening watching the damned chase after love." On the face of it this would seem true. For the evening at the Theatre De Lys is divided into eighty-eight short scenes in which we see a number of varyingly contaminated people unsatisfactorily coming to terms with sex, love, and the movie industry.

The play's protagonist, a blacklisted ex-motion picture director named Charles Eitel, has his creative energy reawakened by a marvelous sexual experience with another man's abandoned mistress. From this point on, we see in glimpses the progress of this newfound vitality through several phases that in the end lead to its destruction and Charles's death.

Unfortunately, the novelist appears to have been more interested in describing the whole spectacle of Hollywood at its worst than he does in committing himself to a deep exploration of any one of his major characters. These include the abandoned mistress Elena, played with a mixture of voluptuousness and coarseness by Rosemary Tory; Marion Faye, a bisexual pimp portrayed with savage mockery by Rip Torn; a Hollywood gossip columnist whose insidiousness is nicely caught by Margret O'Neill; and a movie mogul devastatingly satirized by Will Lee. Perhaps because Hugh Marlowe's soft-spoken and dreamy performance makes Eitel seem less vital and interesting than need be, the play's focus is further diffused. And the result is a constantly fascinating series of scenes leading to no conclusion.

Will Steven Armstrong's set reflects all the gaudy glamour of a cheap nightclub. The device of indicating on an electric sign how many scenes remain to be played helps to reassure us that our season in Mailer's hell is finite and to reconcile us to the play's jumps among seemingly unconnected events. And Leo Garen has directed the difficult work with dexterity, audacity, and a respect for whatever unstatable truths lie beneath Mailer's cynical and ribald surface views.

These views are frequently shocking and funny. But when the playwright tries to add them up at the end with wise-sounding statements such as, "The poor man went of that disease that goes by so many names, that law of life so cruel and so just that we must grow or else pay more for remaining the same," we are not convinced that this follows from what we have witnessed. Neither does the cryptic speech, "Sex is time, and time is the connection of new circuits," serve to clear up very much for us. Nevertheless, Mailer's wild swings at a sordid segment of our society are welcome in a theater that has been too much confining itself to jabbing and clinching.

WALTHAM, MASS.

ANOTHER kind of hell is defined in the Brandeis University Theatre production of Don Peterson's new play, *Does A Tiger Wear A Necktie?* In an institution for teen-age dope addicts we come to see that for these unfortunates hell is not so much their incarceration, but all the social forces which combine to make hope of kicking the narcotic habit when they return to the outside world almost nil. And since the action takes place before the recent hopeful experiments with methadone, it would seem to be accurate.

While the play offers us a panoramic view of the institution, it concentrates its dramatic exploration into two case histories. One involves a violent psychotic named Bickham, strongly portrayed by Peter MacLean. Bickham, who is searching for a father he can respect, responds to an understanding teacher whom he recognizes as being unrealistically idealistic. But he is destroyed by a psychiatrist who commits him to an insane asylum when Bickham goes berserk at the prospect of facing the hard realities of his desperately unsatisfactory situation.

The other case is that of two Negro addicts, Conrad and Linda, sensitively played by Clarence Williams III and Barbara Ann Teer. Conrad becomes convinced he can rehabilitate himself, but Linda knows that she cannot. Thus their love affair, which under ordinary circumstances would have led to a fine marriage, is here aborted. This is touching, and perhaps should have been the core rather than one aspect of the story.

The dialogue is pungent, and under Charles Werner Moore's direction there are many convincing performances from the student members of the company as well as from the professionals. Student designer David Sackeroff's setting also serves the play well. What the production cannot do is to make the play's montage of scenes go very far beyond being taken-for-granted demonstrations. It is colorful and convincing, but lacks a shape that might have made it more emotionally and intellectually provocative.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Chagall's "Magic Flute," Evans as Beckmesser

NEW YORK'S two Metropolitans became one (symbolically) with the introduction of Marc Chagall's production of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* at Lincoln Center. A one-man scenic show on a scale too grandiose for even the largest gallery of the Metropolitan Museum, it gave back to the eye the kind of luminous beauty and unflagging invention which characterizes Mozart's score itself. It is, indeed, doubtful that a better blend of images has been seen and heard at the Metropolitan Opera since Eugene Berman's *Don Giovanni*.

When the curtain rose on the "overture drop," it seemed that a part of the famous "yellow" wall painting which Chagall designed for the front of the house had been transferred to the stage. However, as scene succeeded scene, the difference became increasingly apparent: One was a job of work, done with good will and consummate technique; the other, an act of creation in which the heart participated as well as the hand and the mind.

By the end of the first act it had all that was required for a memorable success—taste, fantasy, suitability to the subject. But it was only as the reaches of the second act deepened that the magnitude of Chagall's accomplishment began to emerge. At the outset, the stage was framed with side hangings working the primary colors of his palette. Green, blue, and red were the dominant values for much of Act I, with stone gray where appropriate. But as one eye-filling drop succeeded another in Act II, and the oranges, yellows, purples, and golds began to show themselves, they still remained congruent with the basic side pieces and hangings. And the costumes, emerging from the same sense of hues and tints, made a mobile counterpoint to the solid base of the set pieces. It was, in short, in the great tradition of Russian stage painting from Leon Bakst down, through its cross fertilization, in Diaghilev ballet days, by Picasso, Benois, Bérard, etc. It is on such uncommon ground that the Metropolitan Museum and the Metropolitan Opera finally met. (The all-important link was the lighting board operated by Rudolph Kuntner.)

The set pieces themselves, sliding in and out on casters, or lowered unobtrusively into place, were adroitly conceived, in conjunction with stage director Günther Rennert, to recreate the mood and style of the classic stagings of a century ago. That is to say, the magic in *The Magic Flute* was given full play in the fanciful amalgam of animal, mineral, and vegetable which Chagall controls so well. His birds and beasts were Mozart's own, from the tail feathers of Papageno's costume to the pair of lions which confronted him at his last "trial." Such a dazzling repertory of invention and elaboration defies verbalization: It has to be seen, and will be, for years to come.

Implementing the opportunities afforded by Chagall's lovely masterpiece was the true, natural action invented by Rennert and passed on to a cast of mostly able performers. It was vastly superior to anything Rennert has done previously in my view (whether in New York, Vancouver, or Glyndebourne), and qualified him as the day's leading authority on *Zauberflöte*. Inspired, no doubt, by the rich array of vistas around him, Rennert brought into being not only the allegorical aspects of the work, its solemnity and nobility, but also its sense of frolic and fun, mystery and wonder. As the late Bruno Walter wrote at the time of the Mozart bicentenary, in 1956, Mozart's last opera is the epitome of the man himself—his nobility represented by Tamino, his relish for life and simple pleasures embodied in Papageno. This range was inherent in Rennert's activation of the episodes invented by librettist Emanuel Schikaneder in the hope of making a success, but elevated into immortality by Mozart (who could not help himself). Little gay touches, such as having Papageno sit on the prompter's box to confide his problems to the audience, or having him pop out of sight through a trap when he defies the gods, were balanced by a simple sense of the sentiment inherent in the relationship of Pamina to Tamino.

It was a validation of all that Chagall imagined and Rennert composed to have so fine a humane heart to it all as Hermann Prey's Papageno. This engaging artist has been seen here previously as Wolfram in *Tannhäuser* and the Count in *Figaro*, but he has found his life's vocation in a characterization of Papageno whose like defies recollection. He has not merely the voice—light but vibrant—for the music, and the body—awkward but agile—for the action, but also the face to portray wonder, cowardice, or delight with equal ease. When a baritone wins bravos with "Mädchen oder Weibschen," he is clearly in a class of his own.

He did, in fact, tower slyly over all the others, including Lucia Popp, who showed rather more dramatic temperament and vocal impact in her debut than the average Queen of the Night (and may very well do better as time passes); Nicolai Gedda as a pleasant but stiff Tamino; Pilar Lorengar as an often excellent, sometimes edgy, Pamina; and Jerome Hines, who was more imposing in presence than sound as Sarastro. Prey's Papageno deserved the best of Papagenas, and was rewarded with just that in Patricia Welting, a minuscule soprano who charmed the audience as well as her chosen man. Thoughtful casting also provided an excellent trio of ladies in Jean Fenn, Rosalind Elias, and Ruza Pospinov, and a superior Monostatos in Andrea Velis (vice Paul Franke). Whether it is better to have boy sopranos as the "Genii" than mature females was not quite resolved by what the three youngsters—Kevin Leftwich, Peter Herzberg, and John Bogart—did this time.

Decision must also be suspended on the kind of Metropolitan *Zauberflöte* Josef Krips may conduct when the tensions and uncertainties of a premiere on such a scale as this one are past. It was, in every stylistic respect, admirable in line, accent, and pace. What it drastically lacked was coordination between pit and stage. Whether this was a circumstance of the moment or related to some flaw in Krips's line of communication—his beat appeared dangerously low to be visible by the singers—can be only a speculation. Considering the combination of values brought together by Rudolf Bing, this must be rated his most sophisticated venture at the Metropolitan, one which will long outlive his own period of service.

A FRESH census of Nuremburg's population at the Metropolitan's latest nose count for *Die Meistersinger* revealed two new arrivals: One was Phyllis Curtin as daughter to Veit Pogner, the other a semi-ardent candidate for her hand in marriage, Sixtus Beckmesser, portrayed by Geraint Evans. When first heard at Covent Garden in the early Fifties, Evans was Night Watchman to a fine Beckmesser named Benno Kusche; out of these and other observations he has evolved a characterization wholly his own. It is a study on the order of his Falstaff and Leporello, a superlative instance of a man with more mind than voice making one indifferent to such imbalance. He has, actually, more voice than the average Beckmesser and a mind to use it productively, in projection of a *Stadtschreiber* who is whimsically pedantic and slightly effeminate at the same time. Taken together, they provide shades of meaning that Wagner might have imagined but which are seldom

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realized to the extent achieved by Evans.

With the exception of Sándor Kónya's dependable Walther, a solid Pogner by John Macurdy, and Loren Driscoll's fine David, the rest of the performance was, on the whole, of a lower artistic order. Miss Curtin has put her shrewd mind to the problem of Eva with typical thoroughness, but this is not an Eva voice, whether relaxed or intense. Its beam is too narrow, its temperature too low. Joseph Rosenstock conducted not only to a King's but an Emperor's taste (that being the visiting Haile Selassie and party).

As of now, the newest work of Alberto Ginastera to be heard in New York is the *Concerto per Corde* performed by Eugene Ormandy and the strings of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall. And how it was performed! Forty or so string instruments have rarely rung out with the strength, the sonority, or sheer pulsating vibrance that Ormandy evoked from his ensemble.

This was, in substantial part, a response to the spirit and freshness of impulse that Ginastera poured into his four-movement creation for the Inter-American Music Festival in Caracas a year ago (the performers were the same). In its rhapsodic rise and fall it recalls the violin concerto by Ginastera introduced a few years back by Ruggiero Ricci. The ensuing movements carry forward the series of recent accomplishments which have promoted Ginastera to a leading place among those contemporaries who have found it possible to be different without being difficult, and meaningful without being eccentric.

"Opportunity Week" at the New York Philharmonic affected both conductor and soloist, as the illness of William Steinberg's wife required his replacement by Alfred Wallenstein, and the inability of Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli to perform brought on Alexis Weissenberg as piano soloist in his place. There was, however, nothing but coordination and community in the end result. Wallenstein led a beautifully phrased, warmly imagined playing of the Mozart *Jupiter* to begin with (the final fugue was a little ragged) and framed Weissenberg's reappearance after a longish absence with a finely proportioned treatment of Rachmaninoff's D-minor Concerto (No. 3). Weissenberg's extraordinary equipment is under better control than previously, but he has not yet brought into balance his artistic, temperamental, and musical resources. This is to say, substantially, that he has moved upward into that rarefied atmosphere where only the elite can breathe comfortably, and he has not yet found it altogether comfortable. Between Mozart and Rachmaninoff, Anis Fuleihan directed his well made but rather unadventurous Second Symphony.

—Irving Kolodin.

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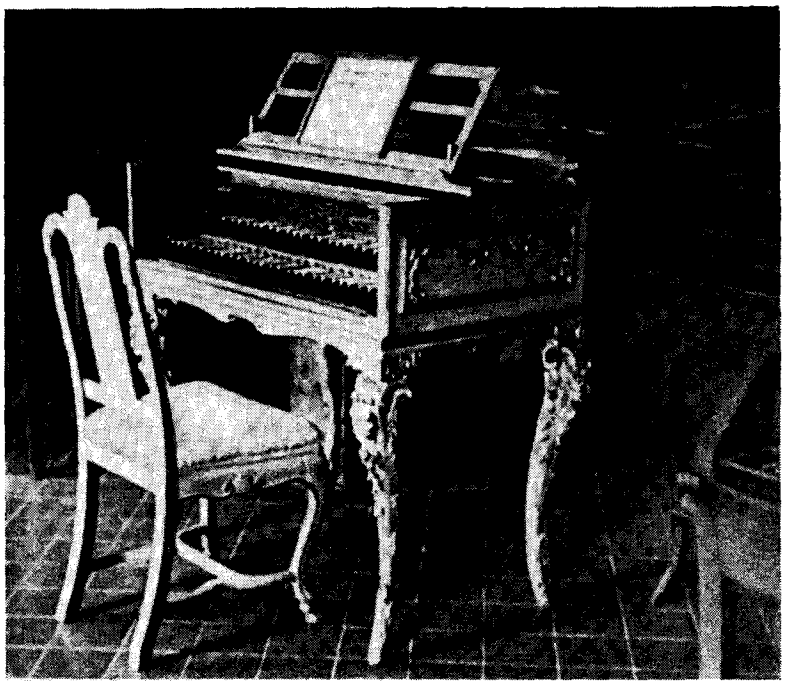

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Some Wintry Thoughts While Grounded

UNPEAPOSSESSING: I see where Mr. Harding Lawrence, who is the president of Braniff, the colorful airline, has delivered himself of a presidential dictum. He has banned the pea. "Never again," quoth Mr. Lawrence, "will you have to stare at those little green things rolling around on your plate and wonder whether you should scoop 'em, spear 'em, or wait to hunt for them in your lap." The banning of the pea rocked the airline industry, and wherever airline commissary chefs gather there must have been knots of figures shaking their *toques blanches* and whispering the news.

The banning of the pea is no less revolutionary a notion than Braniff's maneuver late in 1965 to color its planes purple and brown and put its hostesses in fetching Pucci costumes. ("Pucci galore!" crowed *Harper's Bazaar* after it appraised the new cabin wardrobes.) It represents an important departure in airline thinking in the United States, where each airline has often appeared too occupied with getting people from here to there faster than the next. When it came to the cuisine aloft, the airlines' attitude toward the public seemed to be, "Let 'em eat Kleenex."

Mr. Lawrence's embargo on peas developed from a series of trips on other airlines for the express purpose of sampling the other fellow's food. Braniff's professional eaters, most of whom apparently have recovered from the experience, found stale rolls, well-done steak in gravy, soggy toast and crackers cushioning cold hors d'oeuvres, and food permeated with a singular bouquet that comes only from being steamed for hours.

The worst offenders were peas and Swiss steak, and Braniff banned them both. These unofficial inspectors of America's flying gastronomy thought the meals they ate on other airlines were altogether as appetizing as a hospital tray. They found the same meals being served at lunch and dinner, month after month. Wholesale numbers of passengers were simply passing up trays.

As a long-time passer-up of airline meals, I could have saved Braniff's professional eaters from the ravages of hors d'oeuvre crackers leaden with soggy, soggy dew, from limp vegetables, and steak à la briefcase. I have been lowing all these years that it is not possible to serve a cabinful of passengers individual steaks that have been cooked two weeks before and warmed up. Nor is it feasible to broil steaks rare, medium, well-done, and over-done for more than a hundred people at one abbreviated sitting. It isn't even possible, despite the Maxim's cachet on Pan American's flying kitchens, to reheat snow peas, a staple on its Pacific runs, and have them come out any more crisp than a wet sock. Snow peas must be done zip, zap, and preferably in a *wok*—a Chinese pan with canted sides like the Yale Bowl. I wish Pan Am, which Dick Watts, the drama critic, long ago christened "the lovable airline," would ban the snow pea and take on some salads which it avoids completely, possibly because somebody high enough in the hierarchy hates lettuce.

Woks wouldn't be practical for in-flight kitchens, although Mr. Lawrence is having blenders put aboard Braniff so his flying saloons can dispense frozen daiquiris. *M.* Willy Rossel, who has become the executive chef on Braniff, has come up with a number of fancy dishes, among them a "ship 'n' shore" entree combination of lobster tails and steak which may just render his position in the ranks of *haute cuisine* no less tenuous than that of the Australian who invented the steak stuffed with an oyster. Still, it is reassuring to know that, among U.S. airlines, somebody up there cares, even though the true answer may not be in a more elaborate cuisine. My nod for the best new idea in flying eating goes to American, which now says you can call up before the flight and order a plain corned beef on rye. Now why didn't some graduate of the Cordon Bleu think of that before?

END OF THE DRAFT: The rude awakening in coming back to New York from the winter warmth of Miami, during those years when we always seemed to be shuttling to and fro, always arrived when the first gust of icy wind came barreling down those beat-up corridors that led to National Airlines's terminal at what was then called Idlewild Airport. That sudden chilling blast was the best imaginable advertisement for Florida, though perhaps not for National Airlines. Pan American built a new terminal, Eastern built its terminal, American built its terminal, United built its terminal, and so did Northwest. Still the wind whistled at the northern terminus of National's Miami flights, and all the glories of the last days vanished in a frigid gust. Ah, but now, now there is word that National Airlines will be ready with *its* terminal. Target date: late 1968.

The designer is Ieoh Ming Pei, who, under the more familiar cognomen of I. M. Pei, is responsible for some of the nation's best works of architectural art, among them the Newhouse Communications Center at Syracuse University, the Mile High Center at Denver, Kips Bay Plaza in New York City, the East-West Center in Honolulu, and Polaroid at Cambridge.

The mock-up shows two pods where planes will nose in for loading, both of them reached by bridges, presumably draft-free. The walkways that lead out to the planes look suspiciously long, and the footsore air traveler can only offer a silent prayer that yet another terminal is not to be built requiring a forced march to the departure gate. The plans call for such developments as a public address system with a sensing device that will adjust the volume control according to the changing noise levels of the terminal. Such embellishments are dandy, but there are many more basic impediments to passenger comfort that seem continually to be overlooked. It would appear, for instance, a cause of concern to no one but the passengers that Honolulu's relatively new airport was built with great airiness and almost no insulation, particularly where interisland planes depart and arrive and where the flights from the mainland come in. The jet screechings, like a

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thousand pieces of chalk rubbed on a thousand blackboards and then amplified like yé-yé music, will blow out the frontal lobes of those waiting at the gate and send all but the most durable of clerks clear out of their bird.

The walk I took the other day to Gate K-8 at Chicago's O'Hare to board American's short and cheery flight to Detroit should have been subtracted from the fare. I was halfway to Michigan before I got on the plane. No general would have asked such a march from hardened troops, much less of soft civilians. These are the problems long plainly and painfully obvious to travelers but obscure to planners which I hope Ieoh Ming Pei and those who come after him will greet with sympathetic thought before the next terminal brick is set in place.

RED-EYED: The release of Vladimir Kazan-Komarek, the travel agent from Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was kidnapped by the Czechs and charged with crimes that may have happened nearly twenty years ago, does not necessarily mean a change in attitude of any of the Eastern bloc nations toward Western tourists. Mr. Kazan-Komarek, a guest of Intourist, the Soviet government travel agency, was returning from Moscow when his plane made an unscheduled stop at Prague. Kazan-Komarek, despite his American citizenship, was spirited from the plane and charged variously with murder, organizing an anti-Communist underground in Czechoslovakia, recruiting agents for French intelligence, and helping Czechs defect to the West. His bizarre arrest, the brazen collusion between Moscow and Prague, the involvement of tourism with political arrest was more than either the travel industry, the U.S. Government, or the American press could take. The American Society of Travel Agents hit sharply at Cedok, the Czech travel bureau, which has been conducting a spirited campaign to bring American tourists to Czechoslovakia. It underscored the number of arrests of tourists which have been made in the last few years, cited the complicity of the Soviet Union and its agencies—Intourist and Aeroflot—in delivering Kazan-Komarek to the Czechs, and indicated that the whole Moscow tourist promotion might have been an entrapment merely to catch him. Most telling of all, it clearly indicated that it could not recommend travel to Eastern Socialist countries to its American clients.

Editorials blossomed all over the United States. Said *The New York Times*: "Russian efforts to stir enthusiasm among American tourists for travel by Aeroflot may not get far unless the Kremlin effects the release [of Kazan-Komarek]." The Chicago *Tribune* called it "the case of the shanghaied American

New from the island that produced Aphrodite. The Cyprus Hilton (Opened Feb. 1st.)

It didn't appear out of Mediterranean foam like Aphrodite, but the Cyprus Hilton surely had the same Olympic inspiration. Manager George Fillipides' new hotel is set in a garden overlooking Nicosia, the island's capital and the gateway to the eastern Mediterranean and the Holy Lands. All 150 rooms have radio, telephone and balcony with a spectacular view of the city and Kyrenia Mountains. The hotel is air-conditioned year-round, but the climate is so ideal that in the winter after skiing in the mountains an hour away, you can come back to the hotel for a swim or a game of tennis.

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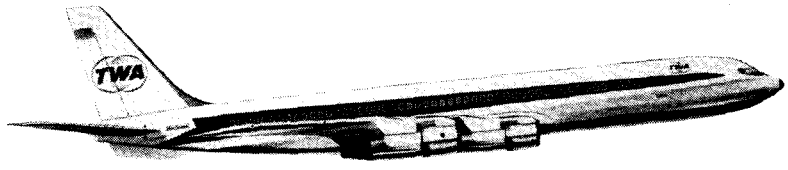

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travel agent," and suggested that "cutting all trade with and tourist travel to Communist Czechoslovakia should be the minimum retaliation." The Cincinnati *Enquirer* drew a lesson from the incident, saying that Aeroflot was simply not in the same class with other air carriers. "It is," instead, "an arm of the Soviet government dedicated to serving Soviet policies rather than fulfilling its contractual obligations to its patrons."

Although the concerted protests and the indication of ruptured trade relations and sharp curtailment of Cedok's program to bring American tourists to Czechoslovakia eventually brought about Kazan-Komarek's release, there are still some reflections carefully to be examined. One is Intourist's bland dissociation from the affair. It was not responsible, Intourist said, for American travelers once they left the Soviet Union. But, of course, that was an avoidance of the basic defect in Socialist policy. The plane was to travel nonstop from Moscow to Paris and its alternate stop in case of trouble was Riga, not Prague.

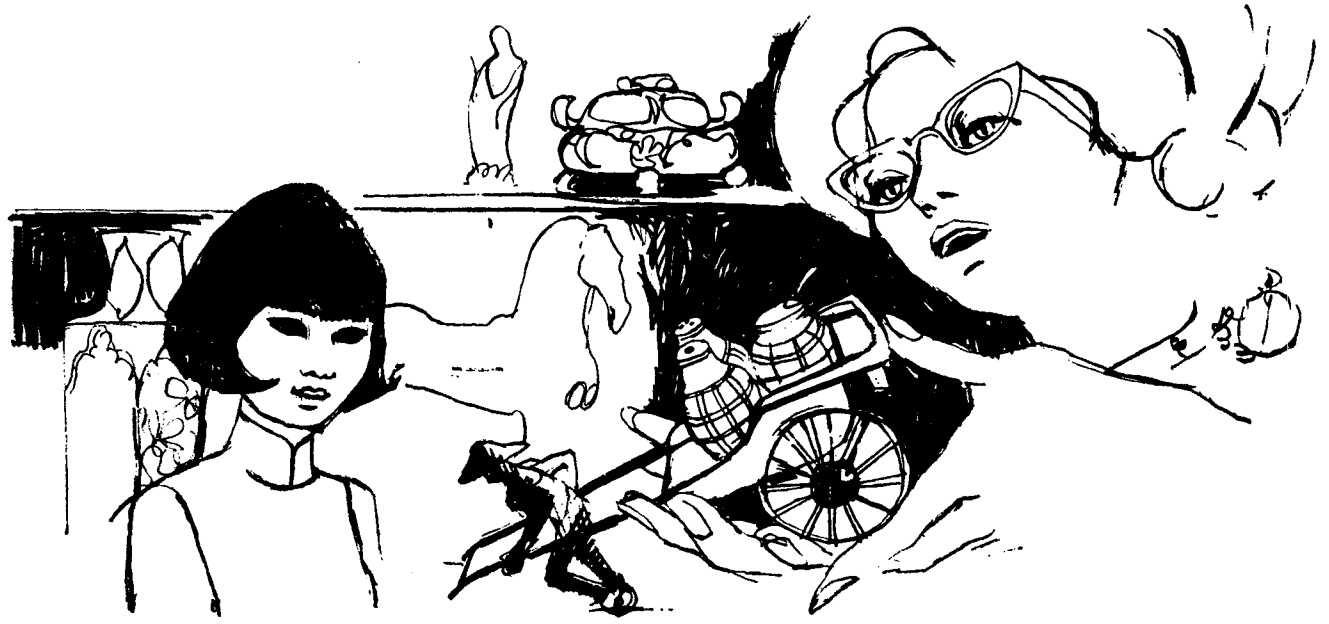
It is more serious to appraise the basic Socialist confusion between politics and tourism and the use of the latter to suit the needs of the former. Kazan-Komarek only brings to mind Newcomb Mott, an American who wandered over a border and ended up with a slit throat in a train taking him to detention in Siberia. It brings to mind the sentences for the two young Americans who were arrested in Leningrad for pilfering a small decorative bear from a hotel. On their arrest the charges were amplified to include illegal money changing.

We are approaching the time when new flights will be crossing into the Socialist countries. Pan American is on the eve of beginning its flights to Moscow, and Aeroflot will soon be flying into New York. Even before that exchange begins, Japan Air Lines will start flights from Tokyo to Siberia. It expects travelers will go there of their own free will and possibly, out of curiosity or cussedness, they will. But Kazan-Komarek showed, perhaps better than any other of the tourist-arrest cases, the dangers that still exist for travelers who venture into Eastern Europe. Anyone who still wants to go ought at least to be warned not to take any wooden bears.

DIM VIEW: It is one thing to mix politics and tourism, as noted at some length above, but it is something else again to involve oneself with tourism and be completely oblivious of the political situation. As an aftermath to the Communist riots in Macao just before Christmas, there arrived a flash ostensibly from that Portuguese enclave dispatched by the Pacific Area Travel Association. Macao, it said, was once a city of cloak and dagger, a city preferred by Charlie Chan, situated just eighty-five minutes by hydrofoil from Hong Kong. Although Chan has retired, Macao "has better things to offer," the release says. "The city has a new atmosphere of intrigue due to the proximity of Communist China which is evident in the gun boats which prowl the harbor . . . one can hire a slow taxi to get a glimpse of the dark uniformed Communist Chinese soldiers. . . . Macao might be described as a city of charm."

It was so charming that some friends of ours who were there in the riot season spent hours hiding inside an antique shop which quickly put up its shutters so the roving mobs wouldn't wreck the place searching for foreigners. When it seemed safe the travelers looked, not for a slow taxi, but a fast one so they could take it on the lam. They finally rounded up three slow pedicabs and regretfully bid adieu to the city of charm, making a getaway aboard a hydrofoil which departed for Hong Kong as the sun set in the west. "For more information on Macao write to the Pacific Travel Association," the notice says. The Association is in San Francisco, and wait until the news about the riots reaches it.

—HORACE SUTTON.



Some of the nicest things in Hong Kong are those you didn't see the first time around. Take this condiment set for example. Made from sterling silver by Hong Kong craftsmen, it combines beauty with purpose in a most attractive and unique way. Many of the other local products are equally appealing. And, of course, the tax-free imported items aren't to be neglected, either.

The same principle applies to the views. Even old China hands will admit that they are continually rewarded by seemingly new vistas of this fabulous Colony. And the increasingly widespread use of English makes it just that much easier to get around. The charm and beauty of Hong Kong improves and grows with every visit. How long is it since you've been here?

One lifetime is hardly long enough to explore this traveller's paradise.

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

For detailed information about Hong Kong see your travel agent or write for color brochures to Hong Kong Tourist Association, 291 Geary Street, Suite 402, San Francisco, California 94102.

1967 is International Tourist Year.

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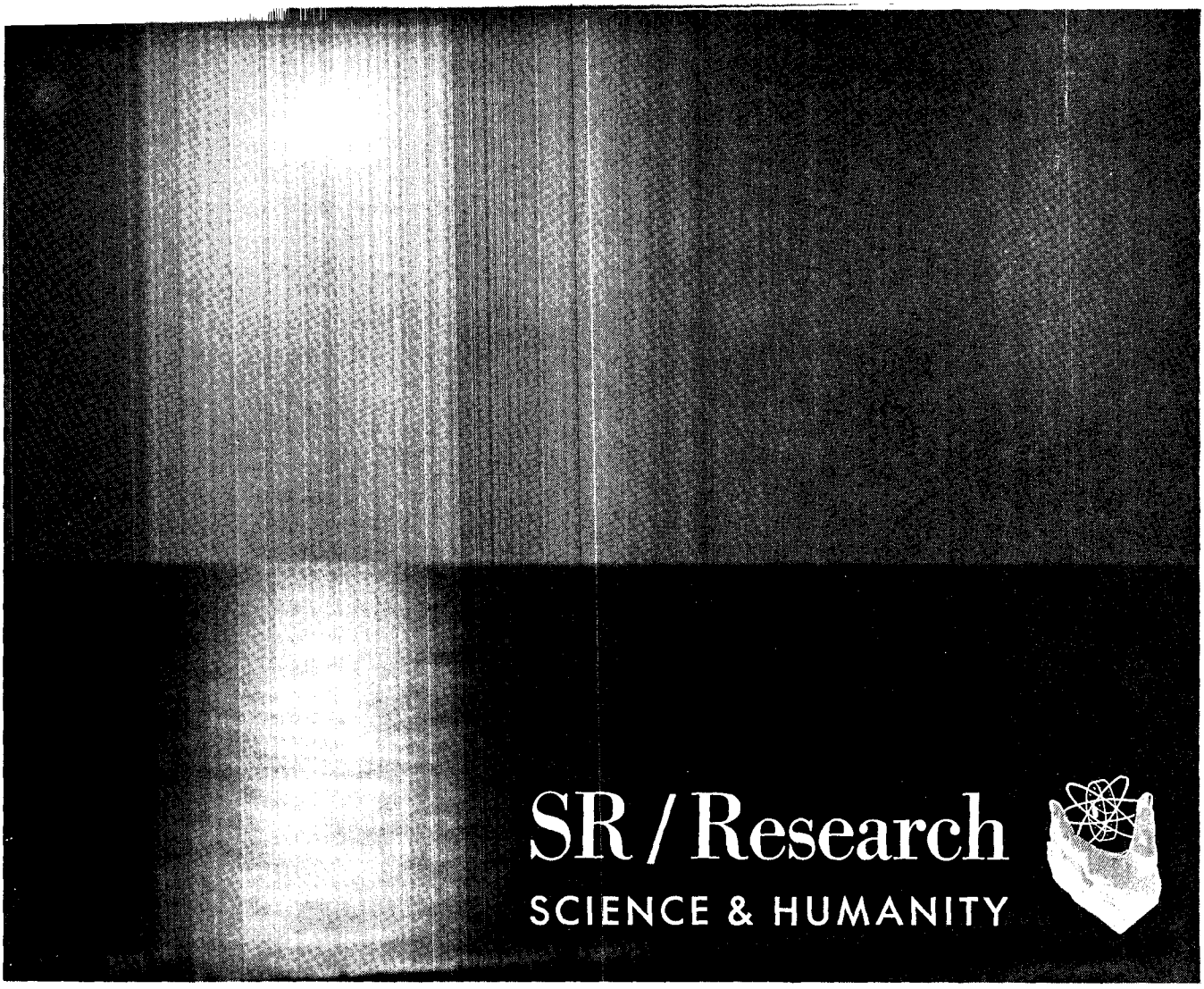

EXPLORATION RACE: MOON OR SEA?

IT IS WIDELY and persistently believed that the late John F. Kennedy, while President of the United States, arbitrarily set the year 1970 as a deadline for landing an American on planet earth's moon. President Kennedy did propose the date, in a formal message to Congress in May 1961. But in making the proposal he also expressed the hope that a great public debate would ensue over the desirability of fixing such a seemingly remote and hazardous adventure as a national goal.

Although a considerable segment of the scientific community—some of Mr. Kennedy's own closest advisors within it—privately opposed the deadline even before the President suggested it openly, the vigorous discussion that had been invited never occurred. A few eminent men, notably *Science's* editor Philip Abelson and *SR/Research* contributor Warren Weaver, trumpeted protest. But their voices, and those of a handful of courageous colleagues, were soon drowned by a ceaseless propaganda barrage from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and from lobbyists for moonship-makers with fat advertising contracts to stimulate the receptiveness of communications media. The political power of the Old South in the Democratic party, which dominated the Congress in those days, gladly joined in the silencing of dissent, for the moon-rocket launchers' need to use the momentum of earth's rotation at the fastest moving points on the planet's surface—within the equatorial and subequatorial belts—was rapidly transforming, enriching, and industrially strengthening the whole of the broad crescent of the Mexican Gulf Coast from Florida to Texas and Louisiana.

Originally, intelligent people everywhere feared the undefined hazards of voyaging a mean distance of 238,000-odd miles across poorly charted seas in the face of the solar wind; but on the promise that it would give candid reports of all that happened on the suborbital and then on the orbital flights of the Mercury (one-man crew) and Gemini (two-man crew) spacecraft, NASA finally established the impression in the minds of most people that the dangers had been exaggerated and that all reasonable precautions were being taken. The initial sailing test of the Apollo (three-man) spacecraft was scheduled for February 21, 1967. There were three long years to go before the lunar landing deadline would arrive. President Lyndon B. Johnson and NASA administrator James Webb both told Congress in muted language in the spring of 1966 that

Departments: Research in America » Science in Journals » Letters

Article: The Laser's Grandfather

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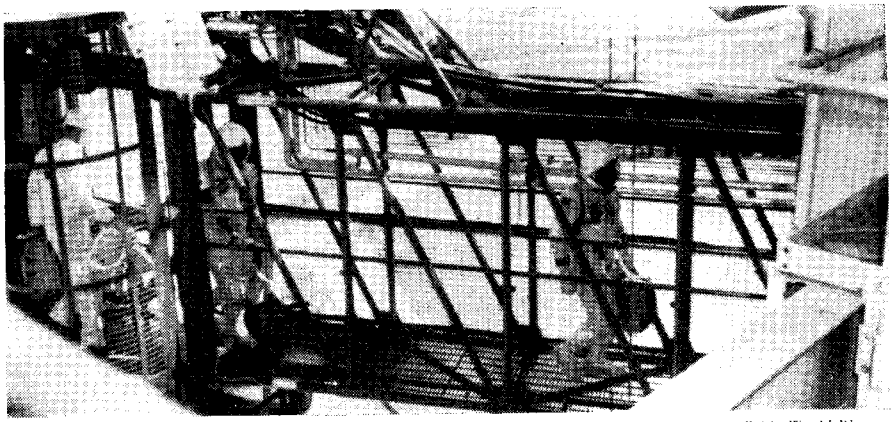
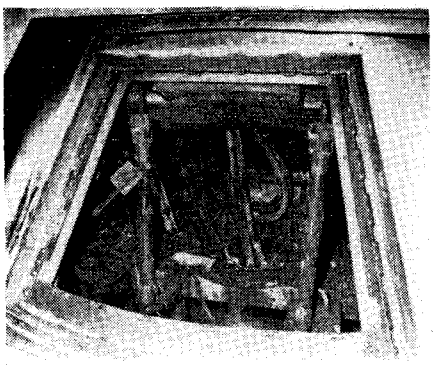


—Wide World Photos.



TOP PHOTO: Astronauts begin last walk toward spacecabin door. LEFT: Charred remains of spacecabin, seen through entry hatch after fire.

problems inherent in the prospective lunar voyage were growing progressively more complex and difficult and that NASA's multibillion-dollar budget was big enough to squeak through on the 1970 timetable only if there were no mishaps. But neither the President nor NASA persistently discouraged the frequent and plainly inspired predictions that the moon landing might take place as early as 1968.

The always-present risks were so assiduously played down by January 27, 1967, that relatively little advance attention was paid by news media to a simulated launching of Apollo I from Cape Kennedy that day. The crew chosen for the initial Apollo flight—U.S. Air Force Lt. Cols. Virgil Grissom and Edward H. White and U.S. Navy Lt. Comdr. Roger B. Chaffee—were sealed side by side inside the space cabin atop a Saturn 1B rocket 218 feet above the launch pad while the usual countdown procedures were checked. There was no promise of excitement; no spectacular photographs and roaring sounds for the TV.

Monitors at Cape Kennedy and at NASA's man-in-space headquarters at Houston were, however, tuned in on everything that happened in the space cabin. Sensors attached to Colonel White's body were telemetering a continuous record of his heartbeat and breathing rate. Other instruments were relaying a steady account of the temperature in the cabin, the flow of oxygen both into the cabin and into the space suits, and even the minor to-and-fro tiltings of the gimbaled cabin floor. Second by second, the watching men on the ground knew of the smallest changes in the environment of the Apollo I crew.

One week later, on February 3, NASA deputy administrator Robert C. Seamans, Jr., issued a public summary of what the telemetry disclosed during a brief span of time beginning shortly after 6:30 p.m. on January 27. The pertinent part of the summary follows:

> Lt. Col. Grissom was the command pilot, sitting in the left seat; Lt. Col. White, the senior pilot sitting in the middle seat; and Lt. Comdr. Chaffee, the pilot, was in the right seat. In the event of emergency, the procedure is for the senior pilot (White) to reach high over his left shoulder to actuate the inner hatch release handle.
>
> The command pilot (Grissom), after lowering the center headrest, aids the senior pilot in lifting the inner hatch and removing it to the floor of the spacecraft. The main duty of the pilot (Chaffee) during this procedure is to maintain communication and assist in the removal of the inner hatch if needed. From the following data, you will note that the crew appeared to follow the correct procedure.
>
> At 6:31:03, pilot Chaffee reported that a fire existed in the spacecraft. At about this time senior pilot White's heart rate started to increase. At 6:31:04 the inertial platform in the capsule gave an indication of a small amount of motion which may have been caused by movement of the crew. At 6:31:05 the cabin temperature began to rise. At 6:31:09 senior pilot White repeated the previous report saying that there was a fire in the cockpit. At the same time the cabin pressure commenced to rise and a larger amount of motion was indicated by the inertial platform. This means that the crew were commencing their emergency egress procedure.
>
> At 6:31:12, or nine seconds after the first indication of fire, the cabin temperature started to increase rapidly, and pilot Chaffee reported that a bad fire existed in the cabin. Also at this time pilot Chaffee increased the illumination of the cabin lights and actuated the entry (internal) batteries.
>
> No other intelligible communications were received although some listeners believe there was one sharp cry of pain. Loss of radio signal occurred a few seconds later.
>
> The oxygen supply to the astronaut suits, which had been holding nearly constant, pressure and temperature started to fluctuate at the time of signal loss. At 6:31:17, or 14 seconds after the fire was first detected, the cabin pressure reached a level of approximately 29 p.s.i. [pounds per square inch] and the cabin ruptured. . . .
>
> The official death certificates for all three crew members list the cause of death as asphyxiation due to smoke inhalation due to the fire.

It is worth repeating that this summary was made public one week after the three astronauts had died while scrambling to open the hatches that trapped them.

During the days between, something happened to NASA's heavily advertised candor. Existence of the telemetered data was not even mentioned in the first announcements. Opening bulletins on radio and TV said one astronaut had perished. The actual loss of the entire Apollo crew was admitted later. A notable period of time elapsed before any major detail of the tragedy was released, and then the story was funneled through reporters closely associated with the dead men. Being human, these commentators were deeply involved emotionally, and allowed themselves to become vehicles for a propaganda campaign to support the 1970 deadline as a memorial to the sacrificed heroes.

AFTER a whole night had passed, *The New York Times*, customarily thorough, could reveal nothing more informative than a NASA spokesman's statement: "There were no communications with the crewmen at the time [this is, during the four minutes the fire took to burn through the astronauts' spacesuits and wreck the space capsule]."

In spite of the skillfully engineered graduation of the shock, the American public was stunned.

Those familiar with the technicalities of extraterrestrial space exploration had known from the start that Russian spaceships were far more commodious and to that extent designed to a larger margin of safety in virtually all respects than were the American "capsules." One of the factors in safety enhancement lay in an environmental mixture of combustion-supporting oxygen and flame-dampening nitrogen the Russians used. It was more like earth's normal atmosphere than the pure oxygen the three American as-

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tronauts were breathing in their last moments of life.

Why were the American margins of safety always narrower than the Russian margins? An editorial writer for *The New York Times* put the answer into one succinct sentence:

> The astronauts, it can fairly be said, were victims of a combination of others' overconfidence and of undue pressure to reach the moon by an arbitrary, meaningless date.

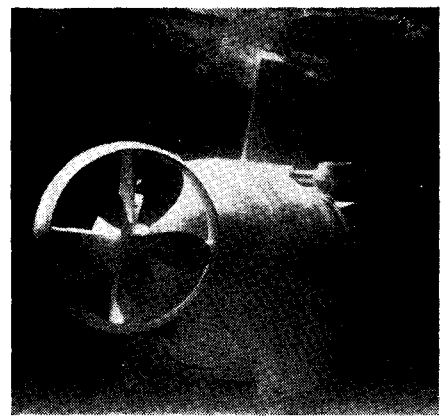
Without naming the *Times*, Dr. George E. Mueller, director of NASA's manned space flight operation, testifying before the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee in Washington after the disaster, denied the "very serious charge" implicit in the *Times* editorial. "It is," he said, "in my view, an unfounded charge."

Nevertheless, one of the members of the backup crew assigned to replace the three dead astronauts on the first Apollo flight—Air Force Maj. Donn F. Eisele—in an interview with a newsman in Columbus, Ohio, declared himself "not in favor of maintaining an unrealistic, arbitrary date" for reaching the moon. Major Eisele favored a "technical" rather than a "chronological" target date, explaining the distinction to mean that the moon voyage would be undertaken "as soon as we're ready, when we have performed sufficient missions to be ready, when the spacecraft is ready."

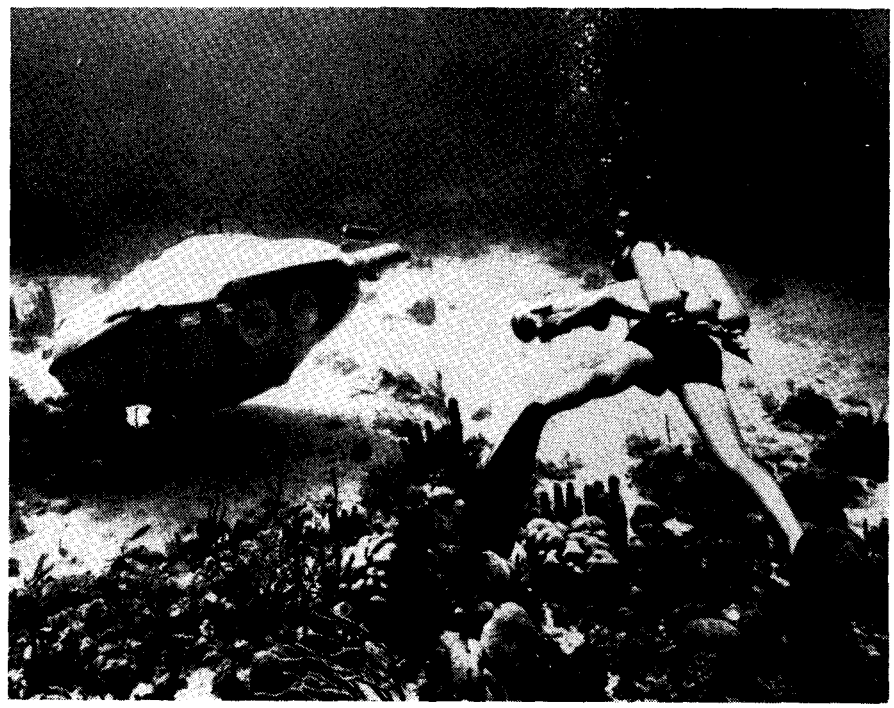
The Major's attitude seems not to be a local one, but global. It was echoed strongly in the editorial pages of *Nature*, the prestigious British scientific journal:

> It is no surprise that some of the tasks which remain to be performed before a man can travel to the moon are almost hair-raising in their difficulty and novelty. The Saturn V rocket [the one planned to carry out the lunar voyage] still has to leave the ground as an integrated assembly; so far, only the booster [first stage of the rocket] has flown on its own. It is unlikely that the landing of Surveyor rockets on the moon has already provided a good understanding of the difficulties of using rockets as a means of settling gently on a distant surface—though in this respect the intervention of men could be a help and not a hindrance. The problems of arranging for bits and pieces of rockets to reunite in orbits about celestial objects are unfamiliar, to make the lightest of them. Yet hazards such as these have been obvious for some time. The accident a week ago, by contrast, has not previously been given much public attention. Inevitably, the way ahead must now seem even more hazardous than at the end of 1966. . . .
>
> Making the Apollo program more deliberate would probably imply that the old target of "before the end of the decade" would have to be forgotten.
>
> But would this be a tragedy? Would it matter if the first American to reach the moon did not arrive until 1970? Or 1971? Or even 1981? The truth is that the objectives which the Apollo program has set itself are largely arbitrary. They are numbers out of a hat.
>
> There may have been something in the argument frequently advanced by NASA at the beginning of the Apollo program that a tighter program would be better coordinated and even cheaper, but that was always founded on the assumption that the plan proposed was feasible and safe. Now what force it may have had is substantially diminished.
>
> The promise of incidental technological benefits for industry in the United States has not been fulfilled. The side effects there have been do not match in any way the cost of the Apollo program, and most of those that have some substance are attributable to the whole program of rocket and satellite development and not just to the part of it concerned with sending men away from the earth. It is also clear that international prestige is neither dependent on nor won by success in launching men with rockets. The real world is more subtle and more interesting than that, and it has changed a lot in five years.
>
> Now even the old Everest argument that Americans must travel to the moon "because it is there" will seem a little less like courageous daring. Its essential irrationality will be more apparent. . . .
>
> The extra cost and time involved in mounting more test launchings of the critical pieces of equipment would not be outrageous. If the target of a landing on the moon sometime this decade should become unattainable, nobody should be made to feel ashamed. . . .
>
> [There is a] growing disenchantment with space travel among people and politicians. In the years since Apollo was begun there has grown up in the United States a healthy preoccupation with real problems on the surface of the earth. Inevitably, the surface of the moon has come to seem less exciting and less important. That is entirely as it should be.

THE "growing disenchantment" with space voyages carrying fixed arrival dates was nowhere more significantly evident than in a report President Johnson issued for publication last January 11th—two weeks before the fire-gutted space cabin of Apollo I broke open and exposed the three charred skeletons within. Written jointly by the space science and space technology panels of the President's Science Advisory Committee, the report estimated "a good probability" for attainment of the 1970 dead-



—*Wide World Photos.*



TOP PHOTO: Alvin, midget sub that found lost H-bomb on sea floor off Spain. BOTTOM: Scuba diver confronts diving saucer designed by French explorer Jacques-Yves Costeau.

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line. Without explicitly appraising the wisdom of trying to maintain that date in the face of a mounting list of exigencies, the PSAC panels vigorously and repeatedly urged avoidance of other deadlines in the future, especially for those voyages requiring human crews.

THE report clearly implied that so much emphasis had been thrown on the daredevil appeal of an initial moon landing that not enough knowledge has yet been acquired to allow intelligent determination of what the first man to reach the moon will do after he lands. Establishment of an exploration camp on the lunar surface is definitely not foreseeable at this time. There is not even an approximate definition of what men can do better than robots can do in the near-vacuum of space.

The limited experience accumulated in the Mercury and Gemini excursions indicates that men can safely undertake short spurts of heavy work; but doubt remains about human ability to carry out extensive construction efforts in a space environment. Hence the most that seems reasonable to consider now is the launching of one or perhaps two moon rocketships a year, with the date and mission of each one dependent on the success of the one before, and each planned to take advantage of the knowledge obtained from the last.

Since men have evolved through countless generations under the influence of gravity, it is unreasonable to assume they won't suffer significant and subtle effects when freed from gravity's weight during extended periods of absence from earth. Data acquired thus far on the reaction of central nervous, metabolic, and endocrine systems of the body to space conditions is entirely inadequate to judge human capability in a space crisis or even under normal stress of space living.

Voyages beyond the moon to earth's nearest sister planets—Mars and Venus—would last 700 or more days. Response of human crews to confinement of such length cannot be accurately observed in voyages of less than 100 to 200 days duration. These test trips will have to be made in earth-orbit with ample provision for ferrying disaffected crewmen back home. It is premature, therefore, to set timetables for manned voyaging either to Mars or to Venus. Furthermore, it is impossible to say which planet should be visited first. The robot Mariner IV's flight past Mars in 1965 discovered Mars to look more like the lifeless moon than like earth, while observations of Venus by other means revealed the presence of water on Venus—a hint that life may exist there.

The total impact of all these uncertainties brought the PSAC panels to one overall conclusion: NASA should study the advantages of making plans and decisions based on "program objectives rather than on the means used to attain" the objectives. In short, this January 1967 report to the White House recommended, in diplomatic language so soft that many have not noticed its bite, that NASA settle down to learning what can be learned in space instead of staging circus-type stunts that contribute little or nothing to betterment of the human condition.

"One of the awkward aspects" of the situation created by the 1970 moon-landing deadline, the PSAC panels reported, is redundancy in very costly equipment. "To give a high probability that Apollo would be successful by 1970," NASA had to order a dozen upgraded Saturn rockets (each able to lift 30,000 pounds of payload into low earth orbit), fifteen Saturn V rockets (each able to lift 250,000 pounds into earth orbit and proceed from that orbit to the moon), twenty crew cabins, and fifteen lunar ferry boats. The PSAC panels found expectations "reasonably high" that only eight of the upgraded Saturns and seven of the Saturn Vs will be needed to reach the moon. To avoid wasting the remaining vehicles, dismantling "the very large managerial system" NASA has built to run the moon-landing show, scrapping NASA's $3.6 million rocket-launching complex, and throwing somewhere between a quarter million and a half million spacecraft workers out of jobs, the exploration of space will be continued. But it now seems predictable that the pace will be slowed (after 1970 if not before) and the guiding philosophy will be swung closer to the ideals of American democracy.

There are two reasons for this.

The first is that when Dr. Warren Weaver analyzed "What a Moon Ticket Will Buy" in these pages [*SR*, Aug. 4, 1962], he was ridiculed by apologists for NASA. They rejected the thought that tax monies lavished on the moon voyage would be spent for more immediate human needs if the race to the moon were suspended. The PSAC space panel report to President Johnson in January 1967 at last implicitly conceded the fallacy of the NASA attack on Dr. Weaver's reasoning. "The panels realize," the report declared, "that, in a certain sense, space programs can be thought of as competitive with other quite different programs, for example, in oceanography, improved transportation, or in urban renewal."

The second reason for expecting a saner perspective in space exploration from now onward is a report President Johnson has marked for publication in morning newspapers of next Sunday, March 5. This document is titled, *Marine Science Affairs—A Year of Transition*. The transition year referred to is the year 1967, and "marine science affairs" means scientific exploration of earth's seas and technological use of the results "for the benefit of mankind."

It is hardly altogether coincidental that the "transition" proclaimed in the impending White House report (the chief author of which is Vice President Hubert Humphrey) will move through all three of the "quite different" research areas identified in January by the PSAC space panels as "competitive . . . in a certain sense . . . [with] space" exploration: that is, exploration of the oceans, modernization of transport, and renovation of the cities.

The "transition" report is the first of an annual series called for by a law passed by Congress last June. Vice President Humphrey and the National Council of Marine Resources and Engineering Development he heads within the Executive Office of the President wrote the script with the help of the Council's executive secretary, Dr. Edward Wenk, a former key personage behind the scenes in the Federal Council for Science and Technology and now on leave from the new Congressional advisory science staff of the Library of Congress. The text of the report, like the text of most other Presidential communications in the Johnson administration, has been heavily guarded against curious eyes. But Special Analysis I of the Budget Bureau breakdown of the 1968 budget of the United States suggests that the report is unique in several respects.

If the two short statistical tables and brief accompanying statement in Special Analysis I mean what they say, then the "transition" report on marine affairs will be worth reading for these reasons:

1) The Council sponsoring the report has only one other counterpart in the Federal Government—the Space Council. The Space Council was in existence legally for three years before it was used at all. The Marine Council is already operating only half a year after passage of its enabling legislation, and has made its views felt in the budgeting process.

2) The report correlates the work of eleven different agencies in the Federal Government, and proposes "important new initiatives" with very small boosts in total spending—incredibly small in

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comparison to NASA's extravagance in space exploration. No spectacular deadlines are set, but potentially thrilling results, in terms of human betterment, are in plain sight.

3) The small advances in budget totals that do appear are more noticeable in civilian than in military spending.

4) Although the values of science are respected, the emphasis is on the *use* of science by society.

5) The report discusses marine activities in relation to their purposes rather than in regard to the individual agencies carrying them out. This has never been done before in the report of a multi-agency effort.

6) Priorities are assigned to the activities recommended for budget consideration. I have not seen the report, nor has it been read to me, even in part. But civil servants who have seen it tell me that, of 100 proposals for action, nine are singled out for preferred treatment. If these priorities hold, even long enough for a serious debate in the Congress, Vice President Humphrey will be established as a man of courage with qualities of leadership pertinent to his time. For the National Council on Marine Resources and Engineering Development includes, under his chairmanship, six Cabinet department secretaries—those of State, Navy, Interior, Commerce, Treasury, and Health, Education, and Welfare—and two other powerful government figures: the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and the director of the National Science Foundation. Through the early stages of development of American democracy, every Cabinet department had a special function of its own. Independent thinking and action was essential. Today every function of government involves more than one department, and the missing factor in administration of democracy is effective coordination in enforcing priorities for action.

The total marine budget for the year beginning with July 1, 1967 amounts to only $462,000,000—a mere 3 per cent of federal research and development expenditure. However, the main thrust of the work to be financed with this small sum is so pointed (in the direction of providing protein food for exploding populations of hungry lands, speeding transportation through selective use of hydrofoils and air cushion vehicles, and renovating cities by sculpting their waterfronts) that the effect is bound to be comparable to the renaissance that accompanied the sailings of the clipper ships in the early nineteenth century.

After all, almost three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by water. Exploration of that vast region, which includes mountain chains higher than those that rise above the surface of the planet, will summon enormous resources over long periods of time. Only one change in the law of the sea—introduced by the United Nations in 1958, it gave sovereignty over the continental shelf to contiguous states—extended the land area of the United States by one-third. How these new public territories should be exploited is one of the little heard public questions of the moment. How many people know that during the last five years the federal treasury received over $1 billion in royalties for use of land covered by seawater?

No sea-going NASA exists at present. If Vice President Humphrey's plans hold, none will be projected into existence overnight. But within the next year and a half, law requires the National Council on Marine Resources and Engineering Development to entertain a report from an advisory commission on institutional problems. By that time, the exploration race between the moon and the sea will be everywhere apparent. The same kind of pressure-resistant vessels will have to do the exploring in each realm. All the explorers will have to be men capable of enduring extended isolation in cramped quarters. Only the nature and timing of the reward will differ. Earth's oceans are known to be rich in food, minerals, and energy sources. The resources of the moon and earth's sister planets can only be guessed at.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

SCIENCE IN JOURNALS

The Aztecs Ate Algacake

THE UNICELLULAR yellow-green alga *Chlorella* (Chlorophyta), and species related to it, has often been discussed in recent years as a possible source of cheap food. Its production, which needs only sunlight, water, and inorganic salts, would be economical of labor and land; experimental work has been going on in many countries. A great impediment to this project is the unpalatability of *Chlorella*, however prepared and disguised, to human beings, and no solution to this problem seems to be in sight.

This article presents evidence that the pre-Conquest inhabitants of Tenochtitlán (the present Mexico City) ate considerable amounts of a blue-green alga (Cyanophyta) of unknown species, which both the natives and the Spaniards found palatable. . . .

Tenochtitlán was built on an island in a lake of brackish undrinkable water (Lake Tezcoco), connected to the mainland by three causeways. The small part of the lake enclosed by the causeways contained fresh, but still undrinkable, water; it was always at a slightly higher level than the rest of the lake. Drinking-water came from several miles away, by means of an aqueduct. The size of the city astonished Fernando Cortés and his companions on their entry in 1521. Their estimates of its population have often been derided as exaggerations; but the report made by Cortés of 60,000 families agrees reasonably well with Alexander von Humboldt's much later estimate that the old city must have been about three times as big as the one he visited, the population of which was about 137,000. At a conservative estimate (say 250,000), it was much larger than the largest towns in Europe.

How was such a large urban population fed, in a country of primitive farming, where all land transport was on the human back? There were fish in the lake, but there were no large, edible domestic animals. The staple foodstuff was maize, but the varieties then cultivated were not high-yielding. From the descriptions by the *conquistadores* of the wares offered for sale in the great market of Tenochtitlán, it would seem that the people, though by no means starving, were pressing hard on their resources. Nothing edible was neglected, not even snakes, "lice," or the usually despised dog. . . .

With this background of knowledge, it was interesting to find in W. H. Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Mexico* two brief references to a "slime" gathered from the lake and eaten by the people of Tenochtitlán. Prescott's . . . authority was the eighteenth-century historian F. S. Clavigero [and] Bernal Diaz, who was among the first Spaniards to enter Tenochtitlán. His [Diaz'] memoirs, written in his old age in simple and vigorous language, are a classic of Spanish literature. In his wide-eyed account of the great market, he finds room for half a sentence about the "slime":

> . . . then there were fishmongers, and others who used to sell little loaves which they make out of a sort of slime which they gather from the great lake, which they thicken and make loaves of it, having a flavor like cheese.

W. V. FARRAR,
in Nature.

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THE LASER'S GRANDFATHER

A Nobel Lesson in How Science Really Works

By GRACE MARMOR SPRUCH

WHEN the 1966 Nobel Prize for Physics was awarded, two major French weekly magazines, *Paris Match* and *L'Express*, published photographs of the French recipient of the prize, Professor Alfred Kastler, on their covers. The cover of *L'Express* displayed the headline, THE GRANDFATHER OF THE LASER.

The headline about the award in the French newspaper *Le Monde* proclaimed, THE REPAIR OF AN INJUSTICE, and the article beneath the headline said: "The conferring of the Nobel Prize in Physics on Professor Kastler doesn't come exactly as a surprise. For several years, in effect, people in certain scientific circles and in official places were in the habit of making clear the disappointment they felt at seeing the Stockholm committee turn its back on a physicist whose work on optical pumping is found right at the origin of a scientific achievement of scope, that of lasers, and . . . has made an appreciable contribution to the development of our knowledge of optical spectroscopy. What is more, the original work on masers and lasers already merited its American and Russian authors . . . a Nobel Physics Prize in 1964. . . .The decision the Nobel Prize Committee just took constitutes, therefore, above all the just repair of what could appear to be an injustice."

Although political considerations are perhaps an inevitable factor in the Nobel awards, Kastler did not feel he had been mistreated. He emphatically stated that the men who received the prize for the laser two years before the award came to him unquestionably deserved the honor. He attributed use of his prize-winning technique of optical pumping in the first laser to "chance," and pointed out that subsequent lasers had outgrown dependence on his work.

Chance has much to do with how science really works, how research by one man stimulates or inspires research by others or provides a vital link in the chain of inspiration. Scientists urge continuous support of basic research not simply out of starry-eyed attachment to science for science's sake but from realization that this is also the pragmatic way of providing a fund of knowledge from which withdrawals can be made without delay when an unpredicted need arises. This is what Kastler means when he says he contributed to the laser by "chance."

Kastler, a singularly modest man, whose kindliness and genuineness are apparent in even the most casual encounter with him, was familiar to newspaper readers before his Nobel award because of his pacifist activities, his statements against the war in Vietnam, and the bombing of his apartment by the OAS (the secret organization that opposed independence for Algeria) in 1961. He began his work on optical pumping in 1950.

OPTICAL pumping is a technique of bombarding atoms with light in order to raise their energy from normal levels to higher levels, known as *excited states*, which very soon free the extra energy and return the atoms to normal. Since the *excited states* are normally empty, they are not amenable to detection until the extra energy is supplied. It was for the purpose of studying the properties of the *excited states* that Kastler developed and refined optical pumping. This fundamental research added greatly to knowledge of atomic structure.

Optical pumping is applied to the laser for a different purpose than Kastler's original one. Optical pumping is analogous to lifting water from a lake at the base of a mountain to a place high up on the mountain, and optical pumping in the laser is analogous to lifting water from the same lake up the mountain for the purpose of damming the water there until a new lake is formed and then opening the sluices to make a crashing waterfall.

But let us define what a laser is, in order to understand it without analogy. And, to gain additional insight into its character, let us introduce the laser's parent, the maser.

Lasers in the beginning were called optical masers. Maser is an acronym, standing for *M*icrowave *A*mplification by the Stimulated *E*mission of *R*adiation. Laser is an acronym for *L*ight *A*mplification by the Stimulated *E*mission of *R*adiation. Maser and laser operate on the same principle to yield an electromagnetic beam with very special properties.

The special properties of laser light can perhaps best be understood in relation to light from an ordinary source such as a fluorescent lamp. For a fluorescent lamp to emit light, the atoms of the gas it contains must first be excited to a state of higher energy than their normal, or ground, state. Then, in falling back down to the ground state, the atoms give up in the form of light the excess energy they had earlier acquired.

The atoms of a fluorescent lamp are excited by the flipping of a switch, which sends through the lamp a current of electrons, which bombard the atoms. The atoms return to the ground state from the unstable excited state spontaneously and individualistically; their light is therefore emitted in a disorganized manner, randomly in time, and in all directions. This type of light, common to all ordinary sources, is known as *incoherent* light.

Laser light is quite different. The excited atoms in a laser do not emit as individualists, contributing to a general anarchy. After excitation, the atoms are held in the excited state until there is a large collection of them; then they are stimulated to emit, not independently but in a regimented fashion, with all the light waves pointed in the same direction, their crests and troughs aligned. This kind of light is called *coherent*. Coherence is the property that gives laser light its remarkable characteristics.

Coherence is a concept that has long been part of standard electromagnetic theory. Stimulated emission was treated by the ubiquitous Einstein in 1917. What was introduced by the maser and laser scientists was the idea of getting up a collection of excited atoms and stimulating them in such a way as to amplify their light.

Optical spectroscopy was an established field at the beginning of the century. So lasers might have been developed long ago. But their ancestors, the masers, could not have been invented before World War II, for only then did the field of microwave research open. The notion that stimulated emission could lead to amplification apparently had to wait until the 1950s.

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Then the concept of "togetherness" was introduced independently in Russia by Nikolai G. Basov and Alexander M. Prokhorov, and in the United States by Charles H. Townes and his students at Columbia University and by Joseph Weber at the University of Maryland.

The amplification principles were first successfully applied to an ammonia gas maser in 1954 by James P. Gordon, Herbert J. Zeiger, and Professor Townes. Despite the fact that microwave spectroscopy was so much newer than optical spectroscopy, the maser preceded the laser because amplification had always been associated with electrical circuits, and microwave devices had been components of circuits since the war. The first masers were followed by considerable speculation about how to extend the amplification principles from microwaves to light. In 1958, in a theoretical paper, Arthur L. Schawlow and Townes explored the conditions that would be required for this transition.

Drawing on the research that had already been done by Kastler, these two stated that in principle one ought to be able to make a laser from a crystal, such as ruby, if one used optical pumping to get the atoms into the excited state. They added that it would be extremely difficult to do so in practice, however, because the amount of energy required for the optical pumping was greater than could be obtained from commercial lamps then available. But Theodore H. Maiman, then at the Hughes Research Laboratories, "souped up" his apparatus to provide a greater intensity of excitation than had been thought possible. His laser, made of a rod of synthetic ruby, was the first light amplifier to be constructed in this country. That was 1960.

Meanwhile, in the U.S.S.R., F. A. Butayeva and V. A. Fabrikant, using mercury, amplified light in 1957, but their work wasn't published until two years later and then not in the usual scientific journals (which are extensively translated—some with U.S. Government funds) but in a memorial volume to a scientist little known in this country. For this reason the work of the Russians received almost no attention in the western world. But the 1964 Nobel Prize for Physics shared the credit among Basov, Prokhorov, and Townes.

The material from which the laser is fabricated is of fundamental importance: It must be one in which the excited state of the atoms lasts long enough for a collection of excited atoms to be built up. The next phases of laser action—stimulation and amplification—are essentially problems in engineering: that is, in how to construct the laser from the chosen material.

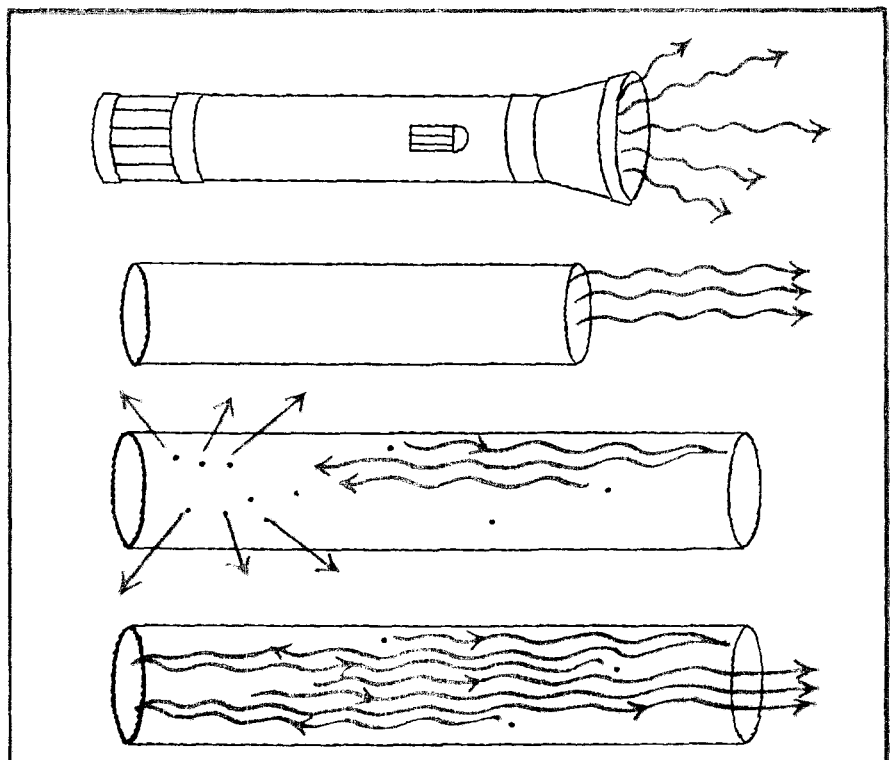
Now it is a property of stimulated emission that the stimulated light waves will be exactly aligned, with respect to direction and to wave crest and trough, with the radiation that does the stimulating. Out of the collection of excited atoms waiting to be stimulated, one atom falls to its ground state, and, in the process, emits light. That light will come into physical contact with one of the other excited atoms and will stimulate it to fall to *its* ground state and emit light; and the stimulat*ing* and the stimulat*ed* light will be exactly in step. The light from these two atoms will hit other excited atoms, will stimulate them to emit in step, and the light from these will stimulate still more atoms, and so on, until that first atom that fell to the lower state has loosed an avalanche.

IF, however, while the light from the first atom is being amplified in this coherent manner, another atom should chance to fall and emit in a different direction, its light would also be amplified. The light of this second atom would have a disturbing effect owing to its lack of coherence with the light initiated by the first atom. One must get rid of the disturbing light.

That is where the elaborate construction requirements for a laser originated. A typical early laser was a single crystal of synthetic ruby machined in the form of a cylindrical rod about four centimeters long and half a centimeter across. The ends were polished flat and made parallel to within about a millionth of a centimeter; then they were coated with silver to turn them into mirrors.

IF the first atom emitted light in a direction parallel to the length of the cylinder, all the light stimulated by that light would also travel along the length of the cylinder. When the light reached the end of the cylinder, the mirror there would reflect this light and stimulate more light in the same direction. All this light would hit the mirror at the opposite end of the cylinder, be reflected back again, stimulate still more light in the same direction, and, in this way, build up a steadily growing intensity of light.

If the disturbing atom mentioned earlier should emit light in any direction other than parallel to the length of the cylinder, either immediately or after a few reflections by the mirrors, the disturbing light would bounce through the



WHY THE LASER WORKS: Flashlight (top) throws incoherent light in all directions and beam soon dissipates. Laser light (second sketch from top) travels in one direction only and coherence holds beam in narrow compass. Diverging light waves escape through laser cylinder walls (third sketch from top), leaving remaining waves to move in step, crests and troughs aligned, over long distances.

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curved walls of the rod, which do not reflect light. Therefore, *no light except that traveling along the length of the rod can build up in intensity (be amplified).* If, now, the mirror at one end of the rod is so constructed as not to reflect 100 per cent of the parallel light but to let through a few per cent of the light, the beam will come out straight ahead with almost no spread, *coherent,* ready to perform.

THE initial excitation by optical pumping was achieved in the following way. Maiman used as his source of excitation a lamp similar to those used by photographers, one that puts out an enormous burst of incoherent light in a fraction of a second. His lamp was shaped in the form of a helix wrapped around his ruby rod, so that as much of the exciting light as possible would reach the rod. The lamp was connected to a large bank of condensers carrying a tremendous charge of electricity. That charge produced enough energy to excite the atoms of the ruby to lase.

By 1961 there was furious activity in the search for new materials, solid, liquid, and gaseous, and in the improvement of existing lasers. Some of the new materials were superior to the ruby in that they did not require as much energy for excitation. Others provided light of a color different from the characteristic red of the ruby. Substitutes were found for the metal end-mirrors, which burned up after a few bursts of laser light. At the same time there was equally furious activity in publicity touting the near-miraculous potentialities of the new device. Applications covering the spectrum from death rays to eternal light bulbs were proposed.

It might be well to stop at this point to separate fact from science fiction and examine the meaning of the extravagant numbers. It is true that the ruby laser can put forth a million watts in one flash (compare it to a kitchen light bulb, which uses 150 watts of power and puts out about 10 per cent of that in light) but it is also true that that energy is not enough to boil a teaspoonful of water.

One must make distinctions between power, energy, power density, and energy density. The watt is a measure of power which is energy per second, and the million-watt figure for the laser is arrived at by an output of about 1,000 units of energy (not phenomenal in itself) in a thousandth of a second. One thousand divided by a thousandth gives the million watts. The household unit of electrical energy is the kilowatt-hour (one kilowatt-hour is one watt for a thousand hours); by using it as a scale of measurement, one sees why a million-watt flash is not able to boil a teaspoonful of water. One million watts of power, lasting only a thousandth of a second, make only 1/3600 of a kilowatt-hour.

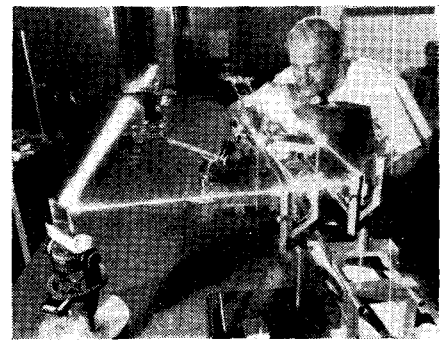
The co-inventor of the laser, Dr. Schawlow, himself called attention to the gulf between present laser beams and the heat rays some people predict will be capable of destroying ballistic missiles. But he stressed that with proper focusing a laser beam can melt, weld, or vaporize a small amount of any substance. The key words are *small amount.* When the beam is focused to a tiny spot, there is such a dense concentration of energy and power in that spot as to penetrate a steel plate an eighth of an inch thick.

Do you remember, as a child, burning a hole in a piece of paper by focusing the light from the sun with a magnifying glass? Well, although one can burn a hole in paper by concentrating sunlight with a lens, one thing one cannot do with sunlight, with the best lens system in the world, is produce a spot brighter than the sun. Why not? Because the sun's light is incoherent, and incoherent light cannot be made to form an image brighter than the source of the light. The best one could do, using lenses of cosmic proportions, would be to get a spot as bright as the sun.

Not so with the coherent light of the laser. Coherent light can be focused to a spot many times brighter than the source. If one were to focus a laser beam with a square inch of area to a spot a millionth of a square inch in area, the spot would be a million times brighter than the original beam. If the spot is made still smaller it becomes still brighter, until we reach phenomenal figures such as a million million watts per square centimeter, 100 million times that at the surface of the sun. This tremendous concentration of power in a tiny area is what gives rise to the astronomical temperatures that enable the beam to burn through steel plates.

Because of its high power requirements, the ruby laser cannot operate continuously and therefore emits its light in bursts. Continuous output in one of the several gas lasers has, in the past few months, become comparable with that of the 150-watt kitchen light bulb, which is also continuous and visible, whereas the laser light is infrared.

That the ruby laser puts forth its radiation in a thousandth of a second has made the laser extremely helpful in the surgical welding of a torn or detached retina of the eye. The eye cannot move in this short time. The same operation, using incoherent light, not only requires an anaesthetic but is more dangerous and painful because of the greater amount of heat the eye receives.



—Wide World.

How a laser beam takes three-dimensional photographs.

Some of the most important uses to which the laser has been put are in the realm of pure science. One experiment which physicists hope to perform in the not too distant future is the scattering of light by light—a significant check of present theoretical physics. According to classical theory, two light beams crossing each other in a vacuum will be unaffected by each other. According to modern theory, there is no such thing as a vacuum—there is instead a sea of charges, which do not manifest themselves, because, there being as many positives as negatives, they neutralize each other. The charges interact with light.

If modern theory is right, then the net effect of scattering of light by light, owing to the interaction of the beams with the charges, should be deflection of the beams. Scientists are optimistic that, with the laser, they will before long be able to test experimentally whether the vacuum contains plenty of charges or Porgy's "plenty of nothin'."

Apart from medical and scientific applications, the laser has found use in areas where its high directionality has been of value. A powerful searchlight beam, such as the ones seen at airports, although intended to be parallel, will spread to a third of a mile across, 10 miles from the lamp, while a laser beam one inch across will spread to less than a foot 10 miles away. Recently, a laser beam illuminated a mile-wide spot on the moon—an impossibility with ordinary light. The directionality of laser beams has also been used in precision surveying.

A kind of photography, called holography, in which three-dimensional pictures are produced, without lenses, was invented about twenty years ago; but it was limited in usefulness because, to be really effective, it required coherent radiation. Holography was given new energy by the advent of the laser, and the potential applications of holography rival that of the laser by itself for box office appeal. Imagine taking pictures of documents through ground glass windows, and not being able to make

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"prints" of the pictures without having exactly that section of ground glass through which the pictures were taken. It will revolutionize the spying industry! A more significant future use for the laser may be the taking of three-dimensional pictures of our spinal columns. But these await an X-ray laser.

The area in which the laser has been most publicized, communications, has yielded little commercial success. One laser beam, because of its extremely high frequency (a thousand million million cycles per second, compared to radio frequencies of millions of cycles per second) has more information-carrying capacity than all the radio, TV, and other communications channels now in existence. Up to now, however, no one has succeeded in utilizing this capacity in a practical way. There have been schemes to put the information on the beam, and others to get it off again. Some of them work in the laboratory. But outside the lab rain, fog, hail, and snow work drastic effects on the laser beam—they scatter it. One scheme now under consideration calls for the laying of a kind of pipe across the country. Through that pipe the laser beam could be sent. Hardly what one would deem practical! But it might prove less complicated than present telephone equipment, and it could carry a billion conversations.

THE question that must be asked about the laser, according to Dr. James P. Gordon, present head of a research division at Bell Telephone Laboratories —he was a graduate student when he published the first paper on masers with Townes and Zeiger—is: "Are there communications applications for which laser techniques are *superior* to any other?" The answer does not seem to be "yes" unless *superior* is changed to *potentially superior*. Even with potential superiority, however, one might hesitate before attempting to solve the technological problems associated with the laser's use for communications. With present technology in areas such as microwaves, it would be possible right now for everyone on the East Coast to talk to everyone on the West Coast by television phone; the reason it doesn't happen is not because it cannot be done but because not much demand for it has been evidenced.

The meteorologists have found a silver lining in the clouds that scatter the laser beam. They have put to positive use what is a negative effect for the communications people. From the amount of scattering of the beam, they determine the size and density of the clouds, which they then apply to prediction of the weather.

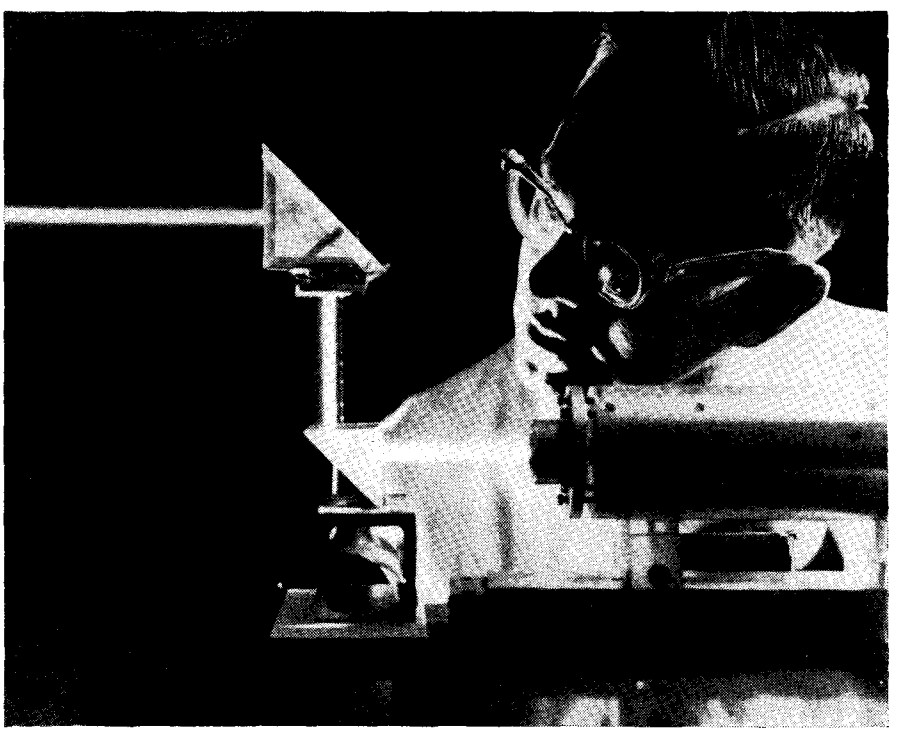
With so many possibilities for commercial application it was almost to be expected that there would be at least one lawsuit involving the laser, and one was indeed instituted last year. R. Gordon Gould petitioned to have patent rights granted him for a feature he claims to have invented, that of placing mirrors facing one another at opposite ends of the laser. Gould says he thought of the idea in his Bronx apartment in November 1957 while a student at Columbia; he had his notes notarized in a local candy store. He applied for a patent in 1959, half a year after Townes and Schawlow made their application. According to the law, Mr. Gould still could have gotten the patent if he could have proved that he conceived the idea first and preserved his rights to the patent by working diligently to perfect the device. His diligence allegedly caused him to fail to obtain his doctorate; and his estranged wife said his constant work on the laser caused the breakup of their marriage. Gould lost his case.

A Danish thinker said, "We live forwards but we understand backwards." Recalling the great expectations regarding the laser when it first appeared, the passing of six years allows for a certain amount of perspective in assessing where they remain in the realm of promise and where they have passed over into fulfillment. Hundreds of different groups all over the United States are working on laser development, on applications to range finding, satellite tracking, TV transmission, yet up to now the laser has been more important scientifically than commercially.

Some detractors of the laser have gone so far as to call the device a solution in search of a problem. But according to Professor Ben Bederson of New York University, "There is disappointment because there was oversell. Serious scientists had put no credence in the extravagant claims, and are not disappointed. They are satisfied with the laser's achievements in pure science, and they believe that in other areas the short-term benefits may not have been as great as was hoped, but progress is being made, and, in the end, many of the predictions made for the laser will be realized. When greater control and power levels are attained, there will be drilling of teeth and surgery and welding by laser. There may even be a death ray."

THE reply to the laser's detractors might well be that of Michael Faraday, when, on demonstrating the very first experiments on electromagnetic effects—which form the very foundation of modern civilization, since virtually everything electrical utilizes them—he was asked of what use his experiments were. He is said to have quoted, "What is the use of a baby?" That reply might also be given to those who ask what is the use of basic research like that of the winner of the 1966 Nobel Prize for Physics.

Dr. Grace Marmor Spruch is an associate research scientist in the Physics Department of New York University.



—*UPI.*

Deflecting a laser beam through prisms.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

The Hospital Crisis

THIS IS A fan letter. I enjoy what you write and the way you write it.

I particularly got a kick out of your article, "What's Wrong with American Hospitals?" [*SR*, Feb. 4]. You must have had quite a time. I sympathize with you but not nearly as much as you deserve. The reason is that you are just a "hard-luck fellow." You're the kind of chap who always has the wrong thing happen to him at the wrong time. (I can appreciate this because I suffer from the same infirmity.) I particularly noted on page 59 "the dry breakfast I hadn't ordered was brought," and I thought the crowning example of your difficult, inherently personal problem was to be found on page 60 at the beginning of the last paragraph where you said, "Beginning on the page facing this page is an excerpt from a formal position paper drawn up by the American Nurses' Association. . . ." As you can imagine, I was not surprised to find, instead of the American Nurses' Association statement, a wonderful picture of Napoleon returning from Elba. This is a good example of how the unexpected and unplanned, and indeed unsought for, incident seems to fall your lot.

Good luck and best wishes, and better luck next time you're sick.

WILLARD E. GOODWIN, M.D.,
Professor of Surgery/Urology,
Chief of the Division of Urology,
School of Medicine,
University of California.
Los Angeles, Calif.

AS ONE WHO bears a portion of responsibility for making hospitals and their personnel *right* for patients and their problems, I was especially pleased to read the SR/RESEARCH evaluation of "What's Wrong With American Hospitals?"

Knowing your deserved reputation for editorial integrity, I believe you will not mind my calling for one correction in the interest of accuracy. Dr. John W. Goldschmidt has been appointed dean of a new School of Allied Health Sciences at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia to work closely with me on experimental education in health services, rather than as stated in *SR*.

Though there are other minor misinterpretations, the spirit of the article is correct. Exciting and important planning is going on at Jefferson. We do have projects for the future based upon long institutional tradition and experience in medical education. We feel that medical educators do have a contribution to make in the solution of medical care problems if given the same hearing and support that has recently been given to other planners.

PETER A. HERBUT, M.D.,
President.
Jefferson Medical College
and Medical Center.
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE AMERICAN NURSES' ASSOCIATION expresses its appreciation that so much of the text of its position paper on education was carried in the February 4 issue of *Saturday Review*. We are pleased that it was presented in a clear and forthright manner.

Articles such as those in the same issue help to point out the need for concentrated and cooperative planning among health care personnel and agencies in all communities. A clearly defined plan for action is needed. As more persons become informed through similar forums, this nation will move closer to optimum use of its health care resources.

(MRS.) JUDITH C. WHITAKER, R.N.,
Executive Director,
American Nurses' Association, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

SINCE I AM CONCERNED with nursing, public health, and the care of patients, I read the articles on hospital care and nursing education with considerable interest. After reading [Dr. Luther] Christman's proposal, I could not help thinking that your problems—primarily those of comfort and housekeeping—could have been avoided had a stewardess been there. The Detroit experiment with the stewardess system will be one to watch.

However, my main concern is with Dr. [Thomas] Hale's article. Dr. Hale would keep nursing education back in the "good old days"—apprenticeship education, tied to a service agency—while other types of education move into the colleges and universities. He would have nurses—but not social workers, dieticians, physicians, or even laboratory technicians—penalized by education outside the established pattern.

It is true that the present-day graduate in nursing is not a complete product, ready to take on all and any tasks in the complicated care of few or many patients. But the newly graduated school teacher is not ready to supervise an entire school, nor is the newly graduated engineer ready to build a George Washington Bridge. Why, then, should the newly graduated nurse be expected to take charge of a thirty-bed ward of patients in the evening or at night, or direct a team of workers responsible for six to ten patients? The newly graduated nurse needs to practice the skills she has learned in school, to acquire speed and judgment as she continues in practice.

Unfortunately, employers, having a short supply of nurses, tend to rush the new graduate, especially the graduate of a college program, headlong into activities for which she is not prepared. The new graduate finds it hard to resist the temptation of higher pay and better hours that go with the teaching and supervisory jobs she is not equipped to handle. And so the hospital and the new graduate muddle through, both dissatisfied with the results, and the public critical of the efforts.

Whether the hospital should permit acquisition of skills during employment, such as is done with schoolteachers and librarians, or whether there should be an internship such as there is with doctors, is a question that has been raised by schools and employers; but no answer has yet been forthcoming.

(MRS.) DOROTHY D. NAYER, R.N.,
Associate Editor,
American Journal of Nursing.
New York, N.Y.

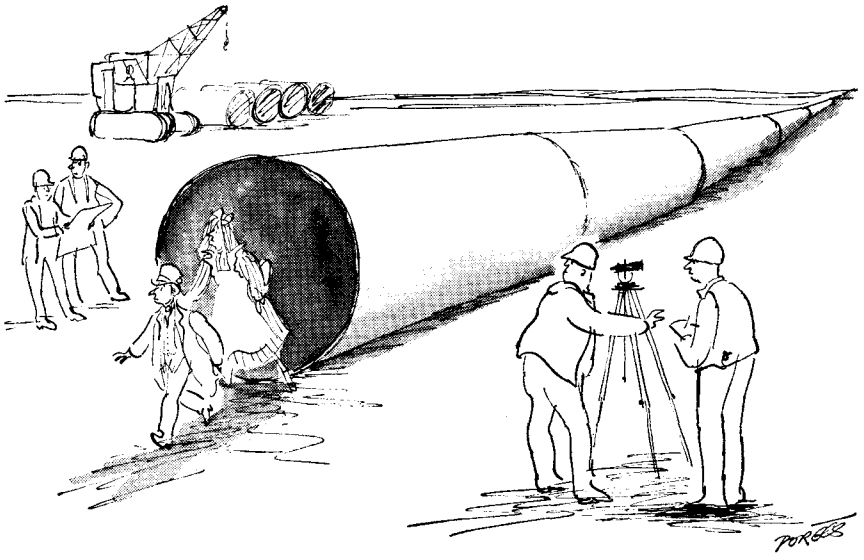
AS A NURSE (graduate of a three-year education program), I must comment on the American Nurses' Association stand on nursing education.

First, only a small percentage of nurses in the United States belong to the ANA, which, like many small groups, loves to speak with great authority. It might be interesting to hear the opinions of the majority of nurses.

Upon graduation, I entered a large university with a nursing department to seek a B.S. in nursing. I soon transferred to Liberal Arts (arts and sciences) after being subjected to "Mickey Mouse" courses in nursing organization. The professors knew absolutely nothing about the reality of nursing and its many problems, such as understaffing. They could understand only the ideal situation. They left me wondering when they last saw a patient.

Nursing is at a crucial point. Certainly we must be better educated, receive the best experience and guidance, *but* we must never forget we belong at the patient's bedside, giving him reassurance.

This brings me to the glorification of psychology by the ANA and collegiate programs of nursing. The ridiculous statements and questions they would have you ask a patient would convince him you are ready for a lock-up ward. Everyone is a



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junior Sigmund Freud, trying to analyze the reasons behind a request for a drink of water (it never seems to occur that the real reason is thirst).

I recall my own reaction to first sight of my first-born daughter (who was a fat, red, messy, ugly looking kid). "Boy, is she ugly," I said. The room nearly caved in. Delivery nurses frantically asked why I felt that way. All they had to do was take one look at her.

Since my husband is on the faculty of Yale, I have neither hatred nor dislike of higher education. However, a degree isn't a panacea for everything.

MRS. WILLIAM P. HUENEFELD R.N.
Branford, Conn.

I AM HAPPY TO SEE that something is being written about the sorry doctor-hospital-nursing situation. However:

1) John Lear made me sick to my soul because he failed to see the forest for the trees.

2) The prattle that emanates from the American Nurses' Association has developed an allergy in me because its originators (who are, in their own way, as myopic as John Lear is in his) indulge in this kind of double talk all the time.

3) Geraldine Steblay did nothing to alleviate my symptoms, because she fails to realize that theory and practice can never be divorced from one another—in nursing, especially.

As a patient, I would choose an R.N. with practice behind her over a nurse with as many degrees as a thermometer unless I knew she had more floor duty than most of them are exposed to.

"What's Wrong with American Hospitals?" The RNs are getting out, that's what's wrong. They've been getting out for a long time. Stack up the number of those who are "inactive" against the total number of RNs; you will get a shock. Now ask why? And don't ever believe you can answer in any other way than by recognizing the extent to which she is not appreciated.

EDNA P. DAVIS, R.N.
El Paso, Tex.

I FIND it impossible not to respond to Dr. Thomas Hale. It is quite obvious that he has not allowed himself to become familiar with the educational programs on the baccalaureate and associate degree levels. It is even more obvious that he knows little about the learning process.

Nursing students in college and university programs have not been withdrawn from the bedside, as he states. Instead, they come to the bedside knowing what they are about to do. They will continue to do so, for this is an essential experience in learning how to give nursing care.

As I look back on my own student days in a hospital school of nursing, I shudder to think of the twenty-four to thirty-six patients who were my responsibility for an eight-hour shift. Only God will know what care I did not give them (certainly I wouldn't know) or what I failed to observe.

LORETTA KLODA, R.N.
Rochester, N.Y.

IT IS AMAZING to find a professional man recommending a return to apprenticeship education in 1967. For those readers inclined to agree with Dr. Thomas Hale's arguments in regard to nursing education, I have a request. Please take ten minutes to consider the effects of such a return upon your own field of study or profession!

Yes, there are problems in nursing education (as well as in almost any other profession!). But apprenticeship? Service-centered "training"?

Time and skill are required to teach and learn the nursing needs of patients. Such time is not usually available in our busy hospitals when the educational system is sacrified to the immediate service needs of their wards.

DONALDA VINCENT DUNN, R.N.
Cincinnati, O.

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICAN HOSPITALS?" was well taken—so true that it was sad. My four-year-old daughter's recent hospitalization (in a "good" New York hospital) was as disheartening as John Lear's.

However, life became bearable and gratifying once again. After a short stay at home, my daughter was admitted on an emergency basis in the Pediatric Division in another hospital (university hospital). The system set up there was on a personal "home-like" basis. The staff showed patience, love, and understanding, and a genuine interest in each patient. Patients were not descended upon by packs of unfamiliar white-clothed people. Each child was seen as a whole because doctors and nurses conferred with one another and information was compiled in one direction.

ROBERTA S. EZRATTY.
New York, N.Y.

THE USE OF the word "stewardess" in Luther Christman's article is unfortunate. Women and children would have to do their utmost to stay out of hospitals since stewardesses only cater to, take care of, talk to, pay attention to, and meet the needs of men. The fact that a man would use this analogy takes no great powers of insight. No woman who has done any amount of flying would use this word if she is in any way interested in improving patient care in hospitals.

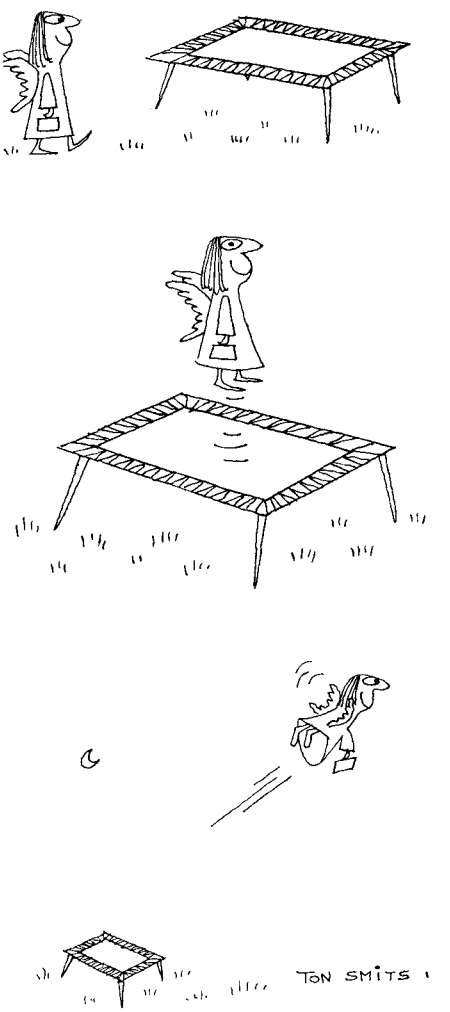
JACQUELINE L. HOLT.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MAY I SUGGEST that as long as nurses are providing a large segment of the care of patients, that they be given every opportunity to participate in suggestions relative to the education of physicians? If physicians consider themselves as the legal authority insofar as patient care is concerned, they must then learn something about the total care of a patient. One cannot supervise something one does not understand. Medical students should be given an opportunity to engage in nursing experiences under the combined guidance of medical and nursing school faculty members in universities. This would give them some experience in the handling of a general medical practice.

MARY MARGARET SCHMITT,
R.N., A.B., S.M.
Chicago, Ill.

I READ WITH INTEREST your special review on the position of organized nursing in the United States today. Perhaps your readers may be interested in how the vocational-technical program of the Board of Cooperative Educational Services of Chemung-Tioga Counties of New York State has responded to our local needs for trained auxiliary workers on the health team. In the fall of 1965, we initiated a half day in-school training program for junior and senior high school girls in the seven area school districts our program services. To prepare the students for jobs in the health field after graduation, the students study the basic nursing and first aid skills, the anatomy and physiology of normal body function, the common health problems our communities face today, and techniques for acquiring the necessary attitudes and attributes the health service worker needs for success as a contributing member of the health team. In addition to classroom training, our students gain on-the-job experience working in a local hospital, a sixty-bed nursing home, the local Red Cross Blood Bank, and the immunization clinics of the public schools. Guest speakers and tours of local health facilities give them additional acquaintance with the leaders and workers in the health field.

Under close supervision of instructors, our students perform most adequately at the bedside and in the community. School buses provide transportation to our affiliating community agencies from the classroom. We hope this type of program will



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provide the answer to the problem of acquiring trained auxiliary workers on the health team who take pride in their accomplishments, possess the correct work attitudes, and will remain in the health service field during their working years.

(Mrs.) Marilyn Lynough, R.N.,
Health Services Coordinator,
Board of Cooperative Educational Services,
Chemung-Tioga Counties.
Horseheads, N.Y.

Editor's note: *At the annual midyear conference of the American Hospital Association in Chicago last month, AHA president George E. Cartmill commented on the nursing controversy as follows: "We must stop the precipitate closing of good hospital schools of nursing and help with the orderly community planning of newer curricula and utilization of all possible methods of proper education for a nurse. We must involve all hospital and health administrators in some responsibility for the problem of service. . . . It cannot be left solely upon the shoulders of those who are already committed in the field of nursing education. . . . Across the country at the state level there should be much better communication between the state hospital association and the state nursing organization. I see no single national solution in the immediate future for either the education of nursing personnel or their proper utilization."*

What is Normal?

I should like to reply to the recent article by Dr. Joseph Stokes, III ["A New Profession Within Medicine?" *SR*, Dec. 3].

In essence, my objection to Dr. Stokes's plan of "medical practice" is the "junior doctor" who is to handle all the normal, uncomplicated cases. May I state that there is no such thing as a "normal, uncomplicated case" until the case is finished and that patient safely discharged and home? A normal delivery is only normal when no complication such as hemorrhage or shock has arisen to endanger the mother. The newborn infant is often "normal" in the delivery room only to frequently show up with a complicating illness—such as respiratory distress syndrome, or unexpanded lungs—in the nursery within a few hours after birth.

Complications arise much too often and unexpectedly in medicine. As an example, the child with a "simple sore throat" may have a real streptococcal infection requiring most diligent therapy to prevent cardiac and renal disease, or may have early meningitis, which presents an inflamed throat and vomiting. The "simple cough" in a child that the worried mother presents to the pediatrician saying, "I know it's nothing, he just needs a good cough medicine," may turn out to be anything from a purulent adenoiditis, bronchopneumonia, or a foreign body lodged in a bronchus.

To properly and accurately diagnose and treat such conditions requires all the skill the highly trained physician can muster. Indeed, the physician is taught the importance of the early recognition of the signs of disease, and this early warning system is so frequently lifesaving. It is difficult enough for the skilled doctor to do, much less the less highly trained "junior doctor."

I am much more in favor of the proposal [*SR*, Dec. 3] of Dr. John D. Corbit, Jr., a colleague of mine at Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia, for highly skilled technical assistants in the special fields, such as inhalation therapy—of oxygen giving, of controlling intravenous fluids, and of monitoring the vital signs of the sick patient.

Jerome L. Weinstock, M.D.,
Chief of Pediatrics,
Roxborough Memorial Hospital.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wrong Exile

Thank you for printing my letter [*SR*, Jan. 7] concerning Dr. Joseph Stokes III's article ["A New Profession Within Medicine," *SR*, Dec. 30]. I don't blame you for cutting it. I only wish you had edited out my typographical error that stated "the anesthesiologist would have been outside in the waiting room where he belonged." Would you be so kind as to make a note that the letter was intended to read as follows: "The *father* would have been outside in the waiting room where he belonged"?

David M. Gimlett, M.D.
Tacoma, Wash.

Misunderstanding

The editorial comment at the head of your feature, "The Elusive Code of Life" [*SR*, Oct. 1, 1966], implies that my book *The Thread of Life* supports the views of Dr. Barry Commoner as expressed in the extract from his *Science and Survival*.

I wish to make it clear that, quite to the contrary, I am in total disagreement with the opinions of Dr. Commoner on the present situation in biology, at least insofar as I am able to understand them from your excerpt from his book. I believe that the differences between my attitude and that of Dr. Commoner should be clear to anyone reading my book—or even the excerpts from it which you chose (incidentally, without informing me in advance of your intention to print them) presumably with the object of suggesting that I support a point of view which, in actual fact, I deplore.

John C. Kendrew.
Cambridge, England

Editor's note: *The gist of Dr. Barry Commoner's argument is that DNA is overrated as "the key" to heredity. One sentence of his book, "Science and Survival," puts it as follows: "No one chemical is 'self-duplicating' or the 'master chemical.'" Dr. Kendrew's book, "The Thread of Life," contains what seems to be a parallel statement: ". . . Our simple picture of a DNA strand in the chromosome, directing the synthesis of the protein in the cell, is correct as far as it goes, but it is an over-simplification, indeed a gross over-simplification. Living cells are so complicated that we cannot expect any simple scheme like this to be more than a shadow of reality. . . ." This apparent parallel led SR's science editor to choose an excerpt from Dr. Kendrew's book as a supporting piece to the Commoner theme. Permission to publish was given by the book's publisher, Harvard University Press. Any misinterpretation of Dr. Kendrew's views is regretted.*

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IF YOU WANT TO KNOW how Citizen Exchange Corps helps Americans find out if Russians have horns, send for FREE reprints of N.Y. Times articles and editorials telling about CEC, a nonprofit, tax-exempt foundation. These reprints tell how it brings together Americans and Russians of all ages and occupations to meet their counterparts in both the United States and the Soviet Union . . . and how you can participate in this program, which will lead eventually to exchange of Americans and Soviets to live and work in each other's country for 6 months to 2 years as a major step toward mutual understanding and survival. Write Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. SR 3-4, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

WANTED: PUBLISHER OR SCHOOL ready for secondary English curriculum-methods revolution. Composition, literature, structure integrated in four-year spiral curriculum. ITV, programmed-learning potential. Box A-527.

THE ARTS CENTER at Goddard College is a time and place for serious-minded adults to do chamber music, painting, sculpture, ceramics, dance, drama, to work along with skilled artist-teachers. Stay for a week or more in July or August. For information write to Ray McIntyre, Director, Box S, The Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

WHO WANTS YOUR BOOKS? $1 directory lists titles sought, buyers. Permabook Wantdex, 507 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

CHESS SETS, featherweight, for postal, pocket use. $1 each. $10 dozen. Chess by Mail Club-SR, Box 414, Wakefield, Massachusetts 01880.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars and condiment holders. Glass inserts replaced. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings in all trades. Construction, Office Work, Engineers, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

MULTILINGUAL TOUR CONDUCTOR seeks assignment June, July. Professor Ivanoff, University Branch, Coral Gables, Florida 33124.

YOUR PERSONALITY enhanced by individually blended perfume. Request chart. Studio House, 102 Cricket Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

CROSS INDEX FOR WEIS' "Ancestral Roots of 60 American Families & Supplement." 411 pages. 73 charts. 1,701 Maternal names. Fine gift for your favorite library or him who "has everything." Limited copies available—the demand was larger than anticipated. Price $12.50. T.H. Owen, 314 North Custer Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. Postpaid.

EAT TO LIVE? Tasty, natural, whole foods—all kinds—home raised and prepared here on our farm. Free of all artificials and poisons. Shipped anywhere. Unique? Oh my! Do write. Betty Keene, Walnut Acres, Penns Creek, Pennsylvania 17862.

FOOT COMFORT—Double deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, 50 styles. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

HARPSICHORD—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

WANTED: 19th CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS. Reputable gallery seeks fine landscape and subject paintings for discriminating collectors. Hudson River, Western, Southern, etc. Schools; single works or collections of suitable material purchased. Bernard Black Gallery, 1062 Madison Avenue, New York City 10028.

MUSIC EDUCATOR, M. Music, professional trumpeter, seeks overseas position. Box A-170.

TWO FEMALE TEACHERS, single, desire interesting summer jobs on West coast. Box A-445.

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PERSONALS

YOUNG LADY-Hollins College, Virginia 3rd year student-seeks interesting summer employment child care, will travel. Box A-494.

OMBUDSMAN by temperament, long experience. Seeking appropriate position. Box A-513.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE BOY, 19, seeks music-related summer employment. Piano major, also guitar, choral singing, typing, good driver. Box A-534.

COLLEGE GRAD seeks summer position with family traveling abroad as mother-helper. References. Box A-517.

FARM MANAGER, 60, good health and education, seeks superintendent or caretaker position, anywhere near the sea. Box A-525.

CHILD CARE—college sophomore desires summer position with family traveling abroad. References exchanged. Box A-530.

ART TEACHER, MALE, master's, desires elementary, high school, Junior College, vicinity Santa Monica, California, September 1967. Highest references. Box A-524.

COLLEGE GRAD MOTHER, 10 year old daughter wish to share summer with family. Loving, happy child-care, tutoring. Box A-502.

ACCOMPLISHED FILM MAKER desires management position guiding production of educational, scientific and documentary films. Intimately familiar with every aspect of production. Numerous awards, publications and innovations. Manager, major government film program. Seek challenge and growth. Box A-532.

GAL GRAD Stetson '67, English, wants creative work! Incorporating photography, art, thinking. Box A-541.

COED, available April 15th, secretary. Travel Europe. Expenses, miniscule salary. Box A-492.

EXECUTIVE, Westchester resident, present age mid 50s, present earnings mid $20s, interested exploring present moonlighting possibilities mid pleasant surroundings (even home). Box A-520.

FAMILY GOING OVERSEAS? Senior desires summer employment as traveling governess/tutor. Box 9255, Mills College, Oakland, California 94613.

CAREER SERVICES

EDUCATIONAL CAREER SERVICE, INC. A unique, confidential method of examining new career opportunities; a nonprofit source for staff replacements and additions. Write or phone: ECS, One Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. 08540; 609-924-4660.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

CAMP COUNSELORS: Long established boys' camp in southern Maine invites inquiries from upper college level, graduate students and teachers interested in counseloring this summer. Positions specifically open are for general counseloring with 8-10 year olds, waterfront instructors, sailing, tennis, riflery, archery, dramatics, music, art, photography, radio and electronics. Tripping opening for one highly experienced who is available for a number of years. Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, L.I., New York 11021.

ENJOY PEOPLE? 45 to 55? Interesting background? Live-in hostess needed 6 to 11 p.m., minimum wage. Write The Golden Door, Escondido, California 92025.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, B.L.S., female, for residential junior college for women. Faculty status. Experience unnecessary. Write: Miss Emily Thomas, Librarian, Vermont College, Montpelier, Vermont 05602.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized for 50 years in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

PERSON TO PROMOTE Far Eastern Performing Arts. Box 5, Berkeley, California.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES are available next year, in central California, in all elementary grades and secondary subjects. Contact: Gerald Jacobus, Kings County Superintendent of Schools, Box C, Hanford, California 93230.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED: Creative Editor of new Catholic periodical designed to help primary grade children cultivate a Christian sense of life, of mystery. Requires eye for good graphics, originality, experience with children. Salary open. Send samples, resume to Catechetics Dept., GEO. A. PFLAUM, Publisher, Inc., 38 West Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

INDEPENDENT COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL for girls located in Southwest has teaching openings in history, French, mathematics and physical education. If interested send resume. Box A-114.

DIRECTOR, PRESS AND PUBLIC RELATIONS: Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and Hollywood Bowl desire creative person, young at heart, to head expanding program. Send resume and salary requirements to General Manager, Southern California Symphony-Hollywood Bowl Association, 135 North Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90012.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY—Rare opportunity for unusual person. Must have excellent skills, charm, poise, articulate, own correspondence, well organized, gracious hostess. She will be secretary to two top executives in NYC advertising agency. Salary $7,000. Box W-712.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information, $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

TEACHER—An unusual opportunity for a recent, single graduate (male or female) with teaching experience or strong desire to teach. Some travel, relocation to Princeton, New Jersey. Teach reading in leading independent schools. Good salary and benefits, intensive training—plus we fully pay your tuition if you will study for M.A. in Reading. Staff vacancies now exist. Training sessions begin in May or August. Write fully. Box A-495.

ARTS COUNCIL DIRECTOR. Public relations, community planning experience. Cultural background. Pioneering opportunity. Southwest city. Box A-526.

INTERESTING, INDIVIDUALIZED SKILL TEACHING. College and Secondary. Liberal Arts or Education, B.A. minimum. Single, travel. Enjoy working independently. Start June or September. Interviews NYC area. Reply SR Box A-528.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

EDITOR/ART ENCYCLOPEDIA, male or female. Grad degree or equivalent, art background preferred. Strong copy-editing experience necessary. State experience and salary requirements. Box SR 309, 125 West 41st Street, NYC 10036.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERO BEACH, FLORIDA. Modern 2 bedroom house. Beautiful tropical planting. Below cost. $15,900. SR Box A-498.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Spanking white gingerbread Victorian. 9 rooms, 3 fireplaces. Two minutes from Tappan Zee Bridge. $37,500. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

VERMONT YEAR-ROUND HOME—Brand new. ½ mile Mt. Snow, Haystack. 4 bedrooms, 2½ tiled baths, luxurious paneled living room, large stone fireplace, fully equipped kitchen. Move in. Ideal ski and year-round home. Telmarc, Box 124, Passaic, N.J. or call 201-473-4300.

ARTIST'S STUDIO in this attractive Norman type home, overlooking the broad waters of Harris Creek. 5 acres with over 400' of waterfront. Beautifully planted, gazebo on the water. Privacy but near town. Try $45,000. John H. Porter & Co., 7 North Harrison Street, Easton, Maryland. 301-822-3117.

CONVERTED BARN, by Cornell architects—now a 5 bedroom masterpiece of redwood and glass, on 50 acres. Master suite even has study, gymnasium and opens to largest deck. In Geneva, N.Y., home of Hobart College. Open to offers. For pictures and details on Property No. SR-60949, contact PREVIEWS Inc., 49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-PL 8-2630.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

POMFRET, in rolling hills northeastern Connecticut, 8 room house, oil burner, fireplace, many acres. $150 month. Willits Agency, Abington, Connecticut.

For Rent—Furnished

YEAR ROUND HIDEAWAY from Baltimore, Washington. 4 bedroom forest cottage edge Blue Ridge. Near golfing, skiing. Call weekdays, 301-523-2213.

MAINE—4 bedrooms, modern bath, unlimited water. On large shaded lot with view of bay, within two miles of Route One. Season $750. References required. Box A-504.

For Summer Rental

5 BEDROOMS, Hancock, Maine, on water. Fabulous view of Mt. Desert. Complete privacy. June and September, $400 a month. 516-751-3204.

VERMONT. Electrified chalet. Sleeps 8. Secluded, convenient. June-November/Partial. Box A-154.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA—lovely 4 bedroom Spanish, maid, gardener, June 1st-September 1st. $2,850 or negotiate trade Eastern beach house. SR Box A-171.

LAKE SEYMOUR. 5 room furnished house, 100 partially wooded acres, private lakefront. Available June, July, August. $225 per month. Box 83, Barton, Vermont 05822.

JULY 9th-AUGUST 13th; 5 bedroom house, fenced swimming pool, New Canaan, Connecticut. Barn with pony and bantam chickens; fields and flowers. $1,000 rent covers lawn, pool, refuse and cleaning services, pony care and keep. SR Box A-506.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—4 bedrooms, modern electric kitchen. 12 acres on secluded private lake. June, July, September. Box 57, University of Chicago.

SECLUDED 3 ACRE ESTATE overlooking Setauket harbor Long Island. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, all facilities, sailboat. July 4th through Labor Day. $1,300. 516-751-3204.

HOUSE WANTED

VICINITY STANFORD UNIVERSITY. Small family seeks 3 bedroom furnished house/apartment with swimming. June-August. Will rent/exchange spacious 5 room air-conditioned penthouse terraced apartment Manhattan. Maid, extra bedroom available. Box A-535.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

LIVE IN A Mies van der Rohe Apartment . . . adjacent to Branch Brook Park . . . 25 minutes from Manhattan. Community activities: Little Theatre, newspaper, classes, clubs. Rentals from $99. Request brochure: COLONNADE, 381 Broad, Newark, N.J.

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN. Spacious 5 room air-conditioned penthouse terraced apartment, magnificent views, June-August. Couple preferred. Asking $500 month. Maid available. Box A-535.

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(Continued from page 65)

ROOM AVAILABLE

GRAMERCY PARK, NYC. Single—business adult. Owner frequently away. SR Box A-529.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ASPEN—America's sporting and cultural wonderland—offering acreages, homesites, condominiums, business opportunities. Not available to New York residents. Tri-Aspen Realty, Box 1831, Aspen, Colorado.

SENECA LAKE. Beautiful 1-2 acre sites. Excellent fishing, swimming, trees, trails, views, good roads, privacy. Allen Pomeroy, Ovid, N. Y. 14521. Phone 607-869-5964.

WORK AND LIVE same premises. Elevator connects large store and modernized apartment above. Ideal cardiac or other disability. Brooklyn. Box A-496.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOME and 5 acres in Woodbury, Vermont. 10 rooms and bath, utilities in. Good structurally, needs refurbishing. Nice shade trees, privacy. Near lake, commute to ski areas. Price reduced to $6,500. Corti Real Estate, Walden, Vermont. Telephone 802-563-2261.

MAINE—year round locations. Island and inland. Circulars available. Box A-501.

MONADNOCK REGION, southern N.H. Circa 1785. Center hall, double chimney, village Colonial homestead. Approximately 4 acres. Completely and authentically restored. 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths. Separate ell 4 room apartment, shop or studio. 9 fireplaces. Steeped in antiquity. For prompt sale at $55,000. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H. Tel: 603-874-2268.

MAINE—Coastal Washington County. Unimproved frontage. Magnificent views. Also new modified "A" frame house on outstanding site with full sea view. Terms to discerning people of culture and integrity. Box A-504.

PROPERTY FOR EXCHANGE

VIEW, ACREAGE, suburban San Francisco, trade for property western U.S. or abroad. Box A-493.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CHARMING COUNTRY STORE operating since 1806 in historic village. Stock, 7 room apartment. Crisman, Peacham, Vermont 05862.

CAMPS

UNUSUAL EUROPEAN CAMP. Switzerland, Italy. Coed. French daily. International. Sports. Cultural excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

BURLEIGH HILL. Boothbay, Maine. Boys. Saltwater sailing instruction, racing. Swimming, tennis. $775.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS FOR TEENAGERS. Collecting and exploring in wilderness areas of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah. 39th year. Turquoise Trail for Girls (13-16); Prairie Trek for Boys (13-16); Little Outfit for Boys (10-12). Hillis L. Howie, P.O. Box 1336, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

THE ROCK provides a summer of venturesome concerns and adventurous activities. An intimate atmosphere with activities young people 11-17 would expect to find at a camp plus another dimension. RFD, Williamsburg, Massachusetts. 413-268-7069.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

CAMPS

BROWN LEDGE — Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Road, Box C, Scituate, Massachusetts.

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS—60 boys. 11-18. Five age groups. Separate survival and ecology groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water, mountain trips: Maine. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

NEW CAMPERS NEED personal attention, safe environment, varied activities. Write New Jersey's oldest private camps: Echo Hill, Clinton, N.J. 08809.

SUMMERLANE CAMP: freedom, love, work and joy. Box 25Y, North Branch, New York.

ART for every child—professional art staff. Noncompetitive, individual program. Camping, tennis, lake, excellent equestrian program. Camp Ballibay, Camptown, Pennsylvania 18815.

THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. A nation of 50 children, 6-13, self-governing under mature staff. Fun and adventures start with unusual musical, dramatic, and craft activities and extend to the deep woods of the Green Mountains. Explorations in mathematics. Wenonah and Michael Powsner, TRUMBULL HILL, Shaftsbury, Vermont 05262.

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OLD ENOUGH TO RETIRE—young enough to have fun. Live in location of your dreams, near beautiful Big Horn Mountains, with clean air and streams, in small Wyoming community. Applications now being accepted for future rental of ultramodern apartments for year round living. Write Stan B. Olsen, Dayton, Wyoming 82836.

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GREAT FAMILY SKIING, tastefully planned to eliminate crowding, chair. Austrian Ski School, Round Top Mountain, Box 20, Plymouth Union, Vermont 05057.

AH, TRANQUILITY! Colonial holiday in authentic 1814 coaching inn in tiny, forgotten, northeast Connecticut village . . . gourmet meals . . . Saturday orchestra. Any 2 nights, 2 dinners, 2 breakfasts, 1 luncheon, charming room, bath $24. ($20 with detached bath.) Vernon Stiles Inn, Thompson, Connecticut.

HOLIDAY HILL—Excellent family skiing—good food—home atmosphere. Brochure. Salisbury, Vermont 05769.

MEXICO!—ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only three hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Write for details. Transportation not included.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

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RUN AWAY for a March or April weekend or week. Superb food, drink, charming Colonial accommodations at Hanover Inn Motor Lodge, Dartmouth College. Browse the campus. Enjoy Hopkins Cultural Center. Or just rejuvenate. Route 91 open to White River, Vermont. Reservations—Hanover 36, N.H.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

THE YODLER. Stowe, Vermont—Unbeatable skiing, superb food, pleasant companionship.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquility of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their delightful Colony Beach Club, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

JUST FOR FUN, write us at The Gustavus Inn and Country Store, Gustavus, Alaska 99826.

BAREFOOT ADVENTURE is yours in casual Driftwood Inn. Poolside dining, bells, wrought iron, oceanfront balconies. In lush Vero Beach, good golf, fishing. Write The Driftwood Inn, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. Or call 305-562-5920.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT—cottages, apartments, restaurant. Children's program. Tennis courts. Pools. 1,000 ft. beach. Art, music, films, theater. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming housekeeping apartments, each with kitchens, verandas, air-conditioning, 1-2-3 rooms. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

GOLFERS' PARADISE—Inverness, Florida Colonial Hotel up to par! Modern rooms, apartments, excellent cuisine, golf club privileges. Brochures. 904-726-2087.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

MARSH FERN. Spring at Adventure Inn on Hilton Head Island in the low country! Rice birds feed in the marshes at dawn. Plantation gardens are mirrored in black cypress lagoons. Surfers wave along an 18-mile strand. And the famous 15th awaits beside the sea. Suddenly you're recreated. Isn't this what a spring retreat should do? For brouchure and rates write to The Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

COOL AND CAREFREE by the clear blue lake. Private cottages with fireplace or lakeside chalet rooms. Tennis, sailing, Sauna, water skiing, canoe trips and lobster bakes. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

FIND CIRCE'S ISLAND—NEVIS in the Leeward Islands. Holiday at THE MONTPELIER. Chalets: $25 Single/$38 Double (American Plan). Swimming Pool, Tennis; Caribbean Sun (82° F.). Reservations, full information: P/B Reinhold, 27 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. Phone 212-ST 9-7836.

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SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

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"ZEN" TENNIS INSTRUCTION FOR ADULTS: Florida Keys—Islamorada Tennis Courts. Hawthorne Bissell.

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PAINTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. Top instruction. Excellent food. Breathtaking location. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

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GERMANY—Stimulating Academic Year Program for American college students. American credits. September-June, in castle near Stuttgart. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, Mrs. Hannah Busoni, Director, 127 West 56th Street, Dept. S, New York 10019.

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EUROPEAN MUSIC TOURS. with academic credit: 3, 6 and 8 weeks, July-August 1967—our 17th summer. $798 up from New York includes superlative performances almost nightly, lectures, seminars, special visits, complete sightseeing in 6-10 countries, good hotels, fine meals. STUDY ABROAD INC., 250 West 57th Street, NYC, JU 6-3608.

LIVE AND STUDY ART in Florence or meet top political and economic leaders in Europe. Live with a French family and study at l'Alliance Francaise or study the Spanish language and culture in Santander. Low cost and for credit. Also precollege French study program in Switzerland. Write for free brochure: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SL15, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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VENICE, ITALY, American School. Summer session in art and humanities. Box V-574.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD®. 17th season. 1 month sessions July or August at the Universities of Madrid, Florence, Rome, Salzburg or the Ecole Pratique in Paris. Includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dancing, etc. sightseeing, many other features. Only $225 complete! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. Educational Travel Association, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

MEXICO—Instituto Tecnologico, Monterrey. July 9th-August 19th. High school, college. United States accredited. $360. SR Box A-425.

BEAUTIFUL ALASKAN CAMPUS—Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage 99504. B.A., M.A.T. Write Registrar.

SUMMER STUDYTRAVEL for high school students: Mexico; Western United States and Hawaii; Egypt-East Africa. Write Friends World Institute, East Norwich, New York 11732.

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FOR STUDENTS 15-19. Special travel programs that emphasize doing, rather than just sightseeing, and close contact with people of other lands. Travel with European teenagers and live with a European family; speak French in France all summer; visit a Soviet Youth Camp; study Spanish in Spain—or choose from varied list of trips planned to help you know a part of Europe well. For full catalogue write: George R. Shumlin, Director, The European Travel-Camp, Putney, Vermont 05346. (16th year.)

A SUMMER IN ITALY at La Romita Art School sponsored by Rockford College. Located in a 16th century monastery in the center of Umbria, 12 miles from Spoleto. Program includes 6 weeks at monastery and 2 weeks in Rome and Florence. 6 units of credit offered. Write Summer Session in Italy, Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois 61101.

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HAVE FUN! Earn college credit! Tour Europe Summer, '67. Eleven countries, 49 days. Low cost. Write Europeantour, Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma 73701.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1717

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Joan Hawkins

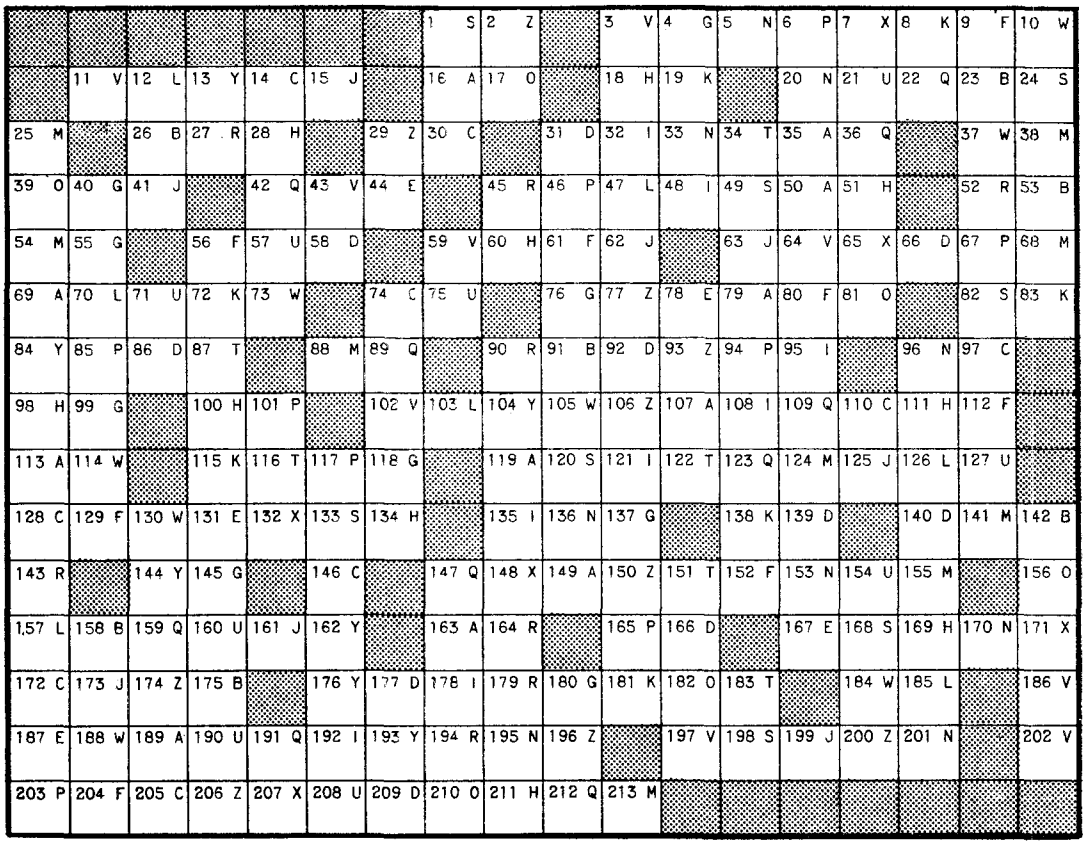
Mrs. Wortman is on a brief vacation. At her request, Joan Hawkins of Louisiana is taking her place. Mrs. Hawkins is no stranger to solvers of Fans' Sections in books of the Double-Crostic SERIES and in the four Special FANS' BOOKS, published by Simon and Schuster and regularly announced in *Saturday Review*.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An angler.	119 16 69 189 50 163 113 79 149 107 35
B. Flattery intended to deceive (slang).	23 175 158 26 91 142 53
C. Workmanlike; well-made.	146 30 128 172 110 14 74 205 97
D. Umbrage.	66 166 31 86 177 209 140 58 92 139
E. One who operates a small Swiss coasting sled.	131 44 78 167 187
F. A series having continuity, connection, and often uniformity.	9 112 204 56 80 152 61 129
G. Unparticipating spectator who may or may not be guiltless.	180 55 118 99 4 40 137 145 76
H. Stubborn; obstinate.	60 211 28 98 169 111 51 100 18 134
I. Draped female figure supporting an entablature, in place of a column or pilaster.	192 32 95 108 135 48 121 178
J. An open space under a desk, etc.	41 161 199 15 62 125 173 63
K. Insurance or annuity shared by a group, with the survivor(s) benefiting.	181 19 83 115 138 72 8
L. Hateful; giving great offense.	12 157 70 103 185 126 47
M. In South Africa, the Cape ash.	213 68 155 54 124 38 88 141 25

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Possession by a woman of more than one husband or mate at the same time.	5 153 195 33 96 136 20 170 201
O. Spanish legal term for swindling.	182 17 81 210 156 39
P. Respectfulness; homage.	94 165 67 117 101 6 46 203 85
Q. Dissolute character; continous dissipation.	147 22 123 89 159 191 36 109 212 42
R. A man of letters.	194 45 52 179 90 27 143 164
S. Act of the cruel—or distraught—landlord.	49 198 82 24 168 1 120 133
T. Somewhat peculiar.	151 87 183 34 122 116
U. An advocate of coalition (of parties or factions)	75 154 57 21 71 208 160 127 190
V. To place side by side.	3 102 64 11 202 186 43 59 197
W. One who makes much or overmuch of the sense of the beautiful.	188 105 73 37 114 130 184 10
X. To bind the arms, esp. to the body.	65 207 7 132 148 171
Y. To epitomize; condense.	193 144 104 176 84 162 13
Z. A condition characterized by brief attacks of deep sleep.	2 206 200 93 29 174 77 106 150 196

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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